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A GROUP OF AMERICAN GIRLS.

EARLY IN THE CENTURY.

A REGRET frequently uttered by middle-aged persons is that in youth they had not paid more heed to the reminiscences of their elders. I also utter this regret, although, having always been intensely interested in the tales which my grandparents told of the events and friends of their early days, I have in this respect less to mourn than most.

Especially was I enchanted by the accounts given by my grandmother of her girlhood on the banks of the Hudson, and of her one winter in New York society, in 1806–7, culminating in a voyage up the Hudson in Fulton's first steamboat, the *Clermont*, in August, 1807. After an evening at my grandmother's, I often wrote out the things she had told me, as nearly as possible in her own words, and have since had the good fortune to find some letters which have helped me to piece together a connected narrative of this period of her life. The grandmother referred to was Helen, second daughter of Gilbert R. Livingston of Red Hook (now Tivoli) on the Hudson. In 1809, being then nineteen years of age, she married William Mather Smith, Esq., of Sharon, Connecticut, only son of Governor John Cotton Smith of that State.

My grandmother often said that it was fortunate for herself and sisters that they were not born a few years earlier than they were; for in the troublous times immediately succeeding the American Revolution things were not made very pleasant for the defeated party.

Unlike the rest of the Livingstons, most of whom had, in one way or another, taken an active part with the resisting colonies, my grandmother's father espoused the principles of his wife's family, the Kanes, and remained loyal to the king. Mr. Livingston was one of those who emigrated to Nova Scotia, returning to the States only after the conclusion of the war. It does not appear that he was ever actually in field service against his country, but it is certain that he held a captain's commission in the British army, and that a pension from the crown was paid to him and afterward to his widow. Of course Mr. Livingston's property interests suffered heavily (a thing which, her republican descendants never failed to remind my grandmother, was richly deserved), and would have suffered still more but for the fact that their kindred welcomed back the humbled recusants, and relinquished to them much which might have been legally withheld. Red Hook was really Reade's Hoeck, named after the Reade family, which held large estates there, and the head of which

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had married the favorite sister of Captain Livingston.[1] At this place several farms and a fairly handsome residence had belonged to the father of Captain Livingston. These were now allotted to him, and his British military title was politely ignored by his kindly neighbors, who would not willingly remind his young family of what was felt to be their father's disgraceful adherence to the cause of his country's oppressors, though there were many Livingstons, and so many bearing the names of Robert, Gilbert, John, and Philip, that titles were extremely useful to distinguish one from another. For this reason we shall here give to Captain Livingston his despised title.

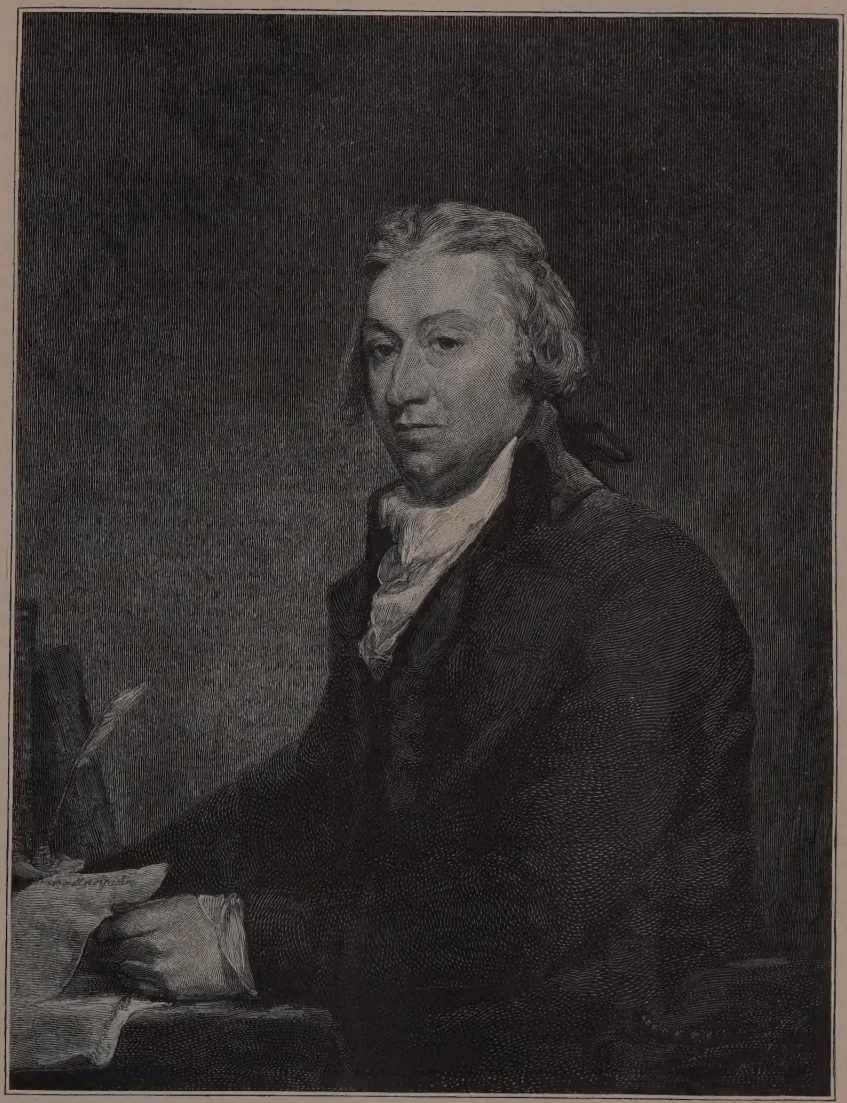
The vicinity of the new home to Clermont, the country-seat of Captain Livingston's father's cousin, Robert R., better known as Chancellor Livingston, was a great blessing to the young sons and daughters of the late Tory. Members of this large family filled some of the most important positions in the States of New Jersey and New York and in the General Government; but perhaps the chancellor filled the largest place of all in the public esteem. Whether as an orator, as a magistrate, or as an ambassador to foreign courts, he has had few superiors, and American society has probably never known a more high-minded, courtly, and accomplished gentleman.

Chancellor Livingston had been attached heart and soul to the cause of the colonies, and it is said that he admitted that it might have been much harder for him to forgive the course taken by the «British Livingston» had it not been for the personal beauty of the latter's sons and daughters. It is a family tradition that when the question was mooted of how the families of the late Tories were to be received in the new society, the chancellor declared that, «seeing the wrong-headed creatures *would* have such deucedly pretty daughters, there was nothing else to be done but to let bygones be bygones»—a humorous turn by which he doubtless thought to conciliate some of those who were inclined to take less lenient views. Traditions from many sources show that personal beauty of a rare sort did indeed belong to such Tory families as the De Lanceys and the Kanes, as well as to that of Captain Livingston. Family traditions are so apt to be misleading on some points, and especially so on this, that sometimes one is led to wonder whether the artists of those days were positively incapable of seizing a resemblance, or whether tradition has not been overkind. But there are those yet living who can recall the fine features and exquisite complexion—with hardly a wrinkle at the age of seventy-six—of the late Mrs. Henry Beeckman (the «Sister Kate» of the following notes), and the noble, intellectual beauty and majestic grace of Mrs. David Codwise («Sister Patty»), as for several years after she had reached seventy she continued to preside at the anniversaries of the New York Female Bible Society, and at the early meetings of the managers of the Woman's Hospital, which her enthusiastic efforts did much to establish.

In the early part of this century Clermont was considered one of the finest residences in North America, and its owner maintained a style of living hardly in consonance with the strictly republican principles which he had hazarded all to maintain. But it must be remembered that social equality was at no time held to be either possible or desirable by the majority of the leaders among those who fought to achieve independence from the rule of Great Britain. They fully believed in and desired political equality and all civil rights for all; but the notion of social equality was peculiar to those who, like Jefferson, had been under the influence of the enthusiasts of the first French Revolution.

The chancellor was fond of riding, and was on horseback a great deal; but when he made calls upon the families of his friends he drove in a great gilded coach drawn by four perfectly black, or four perfectly white, or four dappled-gray horses, according to the weather, using the blacks when the day was bright and dry, the whites when it was gloomy and dry, and the grays in rain and mud. I find in my notes that «grandmother says that rarely more than two or three days passed, when the chancellor was staying at Clermont, that his coach did not drive to our door. Sometimes he would step out from it, tall, stately, magnificent in carriage, but gracious and winning in manner, and ascend our steps to the porch, where, at the first news of his approach, we all speedily assembled to greet him, as was fitting, seeing that he was so great a man, and we but his juniors, whom it pleased him to have taken under his protection. But more often the coach came

[1] One of the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Reade married Mr. Hooker of Poughkeepsie; another married Nicholas William Stuyvesant; a third married Philip Kearny of Kearny Manor, near Newark, N. J., and was the grandmother of General Kearny, the «fighting Phil» of the war of the rebellion.

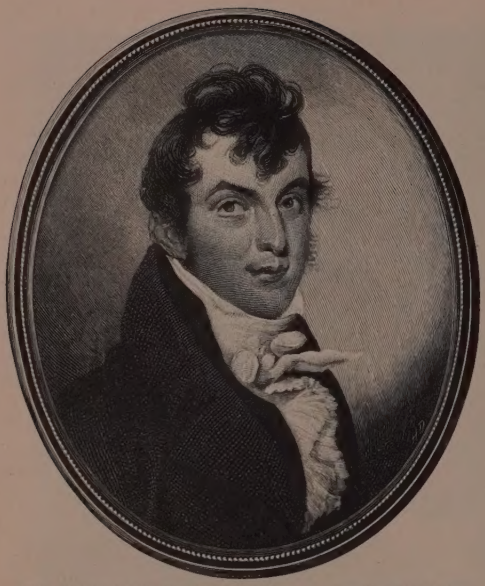


PAINTED BY GILBERT STUART, 1795. ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. IN POSSESSION OF JOHN H. LIVINGSTON, CLERMONT, NEW YORK.

CHANCELLOR ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON.

empty, an outrider bearing a polite note from the chancellor to our mother, begging the pleasure of the society of any two or four of her sons or daughters whom she might be pleased to spare to him for the day. Needless to say that we were always delighted to accept. The chancellor's wife was not living, but one or the other of his two married daughters was nearly always at home to act as hostess, and he had always, besides, some matron or elderly spinster of the family connection. Generally there was more than one, as all esteemed it an honor to be invited to spend a few months at Clermont, and it was an agreeable way for him to discharge his duty to such female members of the clan as might not be otherwise so well provided for.»

At about this point in her narrative my grandmother always expatiated upon the fact that «any one who aspired to the title of



FROM A MINIATURE IN POSSESSION OF THE AUTHOR. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

WILLIAM MATHER SMITH AT 21.

gentleman would have found himself irretrievably disgraced if he allowed a female member of his family, even as remote as a third or fourth cousin, to do aught for her own support or to accept assistance from any one not a relative,» and would add that «the cases in which such a dependent was allowed to feel herself such were rare indeed. Certainly at Clermont those ladies were always treated by their host (and consequently by all others) as if they were the true owners of the place, and he but the most obliged of their guests.» Sometimes, tradition declares, they would get to imagine that this was the actual state of affairs! In such a case the host has been known to write to some other relative, not well provided with the sinews of war, inclosing a liberal draft, and requesting that an urgent invitation might be immediately forwarded to «Cousin Sally» or «Betty» to arrive by a certain day. After an interval a letter of recall to Clermont was issued, and the experiment tried anew, usually with a more agreeable result.

All of Captain Livingston's descendants always spoke of their visits at their «Cousin Chancellor's» as the «fairy days» of their youth. His grounds, extending a mile or more along the river-front, were beautifully laid out and cared for; his fine and spacious house, «built in the shape of a letter H, the long arms of which were over a hundred feet in length, without counting the four pavilions which terminated them,» was elegantly furnished, mainly with articles brought from Paris shortly after the French Revolution, when the returning *émigrés* were glad to sell to a wealthy American the wonderfully carved and inlaid pieces of furniture, and the costly tapestries, which until then had been used only by the great courts of Europe and the nobles attached to them. I remember in particular that my grandmother and aunts often mentioned a buhl writing-desk, and four corner cabinets of the same, which had been the property of the Cardinal de Rohan whose «wicked vanity and presumption» were the cause of the «*affaire* of the diamond necklace,» which did so much toward pushing poor Marie Antoinette on to the scaffold which was even then building for her, though all unseen. There was also at Clermont a spinet said to have belonged to the ill-fated Princesse de Lamballe, adorned with paintings by Mme. Lebrun. Another article of much interest was

FROM A MINIATURE IN POSSESSION OF THE AUTHOR. ENGRAVED BY W. A. HIRSCHMANN.

HELEN LIVINGSTON (MRS. WILLIAM MATHER SMITH) AT 32.

Caps were then worn by all matrons from the birth of their first child. At this time the caps were elaborate structures of fine lace, trimmed with gauze ribbons in bows kept stiff by «ribbon-wires.»

a snuff-box containing a portrait of Napoleon by Isabey, presented to Chancellor Livingston as the latter was leaving France in 1804. In showing it the recipient used always to say: «I value it, of course, he is so great a man; but the picture is n't in the least like him. None of his pictures are. To paint him would take as great a genius as himself.» had taken part in, and the grand people he had known and perhaps personally helped in their great troubles, we would forget everything but the charm of his voice, and weep or smile at his will.»

There were few conservatories and not many greenhouses in America at that time; but the chancellor had both, and all were well

DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.

«HE DROVE IN A GREAT GILDED COACH.»

The chancellor used to relate the history of each piece to his delighted young relatives, and they found it all as «interesting as any story-book, and more, for Cousin Chancellor was an eloquent man, with the gift of touching hearts; and as he walked about with us, with perhaps a hand kindly resting on one of our young shoulders (not for support, but for friendliness, for he was but sixty and not at all infirm, though so deaf that he had had to relinquish public life), and told us tale after tale, pausing by this table or that chair, as his mind traveled back over all the events he stocked with rare things, under the care of a Scotch head gardener, who was far more pompous and assuming than the owner of it all, and often begrudged the liberal orders which he was obliged to fill for less fortunate neighbors, to whom the earliest melons and the choicest grapes, oranges, and lemons were always sent.

Clermont was nearly always filled with guests, and these were among the most distinguished persons of our own country, as well as of those foreigners who visited our shores. Many a bearer of an ancient and

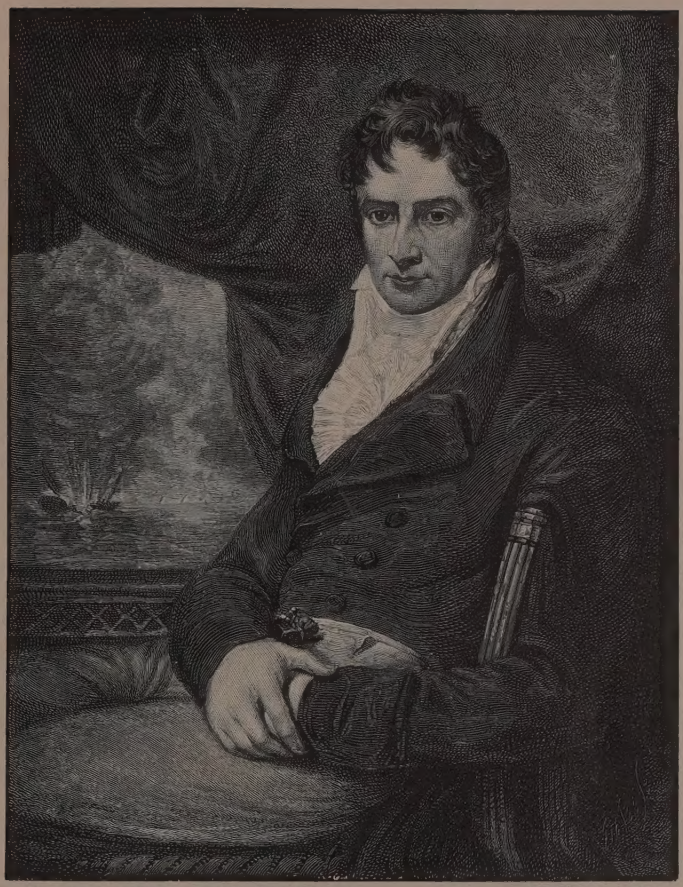
FROM A MINIATURE IN POSSESSION OF ROBERT FULTON BLIGHT, ESQ. ENGRAVED AND BORDER DESIGNED BY FRANK FRENCH.

MRS. ROBERT FULTON.

honored name of the old French *noblesse* (no longer owning anything but his name) was here received and sheltered for months, and even years, by the chancellor, who, strong republican as he was, sincerely pitied the sufferers from the French Revolution, and, as he used often to say, «loved all Frenchmen for the sake of those who had fought for us.» For several years one of these refugees gratefully insisted upon acting as teacher of his own language, dancing, and fencing to such of his patron's young relatives as chose to avail themselves of his instructions. His pupils grew very fond of him, and always mentioned him with gratitude.

The Clermont dinners were grand affairs even when there was no state occasion, and the daughters of Captain Livingston were not allowed to attend them very often, as their mother feared that «so much grandeur would foster worldly pride in their hearts,» which she was far too strict a Calvinist to wish to do. «And truly,» said Mrs. Smith, «it must be confessed that, though personally Cousin Chancellor was as kindly and gentle to the lowliest as he was magnificent to the loftiest in station, and was ever a stanch republican in politics, there was little that savored of republican simplicity in the retinue of liveried servants always employed about him, and in the general sumptuousness and state of his manner of living.»

All of the Livingstons had large quantities of silverware, a good deal of it having come



FROM A PORTRAIT IN POSSESSION OF ROBERT FULTON BLIGHT, ESQ. ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

ROBERT FULTON.

over from Scotland with the first Robert, whom it is now the fashion to call «Robert the Founder,» and much having been acquired by later generations. «But,» said Mrs. Smith, «all the silver of all the other branches put together would not equal the amount in daily use at Cousin Chancellor's, and among it all there was not a single silver knife or fork; yet now you think you could not dine without them. Three-tined steel forks, and steel knives with silver handles, were then the highest style.» China in plenty, including many most beautiful specimens of Sèvres, filled the glazed closets about the great dining-room; but it was kept carefully locked away for service only on very stately occasions, solid silver plate being employed for all daily uses. In those days people were not so much afraid of thieves as of breakage.

But to the young people, especially to Helen, the chief attraction of Clermont, after its owner and his wonderful tales, was the library. In Mrs. Lamb's «History of New York» it is stated that this consisted of more than four thousand volumes, and was then held to be the finest private library in the State. Mrs. Smith and her brother made a catalogue of it for their cousin, and «found it to number more than six thousand books (not volumes), besides quantities of pamphlets.»

The room itself was a grand one, lofty and well lighted, its broad windows overlooking the Hudson and the cloud-capped Catskills beyond it, and all the wall-spaces filled from floor to ceiling with the best books of the day, not only in English and the learned languages, but in Spanish and French, both of which tongues the chancellor read and spoke with

ease, a most unusual accomplishment for an American of his day. «Indeed,» said Mrs. Smith, «his knowledge of French was so perfect that I have seen him move a group of French persons to weep or smile at his pleasure as readily as in his younger days he had swayed and borne away the victory from such famous opponents as Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr.» To add to the pleasantness of this room, both the orangery and the conservatory opened into it, and it was in these surroundings that the young sons and daughters of Captain Livingston, and some of their cousins, had many a lesson in literature, elocution, and singing from the gifted and eccentric but courtly and kindly Scottish gentleman known as Lord Ogilvie, who, without money or price, devoted himself for many years to the instruction of young gentlemen and ladies in this new country, knowing that it could yet afford but few opportunities, and generously wishing that the scions of the young republic should lack none of the graces of a polite education. «A strange man he was in many ways,» said my grandmother, «but gifted beyond any I have ever known in his own favorite lines.» He was always welcomed at Clermont, and made it his headquarters for several years, going and coming as he willed, sometimes appearing at breakfast, after an absence of months, as unceremoniously as if he had been only a few hours away, and disappearing again after months of sojourn as silently as an Indian brave. «Odd enough he was, but a most rare and lovable man; and though plain of face, endowed with remarkable manly beauty of form and grace of manner.»

It is to be wished that we could gather more information in regard to this gentleman. Mrs. Smith thought it probable that his title of «lord» was bestowed upon him in this country, either through a misunderstanding of the Scottish designation of «laird,» or in a sort of half-tender, half-ironical courtesy. At any rate, he always accepted it with grave politeness, as if it were his right; and it may have been. If his antecedents were known to his host, the confidence was sacredly kept.

FROM A MINIATURE IN POSSESSION OF HER DAUGHTER, MRS. HELEN LIVINGSTON GRAHAM, CHICAGO. ENGRAVED AND BORDER DESIGNED BY FRANK FRENCH.

«SISTER KATE» (MRS. BEECKMAN) AT 19.

My friend Miss Susan Hayes Ward of Newark, New Jersey, tells me that her grandmother, Mrs. William A. Hayes of South Berwick, Maine, when Miss Susan Lord, heard Lord Ogilvie read the then new poem of «Marmion» in Portsmouth. She was enraptured with the poem, and the next morning hastened to the book-store to buy a copy. Here she was heard by the reader of the previous evening, who, in grateful appreciation of her enthusiasm, begged to present her with a copy of the book. A little later than this Lord Ogilvie took great pains to instruct Miss Lord, who was a fine musician for the place and time, in the proper pronunciation of the Scotch songs which she sang. Mrs. Hayes always loved to recall anecdotes concerning her voluntary tutor. Miss Ward has heard that Lord Ogilvie was at one time in Virginia and Kentucky, pursuing his original but highly valuable kind of educational mission work. Surely there should be more traces left of this remarkable man. Who was he? What led him here? How long was he in America? What became of him? At the time of his stays at Clermont he was, in my grandmother's estimation, «quite an elderly man»; but she was then so young that a man of forty would have seemed old to her. He may have been the heir of the Lord Ogilvie who, with his «clan regiment of six hundred men from Strathmore and Airlie,» was «out

DRAWN BY D. WEST CLINEDINST.

«THE GIRLS WERE OBLIGED TO STUDY.»

in Forty-five,» at Prestonpans. In that case his estates would have been confiscated. He was certainly violently opposed to the house of Hanover, and endued his pupils with an exaggerated love of the «martyred» Queen of Scots and Charles I, while his affection for this country seemed to be rather on account of the humiliation it had inflicted upon England than for any sympathy with republican ideas.

At this date schools where girls could receive «the elements of a polite education» were few in number; even the ability to write a passably well-spelled letter was not common; so that the exceptional advantages offered at Clermont gave to the daughters of Captain Livingston a recognized superiority over most of their contemporaries—at least over those who had not had the advantage of attending the celebrated school of Mrs. Isabella Graham, at which were taught, «by competent instructors, reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, geography, deportment, plain sewing, embroidery, clothwork, filigree-work, japanning, drawing, painting, music, dancing, and French.» What the so-called accomplishments amounted to may be a matter of doubt, but there is no question that some of the finest women that New York has ever known received their training at Mrs. Graham's school.

ENGRAVED AND BORDER DESIGNED BY FRANK FRENCH.

«SISTER PATTY»
(MRS. CODWISE) AT 32.

During the season when Clermont was open, and its many guests were coming and going, riding, driving, boating, hunting, and exchanging dinners and dancing parties with «neighbors» whose country-seats sparsely lined the Hudson from Yonkers to Albany, the instructions of Lord Ogilvie and the French tutor were somewhat desultory; and during this season of gaiety the careful mother did not wish to have her sons and daughters too much under its influence. So for these months they were kept pretty constantly at home, under the authority of a theological student who acted as tutor in fitting the boys for college, and of an elderly governess who taught the girls all that she knew about the three R's, fine sewing, embroidery, and (not least) «deportment.» By this term was understood the practice of the etiquette of the time: the art of entering and leaving a room; the gradations of the courtesy, whether intended to express the reverence due to an acknowledged superior or the politeness proper for one's equals, and the different greetings to be extended to all grades of one's social inferiors; how to preside at table and the art of carving were also included in «deportment.» For majestic and graceful carriage the three daughters of Captain Livingston who have already been mentioned, as well as Susan, afterward Mrs. John Constable of Schenectady, were justly noted all their lives; and they themselves attributed this advantage to the training of their old governess, which at the time they had heartily disliked. The girls were obliged to study their lessons with their backs and their arms as far as the elbows strapped flat to an upright board. On one side of the school-room were shelves at various heights, to accommodate the eyes of the students whether sitting or standing, on which the books were fastened open before them. The back-boards were worn during the entire school day, except when the free use of the hands was required, as in writing and sewing. In all weathers both boys and girls took a great deal of exercise in the open air, not being deterred from competing with one another in all sorts of active sports. The girls did not skate or shoot, save with bow and arrows, but in all else they freely joined their brothers and cousins; and these made a group of not less than forty who lived near enough to one another to be considered as neighbors in the days when rides and drives of fifteen or twenty miles were frequently taken in order

DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.

«CARRYING LADEN BASKETS ON THEIR HEADS.»

to breakfast at the houses of kindred. When the weather was too inclement for outdoor pastimes dumb-bell exercises, and games of «battledore and shuttlecock» and «graces,» were played in the large and well-ventilated garret.

In that day «stays» were *de rigueur*, but Mrs. Livingston boldly declared that she would none of them either for herself or for her daughters; that if they took a proper amount of healthful exercise they would need nothing of the sort. At least two of her daughters, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Codwise, never wore, and did not need, the support of even the corset, which is so vast an improvement upon that fearful instrument of torture known in their youthful days as «stays.» Part of the elastic grace of carriage which so distinguished them was undoubtedly due to the practice, required by their mother, of carrying laden baskets on their heads. Prizes, in the form of little treats, were offered to the girl who should be able to run farthest on a level, or to mount and descend flights of stairs the greatest number of times during each week, bearing on her head a basket full of light and breakable articles, without mishap. Mr. John Kane, the father of Mrs. Livingston, had observed the easy and majestic carriage imparted by this sort of burden-bearing to the peasant women of Italy and the slaves of the West Indies, and insisted that his descendants should have the benefit of the practice.

What the sewing and embroidery of that day were everybody knows because so many specimens of feminine handiwork remain, but less is known of the games and exercises which did much to develop the fine physiques so often admired in the women of the early part of this century. It was not until the next generation, when schools became plentier and home education less rigorous, that physical training fell into neglect.

In the autumn of 1806 there arose a great commotion in the hearts of two of the family of Captain Livingston: Kate and Helen were invited to spend the winter in «the society of the metropolis.» It was felt that Helen, being only seventeen, was a little too young; but it was right that Kate should be introduced into the great world, and it was thought that, though Helen was the younger, her superior sedateness would prove a check upon the sometimes thoughtless gaiety of the elder sister.

The journey itself was then a matter of some moment. It was to be taken in the chancellor's sloop, which made what were then called «regular» trips up and down the Hudson, carrying farm produce for sale in New York, and bringing back all the articles that might be needed in so large an establishment as Clermont, or in the homes of the chancellor's relatives. This, of course, included everything that could not be raised on the farm or made in the house. At that time, it will be remembered, several trades were always carried on in every house of pretension, and all the linen and woolen fabrics for ordinary household use were made at home. All, or nearly all, the goods not so made were imported, and at prices which were practically prohibitive to all but the very wealthy. As the «regularity» of the sloop's trips depended upon the winds, it was not uncommon for cargoes and passengers to have to wait a week or more after all was in readiness, and of course in winter navigation was closed.

On this private trading-sloop were accommodations for from eight to sixteen passengers. That is, there were two little state-rooms in the stern, in each of which four persons could sleep by making two beds on the floor and slinging two hammocks above them. The state-rooms were always reserved for ladies, if any were present, while the gentlemen were provided with similar beds and hammocks in the tiny main cabin. All these were gathered up by the servants and cleared away at an early hour, in order to leave space for the breakfast-table to be laid.

The beds and bedding did not belong to the sloop, but were provided by the passengers, who also brought provisions and servants. The crew was always provisioned for a ten days' voyage, but the passengers seldom took more than enough for four days, as it was expected that, in case of getting becalmed, they could always be rowed ashore and spend the time of waiting in visiting some of their friends on the river's bank; for all the «gentle people» knew one another, at least by repute, and hospitality was a virtue universally practised. It was a usual thing for a vessel flying some well-known pennant to be hailed from the shore, and begged to come to anchor to allow the passengers to attend some festivity that might be going on in the vicinity.

When Kate and Helen Livingston started for New York in November, 1806, they were accompanied only by their Aunt Reade, one of her daughters, and her son Robert; so they were not overcrowded in their tiny cabins. The party was provided with three straw-beds (there were then no springs), three feather-beds, pillows, good store of

DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT ON THE HUDSON.

blankets (because there was no means of heating the little vessel), and a fine variety of cooked food, for these trips were like prolonged picnics. The facilities for cooking consisted only of what are called «charcoal-kettles,» something like those which plumbers use for heating solder. A supply of tin foot-stoves was always kept on board. These could be filled with lighted charcoal, and were often required, whether in the cabin or on deck. Little cooking was attempted, save the making of tea and coffee, the baking of «shortcake» or griddle-cakes, or the frying of bacon or a mess of fresh fish.

The voyage from Clermont to New York sometimes occupied seven or eight days; four days and nights was considered an average trip, and forty-eight hours a remarkably

DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.

«A SUPPLY OF TIN FOOT-STOVES WAS ALWAYS KEPT ON BOARD.»

quick one, although in a few instances the run had been made in less than twenty hours. On this occasion the time was from one Monday morning till the next Sunday morning; but twenty-four hours had been taken by a stop-over at Van Cortlandt Manor, the chancellor's boat having been hailed, and its passengers pressingly invited to stop for a dinner, an evening of dancing, and a morning of hunting. The families of Livingston and Van Cortlandt being connected, it would have been esteemed discourteous to decline unless some pressing business could be pleaded in excuse. It was at the dance that evening that «Sister Kate» first met her future husband, a Mr. Cuyler, although she was not married until two or more years later, and after Helen. Mr. Cuyler was killed by a hunting accident not very long after his marriage, and a few years later his young widow married Mr. Henry Beeckman, a wealthy and most upright and lovable man.

I am not able to say exactly where the two sisters stayed during their New York winter, only knowing that it was at the house of one of their mother's brothers, of whom she had two, and perhaps three, then living in the city. It was probably at the house of Mr. John Kane.

It would be desirable to locate the house at which the sisters stayed on account of a little incident concerning Washington Irving which was often told by my grandmother. As related in his biography, Mr. Irving had suffered an irreparable loss in the death of his fiancée, Miss Matilda Hoffman, daughter of Mr. Josiah Ogden Hoffman, in whose law office Mr. Irving had been a student.

The windows of the room which the sisters occupied overlooked the cemetery in which the body of Miss Hoffman was laid to rest. New York was but a small place then, hardly more than a big village, in fact, and everybody in society knew everybody else. Hence the sisters were constantly meeting Washington Irving, although he shunned all the gaieties he could. He was never gloomy, but never gay, and his romantic sorrow attracted the unspoken sympathy of all, but of none more than of the two country girls who used to watch from behind their curtains for the twilight hour, at which he always slipped quietly in through the cemetery gate, and sought the shadow beneath which lay the grave of her whom he loved so well. The cemetery was surrounded by a high wall and a hawthorn hedge, so that one walking in the grounds would remain unseen, save from neighboring windows, and of these there were only those of the Kane house, which overlooked it. So here, all unaware of the gentle, sympathetic espionage of the two sisters, the handsome, sad-faced mourner came almost daily, in all weathers, to lay his tribute of flowers, and to stand, sometimes for a few moments only, but oftener for a half-hour or longer, with bowed, uncovered head, as if communing with the departed. One night he did not come, and after his usual time had long passed by, Helen shyly sought the place and left there a few flowers of her own. The next night he came as usual. Finding flowers which were not his own, he seized them and made as if about to throw them away. «But,» said my grandmother, «he was too gentle for that, and laid them back again, putting his own flowers at his loved one's feet. I never took any more.»

This small incident was the only one ever related of that winter in which appeared the slightest tinge of sadness. In general all was rose-colored to the two young country girls launched into society with every advantage which youth, cultivation, beauty, and high connections could bestow. Riches they did not possess, but they were too happy to care for that. Their wardrobe strikes one as having been decidedly limited, but at that time it was held that simplicity should rule the attire of all young girls, so they did not feel abashed in the fresh, sheer white India-muslin gowns, relieved with broad sashes, which were their only evening wear. These were made with low, square-cut necks, and full sleeves gathered into a puff a little above the elbow. The so-called Empire styles were then prevalent, and probably in an exaggerated form, as is apt to be the case when fashions have to be copied at a distance not only of thousands of miles, but also of a year or more of time. The skirts were short, showing not only the thin slipper, but the clocked silk stockings well above the ankle, and were so very scant that it required skill to dance in them without rending the slight fabric. Neither of the sisters had a silk dress. Gowns of that material were hardly considered suitable for unmarried women under twenty-five years of age. Gowns of pretty flowered chintz were worn at home, except in extremely cold weather, when a heavy but soft material known as «stuff» was permitted. For driving or walking each sister had a gown of dark crimson broadcloth. These were made with close sleeves coming a little below the elbow, where, as well as around the neck and the bottom of the skirt, was an edging of swan's-down, changed later in the season for

a border of marten fur. Long pelisses of crimson cloth, lined and trimmed with the marten fur, and great muffs and tippets of the same were worn in all suitable weather. The crimson velvet bonnets were large and scoop-like things, adorned with an abundance of white ostrich plumes, but not by any means as exaggerated in size as those worn a few years later.

In a fragment of a letter written by Helen to her mother, she says that «we last night attended a great party at Cousin Stuyvesant's; one hundred and twenty-five persons were present, and all of us related to each other.» Of course this was nothing remarkable, because the few great families of the colonies had intermarried so freely. The «Livingston clan» alone might easily have numbered as many, no less than twelve families bearing the name having their winter residences within a short distance of one another, and most of them not far from Trinity Church. Of these, besides the chancellor, there were the families of his two brothers, John R., a man of singular cultivation and intellectual power, and Henry, familiarly known as «Colonel Harry,» who had gained distinction in Washington's army. Not far away were the houses of their sisters, Janet, the widow of General Montgomery; Gertrude, wife of Governor Morgan Lewis; and a third, the wife of General Armstrong. Brockholst Livingston, son of New Jersey's patriotic war governor, was a judge in the city, and very popular in society; and his brilliant sisters, one of whom was the wife of Chief-Justice John Jay, were often there. Though with very few outside sources of amusement, this charming coterie missed nothing; for, embracing as it did the most brilliant minds of the time, it had the added charm of that perfect freedom which can spring from kinship alone. Toward the close of this winter Helen writes: «We have attended a dinner or an evening party on every week-day this four months, and sometimes both.» As the fashionable dinner hour was three in the afternoon, this did not imply such late home-coming as the same thing would now do. «We were not often at the same house more than once in each month, and were always at the house of a relative. All have vied with each other in efforts to make it pleasant for us. I did not know there were so many agreeable people in the world. We have been perfectly happy.»

One of the chief amusements was to drive in sleighs for a long distance out of town, and, returning, stop at the house of some friend living «out of the city» to dinner or supper. One of the houses which the sisters most frequently visited in this way was that of their father's sister, Mrs. Hake,[1] who had built «an elegant country-seat on the New Bowery Road.» This «country-seat» was not far from the corner of Houston street! Another favorite place was the house of Mr. Archibald Gracie, which must have seemed a long way off, being on the East River, at Eighty-eighth street, opposite Hell Gate.

After the close of the winter's festivities the sisters were not allowed to return immediately to the home at Red Hook. There was a little round of visits to be paid among their kindred, including some of the De Lanceys (with whom most of the Livingstons were not on very good terms on account of their Tory principles), and winding up with a delightful fortnight at Liberty Hall, the residence of the family of the late Governor William Livingston, at Elizabethtown, New Jersey. Writing from here, Helen says:

> My dear mother will be glad to know that we are soon to return home. Cousin Chancellor has a wonderful new boat which is to make the voyage up the North River some day soon. It will hold a good many passengers, and he has, with his usual kindness to us, invited us to be of the party. He says it will be something to remember all our lives. He says we need not trouble ourselves about provision, as his men will see to all that. In the mean time we are enjoying ourselves very much, everybody is so kind and cordial.
>
> This house is immense and quite full of visitors. Last evening many assembled, and we amused ourselves in various ways. There were many beautiful young ladies present, but not one was so beautiful as Sister Kate. She was compelled to sing «My Face is my Fortune» three times over, and many slyly made the remark that *she* needed no other. Cousin Robert Reade played on the flute to accompany her, whereat Mr. C—— looked very black, because he cannot play the flute, and drank so much wine that he became noisy and had to be taken away.

This last sentence turns the search-light upon the one great blot on the otherwise charming society of the early years of the present century. The adulteration of liquors had by no means reached its present point, hence there were not so many cases of violence resulting from their use; but the habit of drinking wines, and even brandy and rum (whisky does not yet appear), was so well-nigh universal, and excess was so common, that it excited the gravest apprehension in

[1] The husband of Mrs. Hake had been a commissary-general in the British army, and was the claimant of an English title and estates. I do not know whether he was living at this time. Their daughter Maria married General Frederick de Peyster.

all thoughtful minds. In time this resulted in the great moral wave called the temperance movement; but in 1807 it had not arrived, and such scenes as the one referred to in the foregoing quotation were so sadly common as to attract little attention. The wife of Captain Livingston, descended on the mother's side from the stanch Connecticut families of Kent and Whiting, had inherited rigid principles which were far from popular in the jovial set into which she had married. But as a result of them, all of her four sons became model young men at a time when it was unfashionable to be so. She had declared that, «to gain her consent, suitors for the hands of her daughters must, of course, be well born and well brought up, but the only other point upon which she would insist was that they should be men of good moral character, and above all be strictly temperate.» She was often told that she would thus leave her daughters to the then so much dreaded fate of spinsterhood; but the prophets were mistaken. All of her daughters married, and married well in all senses. The husband of Helen became one of the most active and efficient temperance reformers in a day when to enroll himself on that side meant social ostracism.

The «new boat» of the letter was the now celebrated *Clermont*, the steamboat of Robert Fulton, which in August, 1807, made the first successful steam voyage up the astonished Hudson, and demonstrated to the world that a new force had been discovered by which old methods in nearly all lines were to be revolutionized.

Very likely, with all their loving confidence in the wisdom of the chancellor, the sisters embarked with some distrust of his new boat's making good its promise to get them home in less than three days, even if both wind and tide should prove unfavorable; but they were not afraid of anything worse than delay, though most of their friends feared for them. During the nine years that had passed since «Robert R. Livingston and Robert Fulton had first secured the concession to navigate the waters in New York State for twenty years, providing they should build a boat of not less than twenty tons, that would go not less than four miles an hour against wind and tide,» the subject had been so often talked over in their presence that the sisters were already quite intelligent upon it, and laughed at the fears of their timorous friends.

The embarkation was from a dock «near the State prison» (which was in «Greenwich village» on the North River), and was witnessed by a crowd of «not less than five hundred persons.» Many were friends of the passengers, who bade them farewell with as much solicitude as if they were going to Madagascar, especially trembling with apprehension at the «terrible risk run by sailing in a boat full of fire.»

The adventurous voyagers, who were the guests of Robert Fulton and Chancellor Livingston, were about forty in number, including but few ladies.[1] Among the latter, besides our two young sisters and their aunt, Mrs. Thomas Morris (daughter-in-law of Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution), were at least one of the chancellor's two daughters, four of the many daughters of his brothers John R. and Colonel Harry, and a young lady who was more interested in the result of this memorable experiment than any one save the inventor himself. In all the biographies of Fulton, Miss Harriet Livingston is called the chancellor's niece, but she was really his cousin. She was a beautiful, graceful, and accomplished woman, and had long given her heart to Robert Fulton. The fair Harriet was at this time about two-and-twenty, and «as deeply in love with her handsome, gifted lover as any girl well could be.» There were many distinguished and fine-looking men on board the *Clermont*, but my grandmother always described Robert Fulton as surpassing them all. «That son of a Pennsylvania farmer,» she was wont to say, «was really a prince among men. He was as modest as he was great, and as handsome as he was modest. His eyes were glorious with love and genius.»

A little before reaching Clermont, when the success of the voyage was well assured, the betrothal was announced by the chancellor in a graceful speech, in the course of which he prophesied that the «name of the inventor would descend to posterity as that of a benefactor to the world, and that it was not impossible that before the close of the present century vessels might even be able to make the voyage to Europe without other motive power than steam.»

This hardy prediction was received with but moderate approval by any, while smiles of incredulity were exchanged between those who were so placed that they could not be seen by the speechmaker or the inventor. John R. was heard to say, in an aside to his cousin John Swift Livingston, that «Bob had many a bee in his bonnet before now, but this

[1] In none of the lives of Fulton is it mentioned that any ladies were present on this first trip; but the facts are as here stated.

steam folly would prove the worst one yet.» Both the chancellor's brothers lived to see the ocean regularly traversed by steam vessels, but the prophet himself, and the inventor, both passed away before the realization of their dreams.

If the lodgings on board the sloop which brought our two girls to New York in the previous autumn had struck us as uncomfortable, we should have been still less pleased with those on the first steamboat. Even four years later,—June, 1811,—when Gouverneur Morris, «with true public spirit,» ventured to «intrust himself to the mercies» of the new-fangled craft, he found «the lodging so uncomfortable» that he «could stay in bed but a short time,» though «the evening was cool,» and so remained on deck until reaching Albany, «which was not until midnight, having left New York eleven hours before.» This was a great advance over the speed attained on the first trip.

My grandmother always described the *Clermont* as «the very ugliest craft that could well be imagined.» It was decked over but a short distance at stem and at stern. In the center, exposed to the view of all, was the strange-looking machinery; only the boiler was roofed over. The fuel was dry pine-wood, and the smoke seemed excessive.

On the same afternoon on which the *Clermont* left her dock upon her adventurous trip she fell in with numbers of sailing craft coming and going, to which she was an object of unmitigated astonishment, if not of actual alarm. It is related that when the crews of some of these vessels saw this queer-looking, sailless thing approaching steadily, and gaining on them in spite of contrary wind and tide, they abandoned their vessels and took to the woods, being convinced that this shapeless and smoke-vomiting monster must have come straight from the infernal regions.

When about opposite Fishkill the *Clermont* was met by the *Admiral*, a private sloop, with which, its pennant being known as that of Mr. Jacob Evertson of Pleasant Valley, the *Clermont* exchanged signals. On board it was Helen Livingston's future husband, a grandson of Mr. Evertson, and then unknown to her. It was not until several months later that they became acquainted. My grandfather always declared that no sight of his life ever seemed to him so strange as that of this ungainly craft, «looking precisely like a backwoods sawmill mounted on a scow and set on fire,» while all the stern of the scow was crowded with a party of gaily dressed gentlemen and ladies singing a song which, as long as he lived, seemed to him to be the sweetest in the world—«Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon.»

For Helen Livingston there remained hardly one more year of happy girlhood, free to go and come, dance and be merry, in the old innocent girlish fashion; for at that time betrothal was as sacred as marriage itself, and much more restrictive of privileges. That is, the freedom of girlhood was lost, and that of the matron had not come. If the lover were present, of course these restrictions were not felt, but in his absence the poor girl had little more liberty than a Hindu widow. She must not accept even the most ordinary attentions from any man, must dance with no one except her father or brother, and she must always wear, conspicuously displayed hanging from her neck, face outward, the miniature of her future husband. These miniatures were often skilfully painted on ivory, and were usually oval in shape and about three and a half inches by two and a half in size, without counting the gold frames, which were sometimes quite heavy. The broad remarks which it was considered in order for even chance acquaintances to address to the fiancée upon sight of this badge of appropriation were intolerable to Helen Livingston, and rather than subject herself to them she resolutely refrained from accepting an invitation even to her loved «Cousin Chancellor's» during the few months of her engagement, which ended in a happy marriage in the spring of 1809. On one occasion, when a large and most interesting company of American and foreign guests was expected at Clermont, Helen vainly sought her mother's permission to attend without wearing the telltale portrait. Finding that this would not be allowed, and realizing that her sister's disappointment would be great, «Sister Patty,» only fifteen, but already tall and stately, heroically volunteered to wear the obnoxious picture, personating its rightful owner. But the innocent fraud was not permitted, and as Helen would not go if obliged to wear the miniature, she was compelled to relinquish the coveted pleasure. Of course the boy lover—he was barely twenty-one—was in no way responsible for this custom, which he subsequently often, and justly, characterized as odious; and I think that he never liked to see the miniature which had been the means of depriving of ever so small a pleasure the woman whom he idolized through a long life.

Helen Evertson Smith.

ONE OF THE TWELVE.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FROM THE PROVENÇAL OF ROUMANILLE,
AFTER LITERAL TRANSLATION BY MRS. CATHARINE A. JANVIER.

"GREAT stir among the shepherd folk;
To Bethlehem they go,
To worship there a God whose head
On straw is laid full low;
Upon the lovely new-born Child
Their gifts will they bestow.

"But I, who am as poor as Job—
A widowed mother I,
Who for my little son's sweet sake
For alms, to all, apply—
Ah, what have I that I can take
The Child of Love most high?

"Thy cradle and thy pillow too,
My little lamb forlorn,
Thou sorely needest them—no, no,
I cannot leave thee shorn!
I cannot take them to the God
That in the straw was born."

Oh, miracle! The nursing babe—
The babe e'en as he fed—
Smiled in his tender mother's face,
And, "Go, go quick!" he said;
"To Jesus, to my Saviour, take
My kisses and my bed."

The mother, all thrilled through and through,
To Heaven her hands did raise;
She gave the babe her breast, then took
The cradle—went her ways, . . .
And now, at Bethlehem arrived,
To Mary Mother says:

"O Mary, Pearl of Paradise,
That Heaven on earth hath shed,
O Virgin Mother, hear the word
My little babe hath said:
'To Jesus, to my Saviour, take
My kisses and my bed.'

"Here, Mary, here the cradle is;
Thy need is more than mine;
Receive, and in it lay thy Son,
Messiah all-divine!
And let me kiss, upon my knees,
That darling Babe of thine!"

The blessed Virgin, then, at once,
Right glad of heart, bent low,
And in the cradle laid her Child,
And kissed him, doing so.
Then with his foot St. Joseph rocked
The cradle to and fro.

"Now, thanks to thee, good woman, thanks,
For this that thou hast done."—
Thus say they both, with friendly looks.
"Of thanks I merit none;
Yet, holy Mother, pity me,
For sake of thy dear Son."

Since then a happy soul was hers;
God's blessing on her fell;
One of the Twelve her child became,
That with our Lord did dwell.
Thus was this story told to me,
Which I afar would tell.

Edith M. Thomas.

[BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.]

A ROSE OF YESTERDAY.[1]

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,
Author of «Mr. Isaacs,» «Saracinesca,» «Casa Braccio,» etc.

III.

WHEN Archie Harmon disappeared, and left the colonel and his mother together, she supposed that he had gone to his room to sleep, for he slept a great deal, or to amuse himself after his fashion, and she did not ask him where he was going. She knew what his favorite amusement was, though he did his best to keep it a secret from her.

There was a certain mysterious box, which he had always owned, and took everywhere with him, and of which he always had the key in his pocket. It took up a good deal of space, but he could never be persuaded to leave it behind when they went abroad.

To-day he went to his room, as usual, locked the door, took off his coat, and got the box out of a corner. Then he sat down on the floor and opened it. He took out some child's building-blocks, some tin soldiers, much the worse for wear, for he was ashamed to buy new ones, and a small and gaudily painted tin cart, in which an impossible lady and gentleman of papier-mâché, dressed in blue, gray, and yellow, sat leaning back with folded arms and staring, painted eyes. There were a few other toys besides, all packed away with considerable neatness, for Archie was not slovenly.

He sat cross-legged on the floor, a strong grown man of nearly twenty years, and began to play with his blocks. His eyes fixed themselves on his occupation, as he built up a little gateway with an arch, and set a red-legged French soldier on each side of it for sentinels. He had played the same game a thousand times already, but the satisfaction had not diminished. One day in a hotel he had forgotten to lock the door, and his mother had opened it by mistake, thinking it was that of her own room. Before he could look round she had shut it again, but she had seen, and it had been like a knife-thrust. She kept his secret, but she lost heart from that day. He was still a child, and was always to be one.

Yet there was perhaps something more of intelligence in the childish play than she had guessed. He was lacking in mind, but was not an idiot; he sometimes said and did things which were certainly far beyond the age of toys. Possibly the attraction lay in a sort of companionship which he felt in the society of the blocks, and the tin soldiers, and the little papier-mâché lady and gentleman. He felt that they understood what he meant, and would answer him if they could speak, and would expect no more of him than he could give. Grown people always seemed to expect a great deal more, and looked at him strangely when he called Berlin the capital of Austria, and asked why Brutus and Cassius murdered Alexander the Great. The toy lady and gentleman were quite satisfied if their necks were not broken in the cunningly devised earthquake which always brought the block house down with a rush when he had looked at it long enough, and was already planning another.

Besides, he did all his best thinking among his toys, and had invented ways of working out results at which he could not possibly have arrived by a purely mental process. He could add and subtract, for instance, with the bits of wood, and, by a laborious method, he could even do simple multiplication, quite beyond him with paper and pencil. Above all, he could name the tin soldiers after people he had met, and make them do anything he pleased, by a sort of rudimentary theatrical instinct that was not altogether childish.

To-day he built a house as usual, and, as usual, after some reflection as to the best means of ruining it by taking out a single block, he pulled it down with a crash. But he did not at once begin another. On the contrary, he sat looking at the ruins for a long time in a rather disconsolate way, and then all at once began to pack all the toys into the box again.

«I don't suppose it matters,» he said aloud. «But of course Sylvia would think me a baby if she saw me playing with blocks.»

And he made haste to pack them all away, locking the box and putting the key into his pocket. Then he went and looked through the half-closed blinds into the sunny street, and he could see his red bridge not far away.

[1] Copyright, 1896, by F. MARION CRAWFORD.

«I don't care what mother thinks!» he exclaimed. «I 'm going to find her again.»

He opened the door softly, and a moment later he was in the street, walking rapidly toward the bridge. At a distance he looked well. It was only when quite near to him that one was aware of an undefinable ungainliness in his face and figure—something blank and meaningless about him, that suggested a heavy wooden doll dressed in good clothes. In military countries one often receives that impression. A fine-looking infantry soldier, erect, broad-shouldered, bright-eyed, spotless and scrupulously neat, comes marching along, and excites one's admiration for a moment. Then, when close to him, one misses something which ought to go with such manly bearing. The fellow is only a country lout, perhaps, hardly able to read or write, and possessed of an intelligence not much beyond the highest development of instinct. Drill, exercise, and the fear of black bread and water under arrest have produced a fine piece of military machinery, but they could not create a mind, nor even the appearance of intelligence, in the wooden face. In a year or two the man will lay aside his smart uniform and go back to the class whence he came. One may give iron the shape and general look of steel, but not the temper and the springing quality.

Archie Harmon looked straight ahead of him as he crossed the bridge, and followed the long street that runs beside the water, past the big hotels and the gaudy awnings of the still provincially smart shops. At first he only looked along the pavement, searching among the many people who passed. Then, as he remembered how Colonel Wimpole had seen him through a shop window, he stopped before each of the big plate-glass ones, and peered curiously into the shadows within.

At last, in a milliner's, he saw Sylvia and Miss Wimpole, and his heavy face grew red and his eyes glared oddly as he stood motionless outside, under the awning, looking in. His lips went out a little as he pronounced his own especial word very softly:

«Jukes!»

He stood first on one foot and then on the other, like a boy at a pastry-cook's, hesitating while devouring with his eyes. He could see that Sylvia was buying a hat. She turned a little each way as she tried it on before a big mirror, putting up her hands and moving her arms in a way that showed all the lines of her perfect figure.

Archie went in. He had been brought up by his mother, and chiefly by women, and he had none of that shyness about entering a women's establishment, like a milliner's, which most boys and many men feel so strongly. He walked in boldly, and spoke as soon as he was within hearing.

«Miss Sylvia! I say! Miss Sylvia—don't you know me?»

The question was a little premature, for Sylvia had barely caught sight of him when he asked it. When she had recognized him, she did not look particularly pleased.

«It 's poor Archie Harmon, my dear,» said Miss Wimpole, in a low voice, but quite audibly.

«Oh, I have not forgotten you!» said Sylvia, trying to speak pleasantly as she gave her hand. «But where in the world did you come from? And what are you doing in a milliner's shop?»

«I happened to see you through the window, so I just came in to say how do you do. There 's no harm in my coming in, is there? You look all right. You 're perfectly lovely.»

His eyes were so bright that Sylvia felt oddly uncomfortable.

«Oh, no,» she answered, with an indifference she did not feel. «It 's all right—I mean—I wish you would go away now, and come and see us at the hotel, if you like, by and by.»

«Can't I stay and talk to you? Why can't I stay and talk to her, Miss Wimpole?» he asked, appealing to the latter. «I want to stay and talk to her. We are awfully old friends, you know; are n't we, Sylvia? You don't mind my calling you Sylvia, instead of Miss Sylvia, do you?»

«Oh, no! I don't mind that!» Sylvia laughed a little. «But do please go away now.»

«Well, if I must—» he broke off, evidently reluctant to do as she wished. «I say,» he began again with a sudden thought, «you like that hat you 're trying on, don't you?»

Instantly Sylvia, who was a woman, though a very young one, turned to the glass again, settled the hat on her head, and looked at herself critically.

«The ribbons stick up too much, don't they?» she asked, speaking to Miss Wimpole, and quite forgetting Archie Harmon's presence. «Yes, of course they do. The ribbons stick up too much,» she repeated to the milliner in French.

A brilliant idea had struck Archie Harmon. He was already at the desk, where an aggrieved-looking young woman in black received the payments of passing customers.

«She says the ribbons stick up too much,»

he said to the young person at the desk. «You get them to stick up just right, will you?—the way she wants them. How much did you say the hat was? Eighty francs? There it is. Just say that it 's paid for when she asks for the bill.»

The young woman in black raked in the note and the bits of gold he gave her, catching them under her hard, thin thumb on the edge of the desk, and counting them as she slipped them into her little drawer. She looked rather curiously at Archie, and there was still some surprise in her sour face when he was already on the pavement outside. He stopped under the awning again, and peered through the window for a last look at the gray figure before the mirror, but he fled precipitately when Sylvia turned, as though she were going to look at him. He was thoroughly delighted with himself. It was just what Colonel Wimpole had done about the miniature, he thought; and then, a hat was so much more useful than a piece of painted ivory.

In a quarter of an hour he was in his own room again, sitting quietly on a chair by the window, and thinking how happy he was, and how pleased Sylvia must be by that time.

But Sylvia's behavior, when she found out what he had done, would have damped his innocent joy if he had been looking through the windows of the shop, instead of sitting in his own room. Her father, the admiral, had a hot temper, and she had inherited some of it.

«Impertinent young idiot!» she exclaimed, when she realized that he had actually paid for the hat, and the angry blood rushed to her face. «What in the world—» She could not find words.

«He is half-witted, poor boy,» interrupted Miss Wimpole. «Take the hat, and I will manage to give his mother the money.»

«‹Betty Foy and her idiot boy› over again!» said Sylvia, with all the brutal cruelty of extreme youth. «‹We who have seen the idiot in his glory›—» As the rest of the quotation did not apply, she stopped and stamped her little foot in speechless indignation.

«The young gentleman doubtless thought to give Mademoiselle pleasure,» suggested the milliner, suavely. «He is doubtless a relation—»

«He is not a relation at all!» exclaimed Sylvia, in English, to Miss Wimpole. «My relations are not idiots, thank Heaven! And it 's the only one of all those hats that I could wear! Oh, Aunt Rachel, what shall I do? I can't possibly take the thing, you know! And I must have a hat. I 've come all the way from Japan with this old one, and it is n't fit to be seen.»

«There is no reason why you should not take this one,» said Miss Wimpole, philosophically. «I promise you that Mrs. Harmon shall have the money by to-night, since she is here. Your uncle Richard will go and see her at once, of course, and he can manage it. They are on terms of intimacy,» she added rather primly, for Helen Harmon was the only person in the world of whom she had ever been jealous.

«You always use such dreadfully correct language, Aunt Rachel,» answered the young girl. «Why don't you say that they are old friends? ‹Terms of intimacy› sounds so severe, somehow.»

«You seem impatient, my dear,» observed Miss Wimpole, as though stating a fact about nature.

«I am,» answered Sylvia. «I know I am. You would be impatient if an escaped lunatic rushed into a shop and paid for your gloves, or your shoes, or your hat, and then rushed off again, goodness knows where. Would n't you? Don't you think I am right?»

«You had better tell them to send the hat to the hotel,» suggested Aunt Rachel, not paying the least attention to Sylvia's appeal for justification.

«If I must take it, I may as well wear it at once, and look like a human being,» said Sylvia. «That is, if you will solemnly promise to send Mrs. Harmon the eighty francs at once.»

«I promise,» answered Miss Wimpole, solemnly; and as she had never broken her word in her life, Sylvia felt that the difficulty was at an end.

The milliner smiled sweetly, and bowed them out.

«All the same,» said Sylvia, as she walked up the street with the pretty hat on her head, «it is an outrageous piece of impertinence. Idiots ought not to be allowed to go about alone.»

«I should think you would pity the poor fellow,» said Miss Wimpole, with a sort of severe kindliness that was genuine but irritating.

«Oh, yes! I will pity him by and by, when I 'm not angry,» answered the young girl. «Of course—it 's all right, Aunt Rachel, and I 'm not depraved nor heartless, really. Only, it was very irritating.»

«We had better not say anything about it to your uncle Richard, my dear,» continued Miss Wimpole. «He is so fond of Archie's

mother that he would feel very badly about it.»

«Would he?» asked Sylvia, in surprise. «About herself, I should understand; but about that boy! I can't see why he should mind.»

«He 'minds,' as you call it, everything that has to do with Mrs. Harmon,» was the reply.

Sylvia glanced at her companion, but said nothing, and they walked on in silence for some time. It was still hot, for the sun had not sunk behind the mountains; but the street was full of people, who walked about indifferent to the temperature, because Switzerland is supposed to be a cold country, and they therefore thought that it was their own fault if they felt warm. This is the principle upon which nine people out of ten see the world when they go abroad. And there was a fine crop of European and American varieties of the tourist taking the air on that afternoon, men, women, and children. The men, who had huge field-glasses slung over their shoulders by straps, predominated, and one, by whom Sylvia was particularly struck, was arrayed in blue serge knickerbockers, patent leather walking-boots, and a very shiny high hat. But there were also occasional specimens of what she called the human being—men in the ordinary garments of civilization, and not provided with opera-glasses. There were, moreover, young and middle-aged women in short skirts, boots with soles half an inch thick, complexions in which the hue of the boiled lobster vied with the deeper tone of the stewed cherry, bearing alpenstocks that rang and clattered on the pavement; women who, in the state of life to which heaven had called them, would have gone to Margate or Staten Island for a Sunday outing, but who had rebelled against providence, and forced the men of their families to bring them abroad. And the men generally walked a little behind them, and had no alpenstocks, but carried shawls and paper bundles, badges of servitude, and hoped that they might not meet acquaintances in Lucerne, because their women looked like angry cooks, and had no particular luggage. Now and then a smart old gentleman with an eye-glass, in immaculate gray or white, threaded his way along the pavement, with an air of excessive boredom; or a young couple passed by, in the recognizable newness of honeymoon clothes, the young wife talking perpetually, and evidently laughing at the ill-adorned women, while the equally young husband answered in monosyllables, and was evidently nervous lest his bride's remarks should be overheard and give offense.

Then there were children, conspicuous among them the vulgar little children of the not long rich, repulsively disagreeable to the world in general, but pathetic in the eyes of thinking men and women. They are the sprouting shoots of the gold-tree, beings predestined never to enjoy, because they will be always able to buy what strong men fight for, and will never learn to enjoy what is really to be had only for money; and the measure of value will not be in their hands and heads, but in bank-books, out of which their manners have been bought with mingled affection and vanity. Surely, if anything is more intolerable than a vulgar woman, it is a vulgar child. The poor little thing is produced by all nations and races, from the Anglo-Saxon to the Slav. Its father was happy in the struggle that ended in success. When it grows old, its own children will perhaps be happy in the sort of refined existence which wealth can bring in the third generation. But the child of the man grown suddenly rich is a living misfortune between two happinesses—neither a worker nor an enjoyer; having neither the satisfaction of the one nor the pleasures of the other; hated by its inferiors in fortune, and a source of amusement to its ethic and esthetic betters.

Sylvia had never thought much about the people she passed in a crowd. Thought is generally the vault of suffering of some kind, bodily or intellectual, and she had but little acquaintance with either. She had traveled much, and had been very happy until to-day, having been shown the world on bright days and by pleasant paths. But to-day she was not happy, and she began to wonder how many of the men and women in the street had what she had heard called a «secret care.» Her eyes had been red when she had at last yielded to Miss Wimpole's entreaties to open the door, but the redness was gone already, and when she had tried on the hat before the glass she had seen with a little vanity, mingled with a little disappointment, that she looked very much as usual, after all. Indeed, there had been more than one moment when she had forgotten her troubles, because the ribbons on the new hat stuck up too much. Yet she was really unhappy, and sad at heart. Perhaps some of the people she passed, even the women with red faces, dusty skirts, and clattering alpenstocks, were unhappy too.

She was not a foolish girl, nor absurdly romantic, nor full of silly sentimentalities,

any more than she was in love with Colonel Wimpole in the true sense of the word. For she knew nothing of its real meaning, and, apart from that meaning, what she felt for him filled all the conditions proposed by her imagination. If one could classify the ways by which young people pass from childhood to young maturity, one might say that they are brought up by the head, by the imagination, or by the heart, and one might infer that their subsequent lives are chiefly determined by that one of the three which has been the leading-string. Sylvia's imagination had generally had the upper hand, and it had been largely fed and cultivated by her guardian, though quite unintentionally on his part. His love of artistic things led him to talk of them, and his chivalric nature found sources of enthusiasm in lofty ideals, while his own life, directed and moved as it was by a secret, unchanging, and self-sacrificing devotion to one good woman, might have served as a model for any man. Modest, and not much inclined to think of himself, he did not realize that although the highest is quite beyond any one's reach, the search after it is always upward, and may lead a good man very far.

Sylvia saw the result, and loved it for its own sake with an attachment so strong that it made her blind to the more material sort of humanity which the colonel seemed to have outgrown, and which, after all, is the world as we inherit it, to love it, or hate it, or be indifferent to it, but to live with it, whether we will or not. He fulfilled her ideal, because it was an ideal which he himself had created in her mind, and to which he himself nearly approached. Logically speaking, she was in a vicious circle, and she liked what he had taught her to like, but liked it more than he knew she did.

Sylvia glanced at Miss Wimpole sideways. She knew her simple story, and wondered whether she herself was to live the same sort of life. The idea rather frightened her, to tell the truth, for she knew the aridity of the elderly maiden lady's existence, and dreaded anything like it. But it was very simple, and logical, and actual. Miss Wimpole had loved a man who had been killed. Of course she had never married, nor ever thought of loving any one else. It was perfectly simple. And Sylvia loved, and was not loved, as she told herself, and she also must look forward to a perpetually gray life.

Then, suddenly, she felt how young she was, and she knew that the colonel was almost an old man, and her heart rebelled. But this seemed disloyal, and she blushed at the word «unfaithful,» which spoke itself in her sensitive conscience with the cruel power to hurt which such words have against perfect innocence. Besides, it was as though she were quarreling with what she liked because she could not have it, and she felt as though she were thinking childishly, which is a shame in youth's eyes.

Also, she was nervous about meeting him again, for she had not seen him since she had fled from the room in tears, though he had seen her on the bridge. She wished that she might not see him at all for a whole day, at least, and that seemed a very long time.

Altogether, when she went into the hotel again she was in a very confused state of mind and heart, and was beginning to wish that she had never been born. But that was childish too.

IV.

Helen Harmon was glad when the colonel was gone. She went to a mirror, fixed to the wall between the two windows of the room, and she carefully rearranged her hair. She could not feel quite herself until she knew that the scar was covered again, and hidden from curious eyes. Then she sat down, glad to be alone. It had been a great and unexpected pleasure to see Wimpole, but the discovery he had made, and the things he had said, had disturbed and unnerved her.

There had been conviction in his voice when he had said that Harmon might recover, and the possibility of a change in her husband's condition had crossed her mind more than once. She felt that a return to such a state of things as had made up her life before he had become insane would kill her by slow torture. It was of no use any longer to tell herself that recovery was impossible, and to persuade herself that it was so by the mere repetition of the words. Words had no more weight now.

She thought of her freedom since that merciful deliverance. It was not happiness, for there were other things yet to be suffered, but it was real freedom. She had her son's affliction to bear, but she could bear it alone, and go and come with him as she pleased. She contrasted this liberty with what she had borne for years.

The whole history of their married life came back to her, the gradual progress of it from first to last, if indeed it had yet reached the end, and was not to begin again.

First there had been the sort of half-contented resignation which many young women

feel during the early months of married life, when they have made what is called by the world a good match, simply because they saw no reason for not marrying, and because they were ashamed to own that they cared for a man who did not seem to be attached to them. Sometimes the state lasts throughout life, a neutral, passionless, negative state, in which the heart turns flat and life is soon stale; a condition in which many women, not knowing what pain is, grow restless, and believe that it must be pleasanter to be hurt than to feel nothing.

Henry Harmon had been handsome, full of life and nerve and enthusiasm for living, a rider, a sportsman, more reckless than brave, and more brave than strong-minded, with a gift for being, or seeming to be, desperately in love, which had ultimately persuaded Helen to marry him in spite of her judgment. He turned pale when he was long near her, his eyes flashed darkly, his hands shook a little, and his voice trembled. An older woman might have thought it all rather theatrical, but he seemed to suffer, and that moved Helen, though it did not make her really love him. Women know that weakness of theirs, and are more afraid of pitying an importunate suitor than of admiring him. So Helen married Harmon.

Disillusionment came as daylight steals upon dancers in a ball-room. At first it was not so painful as might have been imagined, for Helen was not excessively sensitive, and she had never really loved the man in the least. He grew tired of her, and left her to herself a good deal. That was a relief, at first, for after she had realized that she did not love him she shrank from him instinctively, with something very like real shame; and to be left alone was like being respected.

«Mrs. Blank's husband is neglecting her,» says one.

«She does not seem to care; she looks very happy,» answers another.

And she is temporarily happy, because Mr. Blank's neglect gives her a sense of bodily relief, for she knows that she has made a mistake in marrying him. It was so with Helen, and as she was not a changeable, nor at all a capricious person, it might have continued to be so. But Harmon changed rapidly in the years that followed. From having been what people called fast, he became dissipated. He had always loved the excitement of wine. When it failed him, he took to stronger stuff, which presently became the essential requisite of his being. He had been said to be gay, then he was spoken of as wild, then as dissipated. Some people avoided him, and every one pitied Helen. Yet although he ruined his constitution, he did not wreck his fortunes, for he was lucky in all affairs connected with money. There remained many among his acquaintances who could not afford to disapprove of him, because he had power.

He drank systematically, as some men do, for the sake of daily excitement, and Helen learned to know tolerably well when he was dangerous, and when he might be approached with safety. But more than once she had made horrible mistakes, and the memories of them were like dreams out of hell. In his drunkenness her face recalled other days to him, and forgotten words of passion found thick and indistinct utterance. Once she had turned on him, white and desperate in her self-defense. Then it was that he struck her on the forehead, with a cut-glass decanter snatched from her toilet-table. When she came to herself, hours afterward, it was daylight. Harmon was in a drunken sleep, and the blood on his face was hers.

She shuddered with pain from head to foot when she thought of it. There had come strange lapses of his memory, disconnected speech, even hysterical tears, following senseless anger, and then he had ceased to recognize any one, and had almost killed one of the men who took care of him, so that it was necessary to take him to an asylum, struggling like a wild beast. Twice, out of a sense of duty, she had been to see whether he knew her, but he knew no one, and the doctors said it was a hopeless case. Since then she had received a simple confirmation of the statement every month, and there seemed to be no reason for expecting any change, and she felt free.

Free was the only word she could find, and she applied it to herself in a sense of her own, meaning that she had been liberated from the thraldom in which she had lived so many years face to face with his brutality, and hiding it from the world as best she could, protecting and defending his name, and refusing pity as she would have refused money had she been poor. People might guess what she suffered, but no one should know it from her, and no one but herself could tell the half of what she underwent.

Yet, now that it was all over, Wimpole suggested that it might begin again, unless she took measures to defend herself. But her heart revolted at the idea of a divorce. She wondered, as she tried to test herself, whether she could be as strong if the case really arose. It never occurred to her to ask whether her

strength might not be folly, for it lay in one of those convictions by which unusual characters are generally moved, and conviction never questions itself.

It was not that in order to be divorced she must almost necessarily bring up in public, and prove by evidence, a certain number of her many wrongs. The publicity would be horrible. Every newspaper in the country would print the details, with hideous headlines. Even her son's deficiency would be dragged into the light. She should have to explain how she had come by the scar on her forehead, and much more that would be harder to tell, if she could bring her lips to speak the words.

Nevertheless, she could do it, and bear everything for a good cause; if, for instance, Archie's future depended upon it, or even if it could do him some good. She could do it all for his sake. But even for his sake she would not be divorced, not even if Harmon were let out of the asylum and came back to her.

Some people, perhaps many, could not understand such a prejudice, or conviction, now that all convictions are commonly spoken of as relative. But will those who do not understand Helen Harmon consider how the world looked upon divorce as recently as five-and-twenty years ago? Nothing can give a clearer idea of the direction taken by social morality than the way in which, during the lifetime of people now barely in middle age, half the world has become accustomed to regard marriage as a contract, and not as a bond.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago divorces were so rare as to be regarded in the light of very uncommon exceptions to the general rule. The divorce law itself is not yet forty years old in England, nor twenty years old in France. In Italy there is no civil divorce whatever at the present day, and the Catholic Church only grants what are not properly divorces, but annullations of marriage, in very rare cases, and with the greatest reluctance.

Even in America every one can remember how divorce was spoken of and thought of until very recently. Within a few years it was deemed to be something very like a disgrace, and certainly a profoundly cynical and immoral proceeding. To-day we can most of us count in our own acquaintance half a dozen persons who have been divorced and been married again. Whatever we may think of it in our hearts, or whatever our religious convictions may be on the subject, it has become so common that when we hear of a flagrant case of cruelty or unfaithfulness, by which a man or woman suffers, the question at once rises to our lips, «Why does she not divorce her husband?» or, «Why does he not divorce his wife?» We have grown used to the idea, and if it does not please us, it certainly does not shock us. It shocked our fathers, but we are perfectly indifferent.

Of course there are many, perhaps a majority, who, though not Roman Catholics, would in their own lives put up with almost anything rather than go to the divorce court for peace. Some actually suffer much, and ask for no redress. But there are very many who have not suffered anything at all, excepting the favorite «incompatibility of temper,» and who have taken advantage of the loose laws in certain States to try a second matrimonial experiment. In what calls itself society there seems still to be a prejudice against a third marriage for divorced persons, but at the present rate of advance in civilization this cannot last long, and the old significance of the word «marriage» will be quite lost before our youngest grandchildren are dead: in other words, by the end of the next century, at the furthest.

There are various forms of honorable political dreaming and of dishonorable political mischief-making nowadays, which we are accustomed to call collectively «socialism.» Most of these rely for their hope of popular success upon their avowed intention of dividing property and preventing its subsequent accumulation. Marriage is an incentive of such accumulation, because it perpetuates families, and therefore keeps property together by inheritance. Therefore all forms of socialism are at present in favor of divorce, as a means of ultimately destroying marriage altogether. A proverb says that whosoever desires the end, desires also the means. There is more truth in the saying than morality in the point of view it expresses. But there are those who desire neither the means nor the end to which they lead, and a struggle is coming the like of which has not been seen since the beginning of the world, and of which we who are now alive shall not see the termination.

The Civil War in the United States turned upon slavery incidentally, not vitally. The cause of that great fight lay much deeper. In the same way the Social War which is coming will turn incidentally upon religion, and be perhaps called a religious war hereafter; but it will not be declared for the sake of faith against unbelief, nor be fought at first by any church, or alliance of churches, against atheism. It will simply turn out that the men who fight on the one side will have

either the convictions or the prejudices of Christianity, or both, and that their adversaries will have neither. But the struggle will be at its height when the original steady current of facts which led to inevitable strife has sunk into apparent insignificance under the raging storm of conflicting belief and unbelief. The disadvantage of the unbelievers will lie in the fact that belief is positive and assertive, whereas unbelief is negative and argumentative. It is indeed easier to deny than to prove almost anything. But that is not the question. In life and war it is generally easier to keep than to take, and besides, those who believe «care,» as we say, whereas those who deny generally «care» very little. It is probable, to say the least of it, that so long as the socialists of the near future believe assertively that they have discovered the means of saving humanity from misery and poverty, and fight for a pure conviction, they will have the better of it; but that when they find themselves in the position of attacking half of mankind's religious faith, having no idea, but only a proposition, to offer in its place, they will be beaten.

That seems far from the question of divorce, but it is not. Before the battle the opposing forces are encamped and intrenched at a little distance from each other, and each tries to undermine the other's outworks. Socialism, collectively, has dug a mine under Social Order's strongest tower, which is called marriage, and the edifice is beginning to shake from its foundations, even before the slow-match is lighted.

To one who has known the world well for a quarter of a century, it seems as though the would-be destroyers of the existing order had forgotten, among several other things, the existence of woman, remembering only that of the female. They practically propose to take every woman's privileges in exchange for certain more or less imaginary «rights.» There is no apparent justice in the «conversion,» as it would be called in business. If woman is to have all the rights of man, which, indeed, seem reducible to a political vote now and then, why should she keep all the privileges which man is not allowed? But tell her that when she is allowed to vote for the President of the United States once in four years, no man shall be expected to stand up in a public conveyance to give her a seat, nor to fetch and carry for her, nor to support her instead of being supported by her, nor to keep her for his wife any longer than he chooses, and the «conversion» looks less attractive.

The reason why women have privileges instead of rights is that all men tacitly acknowledge the future of humanity to be dependent on woman from generation to generation. Man works or fights, and takes his rights in payment therefor as well as for a means of working and fighting to greater advantage. And while he is fighting or working, his wife takes care of his children almost entirely. There is not one household in a hundred thousand, rich or poor, where there is really any question about that. It sounds insignificant, perhaps, and it looks as though anybody could take care of two or three small children. Those who have tried it know better, and they are women. Now and then rich mothers are too lazy to look after their children themselves. To do them such justice as one may, they are willing to spend any amount of money in order to get it well done for them, but the result is not encouraging to those who would have all children brought up «by the state.» Even if it were so, who would bring them up? Women, of course. Then why not their own mothers? Because mothers sometimes—or often, for the sake of argument—do not exactly know how. Then educate the mothers, give them chances of knowing how, let them learn, if you know any better than they, which is doubtful, to say the least of it.

Moreover, does any man in his senses really believe that mothers, as a whole, would submit, and let their children be taken from them to a state rearing-house, to be brought up under a number on a ticket by professional baby-farmers, in exchange for the «right» to vote at a presidential election, and the «right» to put away their husbands and take others as often as they please, and the «right» to run for Congress? Yet the plan has been proposed gravely.

There seems to be a good deal to be said in favor of the existing state of things, after all, and particularly in favor of marriage, and therefore against divorce; and it is not surprising that woman, whose life is in reality far more deeply affected by both questions than man's life is, should have also the more profound convictions about them.

Woman brings us into the world, woman is our first teacher, woman makes the world what it is, from century to century. We can no more escape from woman, and yet continue to live our lives as they should be lived, than we can hide ourselves from nature. We are in her care or in her power during more than half our years, and often during all, from first to last. We are born of her, we grow of her,

as truly as trees and flowers come of the mother earth and draw their life from the soil in which they are planted. The man who denies his mother is a bad man, and the man who has not loved woman is a man in darkness.

Man is not really unjust to woman in his thoughts of her either, unless he be a lost soul, but he has little reason in respect of her nor any justice in his exactions. Because within himself he knows that she is everything and all things for the life and joy of men, therefore he would seem perfect in her eyes; and he rails against whatsoever in her does not please him, as a blot upon the luster of his ideal, which indeed he would make a glorified reflection of his own faults. When he is most imperfect, he most exacts her praise; when he is weakest, she must think him most strong; when he fails, she must call failure victory, or at the least she must name it honorable defeat; she must not see his meanness, but she must magnify the smallest of his generosities to the great measure of his immeasurable vanity therein; she must see faith in his unfaithfulness, honor in his disgrace, heroism in his cowardice, for his sake; she must forgive freely and forgettingly such injury as he would not pardon any man; in one word, she must love him, that in her love he may think and boast himself a god.

It is much to ask. And yet many a woman who loves a man with all her heart has done and daily does every one of those things, and more; and the man knows it, and will not think of it lest he should die of shame. And, moreover, a woman has borne him, a woman has nursed him, a woman taught him first; a woman gives him her soul and her body when he is a man; and when he is dead, if tears are shed for him, they are a woman's.

If we men are honest, we shall say that we do not give her much for all that, not much honor, not much faith. We think we do enough if we give her life's necessities and luxuries in fair share to the power of our poverty or wealth; that we give much, if we love her; too much, if we trust her altogether.

It is a wonder that women should love, seeing what some men are and what most men may be when the devil is in them. It is a wonder that women should not rise up in a body and demand laws to free them from marriage, for one half the cause that so many of them have.

But they do not. Even in this old age of history they still believe in marriage, and cling to it, and in vast majority cry out against its dissolution. No man ever believes in anything as a woman who loves him believes in him. Men have stronger arms, and heads for harder work, but they have no such hearts as women. And the world has been led by the heart in all ages.

Even when the great mistake is made, many a woman clings to the faith that made it, for the sake of what might have been, in a self-respect of which men do not dream. Even when she has married with little love, and taken a man who has turned upon her like a brute beast, her marriage is still a bond which she will not break, and the vow made is not void because the promise taken has been a vain lie. Its damnation is upon him who spoke it, but she still keeps faith.

So, when her fair years of youth lay scattered and withered as blown leaves along the desert of her past, Helen Harmon, wisely or unwisely, but faithfully, and with a whole heart, meant to keep that plighted word, which is not to be broken by wedded man and woman «until death shall them part.»

V.

Miss Wimpole was walking up and down the little sitting-room in considerable perplexity. When she was greatly in doubt as to her future conduct, she puckered her elderly lips, frowned severely, and talked to herself with an occasional energetic shaking of the head. She always did up her hair very securely and neatly, so that this was quite safe. Women who are not sure of their hair-pins carry their heads as carefully as a basket of eggs, and do not bend their necks if they have to stoop for anything.

Talking to one's self is a bad habit, especially when the door is open, whether one be swearing at something or examining one's own conscience. But Miss Wimpole could not help it, and the question of returning the price of the hat to Archie Harmon's mother was such a very difficult one that she had forgotten to shut the door.

«Most impossible situation!» she repeated aloud. «Most terrible situation! Poor boy! Half idiotic—father mad. Most distressing situation! If I tell his mother, I shall hurt her feelings dreadfully. If I tell Richard, I shall hurt his feelings dreadfully. If I tell nobody, I shall break my promise to Sylvia, besides putting her in the position of accepting a hat from a young man. Ridiculous present, a hat! If it had only been a parasol! Parasols are not so ridiculous as hats. I wonder why! Perfectly impossible to keep the money, of course. Even Judas Iscariot—dear me! Where are my thoughts running to?

Shocking! But a terrible situation. It was dear, too—eighty francs! We must get it into Mrs. Harmon's hands somehow—»

«Why must you get eighty francs into Mrs. Harmon's hands?» inquired the colonel, laying his hat upon a chair.

The door had been open, and he had heard her talking while he was in the corridor. She uttered an exclamation as she turned and saw him.

«Oh—well—I suppose you heard me. I must really cure myself of talking when I am alone! But I was not saying anything particular.»

«You were saying that you must manage to pay Mrs. Harmon eighty francs. It is very easy, for she happens to be here, and I have just seen her.»

«Oh, I know she is here!» cried Miss Wimpole. «I know it to my cost! She and that—and her son, you know.»

«Yes, I know. But what is the matter? What is the trouble?»

«Oh, Richard! you are so sensitive about anything that has to do with Mrs. Harmon.»

«I?» The colonel looked at her quietly.

«Yes. Of course you are, and it is quite natural, and I quite understand, and I do not blame you in the least. But such a dreadful thing has happened. I hardly know how I can tell you about it. It is really too dreadful for words.»

Wimpole sat down and fanned himself slowly with the Paris «Herald.» He was still rather pale, for his nerves had been shaken.

«Rachel, my dear,» he said mildly, «don't be silly. Tell me what is the matter.»

Miss Wimpole walked slowly once round the room, stopped at the window and looked through the blinds, and at last turned and faced her brother with all the energy of her seasoned character.

«Richard,» she began, «don't call me silly till you hear. It 's awful. That boy suddenly appeared in a shop where Sylvia was buying a hat, and paid for it and vanished.»

«Eh? What 's that?» asked Wimpole, opening his eyes wide. «I don't think I quite understood, Rachel. I must have been thinking of something else just then.»

«I dare say you were,» replied his sister, severely. «You are growing dreadfully absent-minded. You really should correct it. I say that when Sylvia was buying a hat, just now, Archie Harmon suddenly appeared in the shop and spoke to us. Then he asked Sylvia whether she liked the hat she was trying on, and she said she did. Then he went off, and when we wished to pay we were told that the hat had been paid for by the young gentleman. Now—»

The colonel interrupted and startled his sister by laughing aloud at this point. He could not help it, though he had not felt in the least as though he could laugh at anything for a long time when he had entered the room. Miss Wimpole was annoyed.

«Richard,» she said solemnly, «you surprise me.»

«Does it not strike you as funny?» asked the colonel, recovering.

«No. It is—it is almost tragic. But perhaps,» she continued, with a fine point of irony, «since you make so light of the matter, you will be good enough to return to Mrs. Harmon the price of the hat purchased by her half-witted boy for your ward.»

«Don't call him half-witted, Rachel, said the colonel. «It 's not so bad as that, you know.»

«I cannot agree with you,» replied his sister. «Only an idiot would think of rushing into a shop where a lady is buying something, and suddenly paying for it. You must admit that, Richard. Only an idiot could do such a thing.»

«I have done just such a thing myself,» observed Wimpole, thoughtfully, for he remembered the miniature he had bought for Helen that afternoon. «I suppose I was an idiot, since you say— »

«I said nothing of the kind, my dear! How can you accuse me of calling you an idiot? Really, Richard, you behave very strangely to-day. I don't know what can be the matter with you. First you manage to make Sylvia cry her eyes out—Heaven knows what dreadful thing you said to her! And now you deliberately accuse me of calling you an idiot. If this sort of thing goes on much longer, there will be an end of our family happiness.»

«This is not one of my lucky days,» said the colonel, resignedly, and he laid down the folded newspaper. «How much did the hat cost? I will return the money to Mrs. Harmon, and explain.»

Miss Wimpole looked at him with gratitude and admiration in her face.

«It was eighty francs,» she answered. «Richard, I did not call you an idiot. In the first place, it would have been totally untrue, and in the second place, it would have been—what shall I say?—it would have been very vulgar to call you an idiot, Richard. It is a vulgar expression.»

«It might have been true, my dear, but I certainly never knew you to say anything vulgar. On the other hand, I really did not

assert that you applied the epithet to me. I applied it to myself, rather experimentally. And poor Archie Harmon is not so bad as that, either.»

«If he is not idiotic—or—or something like it, why do you say ‹poor› Archie?»

«Because I am sorry for him,» returned the colonel. «And so are you,» he added presently.

Miss Wimpole considered the matter for a few seconds; then she slowly nodded, and came up to him.

«I am,» she said. «Richard, kiss me.»

That was always the proclamation of peace, not after strife, for they never quarreled, but at the close of an argument. It was done in this way. The colonel rose, and stood before his sister; then both bent their heads a little, and as their cool gray cheeks touched, each kissed the air somewhere in the neighborhood of the other's ear. They had been little children together, and their mother had taught them to «kiss and make friends,» as good children should, whenever there had been any difference; and now they were growing old together, but they had never forgotten, in nearly fifty years, to «kiss and make friends» when they had disagreed. What is childlike is not always childish.

The colonel resumed his seat, and there was silence for a few minutes. The folded newspaper lay on the table unread, and he looked at it, scarcely aware that he saw it.

«I think Archie Harmon must have fallen in love with Sylvia,» he said at last. «That is the only possible explanation. She has grown up since he saw her last, and so has he, though his mind has not developed much, I suppose.»

«Not at all, I should say,» answered Miss Wimpole. «But I wish you would not suggest such things. The mere idea makes me uncomfortable.»

«Yes,» assented the colonel, thoughtfully. «We will not talk about it.»

Suddenly he knew what he was looking at, and he read the first head-lines on the paper, just visible above the folded edge. The words were «Harmon Sane,» printed in large capitals. In a moment he had spread out the sheet.

The big letters only referred to a short telegram lower down. «It is reported, on good authority, that Henry Harmon, who has been an inmate of the Bloomingdale Insane Asylum for some years, is recovering rapidly, and will shortly be able to return to his numerous friends in perfect mental health.»

That was all. The colonel searched the paper from beginning to end in the vain hope of finding something more, and read the little paragraph over and over again. There was no possibility of a mistake. There had never been but one Henry Harmon, and there could certainly be but one in the Bloomingdale asylum. The news was so sudden that Wimpole felt his heart stand still when he first read it, and as he thought of it he grew cold, and shivered as though he had an ague.

It had been easier to think of Harmon's possible recovery before he had seen that scar on Helen's forehead. For many years he had borne the thought that the woman he had silently loved so long was bound to a man little better than a beast; but it had never occurred to him that she might have had much to bear of which he had known nothing, even to violence and physical danger. The knowledge had changed him within the last hour, and the news about Harmon now hardened him all at once in his anger, as hot steel is chilled when it has just reached the cutting temper, and does not change after that.

The colonel was as honorable a man as ever shielded a woman's good name or rode to meet an enemy in fair fight. He was chivalrous with all the world, and quixotic with himself. He had charity for the ways of other men, for he had seen enough to know that many things were done by men whom no one would dare to call dishonorable, which he would not have done to save his own life. He understood that such a lasting love as his was stronger than himself, yet he himself had been so strong that he had never yielded even to its thoughts, nor ever allowed the longing for a final union with Helen at all costs to steal upon his unguarded imagination.

He was not tempted beyond his strength, indeed, and in his apparent perfection that must be remembered. In all those years of his devoted friendship Helen had never let him guess that she could have loved him once, much less that she loved him now, as he did her, with the same resolution to hide from her inward eyes what she could not tear from her inmost heart. But it is never fair to say that if a man had been placed in a certain imaginary position he might have been weak. So long as he has not broken down under the trials and burdens of real life, he has a right to be called strong.

The colonel set no barrier, however, against the devotion to Helen's welfare which he might honorably feel and show. In day-dreams over old books he had envied those

clean knights of a younger time, who fought for wives not theirs so openly and bravely and so honestly that the spotless women for whom they faced death took luster of more honor from such unselfish love. And for Helen's sake he had longed for some true circumstance of mortal danger in which to prove once more how well and silently an honest man can die to save an innocent woman.

But those were dreams. In acts he had done much, though never half of what he had always wanted to do. The trouble had all come little by little in Helen's existence, and there had not been one great deciding moment in which his hand or head could have saved her happiness.

Now it seemed as though the time were full, and as if he might at last, by one deed, cast the balance by the scale of happiness. He did not know how to do it, nor whither to turn, but he felt, as he sat by the table with the little newspaper in his hand, that unless he could prevent Harmon from coming back to his wife his own existence was to turn out a miserable failure, his love a lie, and his long devotion but a worthless word.

His first impulse was to leave Lucerne that night, and reach home in the shortest possible time. He would see Harmon and tell him what he thought, and force from him a promise to leave Helen in peace—some unbreakable promise which the man should not be able to deny, some sort of bond that should have weight in law.

The colonel's nostrils quivered, and his steady gray eyes fixed themselves and turned every light as he thought of the interview, and of the quiet, hard words he should select. Each one of them should be a retribution in itself. He was the gentlest of men, but under great provocation he could be relentless.

What would Harmon answer? The colonel grew thoughtful again. Harmon would ask him, with an intonation that would be an insult to Helen, what right Wimpole had acquired to take Helen's part against him, her lawful husband. It would be hard to answer that. He had no right of his own to fight her battles, least of all against the man she had married.

He might answer by reminding Harmon of old times. He might say that he at least resigned the hope of that right, when Harmon had been his friend, because he had believed that it was for Helen's happiness.

That would be but a miserably unsatisfactory answer, though it would be the truth. The colonel did not remember that he had ever wished to strike a man with a whip until the present moment. But the sight of the cut on Helen's forehead had changed him very quickly. He was not sure that he could keep his hands from Harmon if he should see him. And slowly a sort of cold and wrathful glow rose in his face, and he felt as though his long, thin fingers were turning into steel springs.

Miss Wimpole had taken up a book and was reading. She heard him move in his chair, and looked up and saw his expression.

«What is the matter with you, Richard?» she inquired, in surprise.

«Why?» He started nervously.

«You look like the [illegible] angel,» she observed calmly. «I suppose you are gradually beginning to be angry about Sylvia's hat, as I was. I don't wonder.»

«Oh, yes—Sylvia's hat; yes, yes, I remember.» The colonel passed his hand over his eyes. «I mean, it is perhaps the heat. It 's a warm day. I 'll go to my room for a while.»

«Yes, do, my dear. You behave so strangely to-day—as if you were going to be ill.»

But the colonel was already gone, and was stalking down the corridor with his head high, his eyes as hard as polished gray stones, and his nervous hands clenched as they swung a little with his gait.

His sister shook her head energetically, then slowly and sadly, as she watched him in the distance.

«How much more gracefully we grow old than men!» she said aloud, and took up her book again.

(To be continued.)

F. Marion Crawford.

DISTANCES.

WE marvel that the silence can divide
The living from the dead; yet more apart
Are they who all life long dwell side by side,
But never heart by heart.

Florence D. Snelling.

HIGH WYNNE FREE QUAKER

SOMETIME BREVET LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ON THE STAFF OF HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL WASHINGTON.

BY DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL.

Author of «In War Time,» «When all the Woods are Green,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY HOWARD PYLE.

SYNOPSIS OF FIRST PART.

[Hugh Wynne tells his story in the form of an autobiography. He was born in Philadelphia, May 29, 1748, and was the grandson of Isaac Wynne, a Quaker of Welsh descent, who had married Gainor Hugh, a Welsh Episcopalian. Hugh's father, Caleb Wynne, was a man of wealth and culture, who had been a member of the Church of England, and was all his life a loyal subject of the King. Hugh's mother, Gainor Wynne, was a Quaker, and Hugh was brought up in the Quaker faith. He was sent to the Friends' school in Philadelphia, and there he met Darrell Fisher, a boy of his own age, who became his friend and companion. Darrell's father, Dr. Fisher, was a Quaker physician, who had been disowned by the Society of Friends because he had married a woman of the world. Hugh's father, Caleb Wynne, died when Hugh was a boy, and his mother, Gainor Wynne, a woman of beautiful character, who had been a member of the Church of England, and was all her life a loyal subject of the King

when some noisy crisis arose, they had for us lads but little interest.

Most people used the city landings, or lightered their goods from ships in the stream. We, however, had a great dock built out near to the mouth of Dock Creek, and a warehouse. Hither came sloops from my father's plantation of tobacco, near Annapolis, and others from the «permitted islands,» the Cape de Verde and the Madeiras. Staves for barrels, tobacco, and salt fish were the exports, and in return came Eastern goods brought to these islands, and huge tuns of Madeira wine. Rum, too, arrived from New England, and salted mackerel. What else my father imported, of French goods or tea, reached us from England, for we were not allowed to trade with the continent of Europe nor directly with India.

Once my father took me with him to Lewes, near Cape Hinlopen, on one of his ships, and to my joy we were met there by Tom, our black slave, with horses, and rode back during two days by Newcastle and Chester. As I rode ill, of course, and was sore for a week, my father thought it well that I should learn to ride, and this exercise I took to easily. Just before I was sixteen my aunt gave me a horse, and after we had separated abruptly a few times, and no harm to any, I became the master, and soon an expert rider, as was needful in a land where most long journeys were made on horseback.

It seems to me now, as I look back, that the events of life were preparing me and my friend Jack for what was to follow. Our boating made every part of the two rivers familiar. Now that I had a horse, Jack's father, who would always do for him readily what my Aunt Gainor did for me, yielded to his desire to ride; and so it was that we began, as leisure served, to extend our rides to Germantown, or even to Chestnut Hill. Thus all the outlying country became well known to both of us, and there was not a road, a brook, or a hill, which we did not know.

Until this happy time I had been well pleased to follow my aunt on a pillion behind her servant Cæsar, but now I often went with her, perched on my big horse, and got from my aunt, an excellent horsewoman, some sharp lessons as to leaping, and certain refinements in riding that she had seen or known of in London.

A Captain Montresor—he who afterward, when a major, was Howe's engineer—used to ride with her in the spring of '69. He was a tall, stout man of middle age, and much spoken of as likely to marry my Aunt Gainor, although she was older than he, for, as fa Oliver de Lancey said years after, «There i no age to a woman's money, and guineas ar always young.» My aunt Gainor Wynne wa still a fine gentlewoman, and did not look he years. As to this question of age, she wa like a man, and so in fact she was in som other ways. She would tell any one how ol she was. She once informed Mr. de Lance that she was so much more of a man than an British officer she knew that she did not se how she could decently marry any of them.

I think it was about this time that I saw little scene which much impressed me, an which often recurs to my memory. We—tha is, Mr. Montresor, and my Aunt Gainor and I—on a Saturday afternoon rode over by the lowe ferry and up Gray's Lane, and so to Mr. Hamil ton's country-seat. «The Woodlands,» as it wa called, stood on a hill amid many beautifu trees and foreign shrubs and flowers. Belo it ran the quiet Schuylkill, and beyond, abov the governor's woods, could be seen far awa Dr. Kearsley's fine spire of Christ Church. N better did Master Wren himself ever contrive or more proportioned to the edifice beneath it

On the porch were Mr. Hamilton and Mrs Penn, with saucy gray eyes, and Mrs. Ferguson A slim young girl, Rebecca Franks, was teasin a cat. She teased some one all her days, an did it merrily, and not unkindly. She wa little and very pretty, with a dark skin. Di she dream she should marry a British soldier —a baronet and general,—and end her days i London well on in the century yet to come

Andrew Allen, whose father, the chief jus tice, took his wife Margaret from this house sat on the steps near Miss Franks, and besid her little Peggy Shippen, who already gav promise of the beauty which won for her s pitiful a life. Nothing in this garden of ga women and flowers foretold the tragedy o West Point. I think of it now with sad wonder

In one or another way these people becam known in our annals. Most of them were o the more exclusive party known as the gov ernor's set, and belonged to the Church o England. With the Galloways, Cadwaladers Willings, Shippens, Chews, and others, the formed a more or less distinct society, affect ing London ways, dining at the extreme hou of four, loving cards, the dance, fox-hunting and to see a main of game-cocks. Amon them—not of them—came and went certai of what were called «genteel» Quakers— Morrises, Pembertons, Whartons, and Lo gans. They had races too,—that is, th governor's set,—and one of my delights was on the way to the academy, to stop in Thir

street, above Chestnut, and see the race-horses in the Widow Nichols's stables at the sign of the Indian Queen.

But I have left the laughter of the last century echoing among the columns of Andrew Hamilton's home. The guests were made welcome, and had a dish of tea or a glass of punch; and those desiring no more bohea set a spoon across the cup, and fell into groups. My aunt opened the velvet bag which hung at her waist, to pay Mrs. Ferguson a small gambling debt of the night before.

«Ah, here!» she cried gaily, «Mr. Montresor, this is for you. One of Mr. Grenville's stamps; I kept two. I was lucky enough to get them from Master Hughes, the stamp officer—a great curiosity. You shall have one.»

Mr. Montresor bowed. «I will keep it,» he said, «until it comes into use again.»

«That will be never,» said Andrew Allen, turning.

«Never!» repeated Miss Wynne. «Let us hope, sir, it may be a lesson to all future ministers.»

«A man was wanted in New York in place of Mr. Gage,» cried Mrs. Ferguson. «As to those New England Puritans, they were in rebellion before they came over, and have been ever since.»

«And what of New York, and this town, and Virginia?» said my Aunt Gainor, with her great nose well up.

«I would have put an end to their disloyal ways, one and all,» cried Mrs. Ferguson.

«It is curious,» said Mr. Galloway, «that the crown should be so thwarted. What people have more reason to be contented?»

«Contented!» said Miss Wynne. «Already they talk of taxes in which we are to have no voice. Contented! and not a ship dare trade with France! It amazes me that there is a man in the plantations to sit quiet under it.»

«I am of your opinion, madam,» said Mr. Macpherson, «and I might go still further.»

«They consider us as mere colonials, and we may not so much as have a bishop of our own. I would I had my way, sir.»

«And what would you do, Mistress Wynne?» asked Mr. Chew.

«I would say, 'Mr. Attorney-General, give us the same liberty all the English have, to go and come on the free seas!'»

«And if not?» said Montresor, smiling.

«And if not,» she returned, «then—» and she touched the sword at his side. I wondered to see how resolute she looked.

The captain smiled. «I hope you will not command a regiment, madam.»

«Would to God I could!»

«I should run,» he cried, laughing. And thus pleasantly ended a talk which was becoming bitter to many of this gay company.

Destiny was already sharpening the sword we were soon to draw, and of those who met and laughed that day there were sons who were to be set against fathers, and brothers whom war was to find in hostile ranks. A young fellow of my age, the son of Mr. Macpherson, sat below us on the steps with the girls. He was to leave his young life on the bastion at Quebec, and, for myself, how little did I dream of what I should get out of the devil-pot of war which was beginning to simmer!

Very soon I was sent with Rebecca Franks and Miss Chew to gather flowers. Miss Franks evidently despised my youth, and between the two little maids I, being unused to girls, had not a pleasant time, and was glad to get back to the porch, where we stood silent until bidden to be seated, upon which the girls curtseyed and I bowed, and then sat down to eat cakes and drink syllabub.

At last my aunt put on her safeguard petticoat, the horses came, and we rode away. For a while she was silent, answering the captain in monosyllables; but just beyond the ferry his horse cast a shoe, and went so lame that the officer must needs return to Woodlands leading him, there to ask a new mount.

For yet a while my aunt rode on without a word, but at last she began to rally me as to Miss Chew. I had to confess I cared not for her or the other, or, indeed, for maids at all.

«It will come,» said she. «Oh, it will come soon enough. Peggy Chew has the better manners. And, by the way, sir, when you bow, keep your back straight. Mr. Montresor has a pretty way of it. Observe him, Hugh. But he is a fool, and so are the rest; and as for Betty Ferguson, I should like to lay a whip over her back like that,» and she hit my horse sharply, poor thing, so that I lost a stirrup and came near to falling.

When the beast got quiet I asked why these nice people, who had such pleasant ways, were all fools.

«I will tell you,» she said. «There are many and constant causes of trouble between us and the king. When one ends, like this Stamp Act, another is hatched. It was the best of us who left England, and we are trained to rely on ourselves, and have no need of England. You will live to see dark days, Hugh—just what, God alone can tell; but you will live to see them, and your life will have to answer some questions. This may seem strange to you, my lad, but it will come.»

What would come I knew not. She said

no more, but rode homeward at speed, as she liked best to do.

Thus time went by, until I was full sixteen, having been at the college a year later than was usual. I had few battles to fight, and contrived to keep these to myself, or to get patched up at my Aunt Wynne's, who delighted to hear of these conflicts, and always gave me a shilling to heal my wounds. My dear, fair-haired Jack Aunt Gainor thought a girl-boy, and fit only to sell goods, or, at best, to become a preacher. His father she used and disliked.

Meanwhile we had been through Horace and Cicero,—and Ovid for our moral improvement, I suppose,—with Virgil and Sallust, and at last Cæsar, whom alone of them all I liked. Indeed, Jack and I built over a brook in my Aunt Gainor's garden at Chestnut Hill a fair model of Cæsar's great bridge over the Rhine. This admired product of our ingenuity was much praised by Captain Montresor, who was well aware of my aunt's weakness for a certain young person.

My father's decisions came always without warning. In the fall of 1769 I was just gone back to the academy, and put to work at mathematics and some Greek under James Wilson, at that period one of the tutors, and some time later an associate judge of the Supreme Court. This great statesman and lawyer of after-days was a most delightful teacher. He took a fancy to my Jack, and, as we were inseparable, put up with my flippancy and deficient scholarship. Jack's diary says otherwise, and that he saw in me that which, well used, might make of me a man of distinction. At all events, he liked well to walk with us on a Saturday, or to go in my boat, which was for us a great honour. My father approved of James Wilson, and liked him on the holiday to share our two-o'clock dinner. Then, and then only, did I understand the rigour and obstinacy of my father's opinions, for they ofttimes fell into debate as to the right of the crown to tax us without representation. Mr. Wilson said many towns in England had no voice in Parliament, and that, if once the crown yielded the principle we stood on, it would change the whole political condition in the mother-land; and this the king would never agree to see. Mr. Wilson thought we had been foolish to say, as many did, that, while we would have no internal taxes, we would submit to a tax on imports. This he considered even worse. My father was for obedience and non-resistance, and could not see that we were fighting a battle for the liberty of all Englishmen. He simply repeated his opinions, and was but a child in the hands of this clear-headed thinker. My father might well have feared for the effect of Mr. Wilson's views on a lad of my age, in whose mind he opened vistas of thought far in advance of those which, without him, I should ever have seen.

John Wynne was, however, too habitually accustomed to implicit obedience to dream of danger, and thus were early sown in my mind the seeds of future action, with some doubt as to my father's ability to cope with a man like our tutor, who considerately weighed my father's sentiments (they were hardly opinions), and so easily and courteously disposed of them that these logical defeats were clear even to us boys.

Our school relations with this gentleman were abruptly broken. One day in late October of 1769, we went on a long walk through the proprietary's woods, gathering for my mother boughs of the many-tinted leaves of autumn. These branches she liked to set in jars of water in the room where we sat, so that it might be gay with the lovely colours she so much enjoyed. As we entered the forest about Eighth street Mr. Wilson joined us, and went along, chatting agreeably with my mother. Presently he said to me: «I have just left your father with Mr. Pemberton, talking about some depredations in Mr. Penn's woods. He tells me you boys are to leave school, but for what I do not know. I am sorry.»

Jack and I had of late expected this, and I, for one, was not grieved, but my friend was less well pleased.

We strolled across to the Schuylkill, and there, sitting down, amused ourselves with making a little crown of twisted twigs and leaves of the red and yellow maples. This we set merrily on my mother's gray beaver, while Mr. Wilson declared it most becoming. Just then Friend Pemberton and my father came upon us, and, as usual when the latter appeared, our laughter ceased.

«I shall want thee this afternoon, Hugh,» he said. «And what foolishness is this on thy head, wife? Art thou going home in this guise?»

«It seems an innocent prettiness,» said Pemberton, while my mother, in no wise dismayed, looked up with her big blue eyes.

«Thou wilt always be a child,» said my father.

«Je l'espère,» said the mother; «must I be put in a corner? The *bon Dieu* hath just changed the forest fashions. I wonder is He a Quaker, Friend Pemberton?»

«Thou hast ever a neat answer,» said the gentle old man. «Come, John, we are not yet done.»

My father said no more, and we boys were still as mice. We went homeward with our mirth quite at an end, Jack and Wilson leaving us at Fourth street.

In the afternoon about six—for an hour had been named—I saw my aunt's chaise at the door. I knew at once that something unusual was in store, for Mistress Wynne rarely came hither except to see my mother, and then always in the forenoon. Moreover, I noticed my father at the window, and never had I known him to return so early. When I went in he said at once:

«I have been telling thy aunt of my intention in regard to thee.»

«And I utterly disapprove of it,» said my aunt.

«Wait,» he said. «I desire that thou shalt enter as one of my clerks; but first it is my will that, as the great and good proprietary decreed, thou shouldst acquire some mechanic trade, I care not what.»

I was silent; I did not like it. Even far later certain of the stricter Friends adhered to a rule which was once useful, but was now no longer held to be of imperative force.

«I would suggest shoemaking,» said my Aunt Gainor, scornfully, «or tailoring.»

«I beg of thee, Gainor,» said my mother, «not to discontent the lad.»

«Concerning this matter,» returned my father, «I will not be thwarted. I asked thee to come hither, not to ridicule a sensible decision, but to consult upon it.»

«You have had all my wisdom,» said the lady. «I had thought to ask my friend Charles Townsend for a pair of colours; but now that troops are sent to Boston to override all reason, I doubt it. Do as you will with the boy. I wash my hands of him.»

This was by no means my father's intention. I saw his face set in an expression I well knew; but my mother laid a hand on his arm, and, with what must have been a great effort, he controlled his anger, and said coldly: «I have talked this over with thy friend Joseph Warder, and he desired that his son should share in my decision as to Hugh. Talk to him, Gainor.»

«I do not take counsel with my agent, John. He does as I bid him. I could shift his opinions at a word. He is a Tory to-day, and a Whig to-morrow, and anything to anybody. Why do you talk such nonsense to me? Let me tell you that he has already been to ask me what I think of it. He feels some doubt, poor man. Indeed, he is disposed to consider. Bother! what does it matter what he considers?»

«If he has changed his mind I have not. Joseph hath ever a coat of many colours.»

«I shall tell him,» she cried, laughing. The Quaker rule of repression and non-resistance by no means forbade the use of the brutal bludgeon of sarcasm, as many a debate in Meeting could testify. She rose as she spoke, and my mother said gently:

«Thou wilt not tell him, Gainor.»

Meanwhile I stood amazed at a talk which so deeply concerned me.

«Shall it be a smithy?» said my father.

«Oh, what you like. The Wynnes are well down in the world—trade, horseshoeing. Good evening.»

«Gainor! Gainor!» cried my mother; but she was gone in wrath, and out of the house.

«Thou wilt leave the academy. I have already arranged with Lowry, in South street, to take thee. Three months should answer.»

To this I said, «Yes, yes,» and went away but little pleased, my mother saying, «It is only for a little time, my son.»

V.

SAYS my friend Jack in his journal:

«The boys were in these times keen politicians whenever any unusual event occurred, and the great pot was like soon to boil furiously, and scald the cooks. Charles Townsend's ministry was long over. The Stamp Act had come and gone. The Non-importation Agreement had been signed even by men like Andrew Allen and Mr. Penn. Lord North, a gentle and obstinate person, was minister. The Lord Hillsborough, a man after the king's heart, had the colonial office. The troops had landed in Boston, and the letters of Dickinson and Vindex had fanned the embers of discontent into flame.

«Through it all we boys contrived to know everything that was happening. I had a sense of fear about it, but to Hugh I think it was delightful. A fire, a mob, confusion, and disorder appeal to most boys' minds as desirable. My father was terrified at the disturbance of commerce, and the angry words which began to be heard. As to Mr. John Wynne, he coolly adjusted his affairs, as I have heard, and settled down with the Friends, such as Waln and Shoemaker and Pemberton and the rest, to accept whatever the king might decree.»

Jack and I talked it all over in wild boy fashion, and went every day at six in the morning to Lowry's on South street. At first we both hated the work, but this did not last; and once we were used to it, the business had for fellows like ourselves a certain charm. The horses we learned to know and understand. Their owners were of a class with

which in those days it was not thought seemly for persons of our degree to be familiar; here it was unavoidable, and I soon learned how deep in the hearts of the people was the determination to resist the authority of the crown.

The lads we knew of the gay set used to come and laugh at us as we plied the hammer or blew the bellows; and one day Miss Franks and Miss Peggy Chew, and I think Miss Shippen, stood awhile without the forge, making very merry. Jack got red in the face, but I was angry, worked on doggedly, and said nothing. At last I thrashed soundly one Master Galloway, who called me a horse-cobbler, and after that no more trouble.

I became strong and muscular as the work went on, and got to like our master, who was all for liberty, and sang as he struck, and taught me much that was useful as to the management of horses, so that I was not long unhappy. My father, pleased at my diligence, once said to me that I seemed to be attentive to the business in hand; and as far as I remember, this was the only time in my life that he ever gave me a word of even the mildest commendation.

As for Jack, it was what he needed. His slight, graceful figure filled out and became very straight, losing a stoop it had, so that he grew to be a well-built, active young fellow, rosy, and quite too pretty, with his blond locks. After our third month began, Lowry married a widow, and moved away to her farm up the country and beyond the Blue Bell tavern, where he carried on his business, and where he was to appear again to me at a time when I sorely needed him. It was to be another instance of how a greater Master overrules our lives for good.

Just after we had heard the news of the widow, my father came into the forge one day with Joseph Warder. He stood and watched me shoe a horse, and asked Lowry if I had learned the business. When he replied that we both might become more expert, but that we could make nails, and shoe fairly well, my father said:

«Take off these aprons, and go home. There will be other work for both of you.»

We were glad enough to obey, and, dropping our leathern aprons, thus ended our apprenticeship. Next week Tom Lowry, our master, appeared with a fine beaver for me, saying, as I knew, that it was the custom to give an apprentice a beaver when his time was up, and that he had never been better served by any.

My Aunt Gainor kept away all this time, and made it clear that she did not wish my black hands at her table. My father, no doubt, felt sure that, so far as I was concerned, she would soon or late relent. This, in fact, came about in midwinter, upon her asking my mother to send me to see her. My father observed that he had no will to make quarrels, or to keep them alive. My mother smiled demurely, knowing him as none other did, and bade me go with her.

In her own room she had laid out on the bed a brown coat of velveteen, with breeches to match, and stockings with brown clocks, and also a brown beaver, the back looped up, all of which she had, with sweet craftiness, provided, that I might appear well before my Aunt Gainor.

«Thou wilt fight no one on the way, Hugh. And now, what shall be done with his hands, so rough and so hard? Scrub them well. Tell Gainor I have two new lilies for her, just come from Jamaica. Bulbs they are; I will care for them in the cellar. I was near to forget the marmalade of bitter orange. She must send; I cannot trust Tom. Thy father had him whipped at the jail yesterday, and he is sulky. Put on thy clothes, and I will come again to see how they fit thee.»

In a little while she was back again, declaring I looked a lord, and that if she were a girl she should fall in love with me, and then—«But I shall never let any woman but me kiss thee. I shall be jealous. And now, sir, a bow. That was better. Now, as I curtsey, it is bad manners to have it over before I am fully risen. Then it is permitted that *les beaux yeux se rencontrent. Comme çi. Celà va bien.* That is better done.»

«What vanities are these?» said my father at the door she had left open.

She was nowise alarmed. «Come in, John,» she cried. «He does not yet bow as well as thou. It would crack some Quaker backs, I think. I can hear Friend Waln's joints creak when he gets up.»

«Nonsense, wife! Thou art a child to this day.»

«Then kiss me, *mon père.*» And she ran to him and stood on tiptoe, so engaging and so pretty that he could not help but lift up her slight figure, and, kissing her, set her down. It was a moment of rare tenderness. Would I had known or seen more of them!

«Thou wilt ruin him, wife.»

As I ran down the garden she called after me: «Do not thou forget to kiss her hand. To-morrow will come the warehouse; but take the sweets of life as they offer. Adieu.» She stood to watch me, all her dear heart in her eyes, something pure, and, as it were, virginal in her look. God rest her soul!

It was late when I got to my aunt's, somewhere about eight, and the hum of voices warned me of her having company. As I entered she rose, expecting an older guest, and, as I had been bid, I bowed low, and touched her hand with my lips, as I said:

«Dear Aunt Gainor, it has been so long!» I could have said nothing better. She laughed.

«Here is my nephew, Mr. Etherington»—this to an English major; «and, Captain Wallace of the king's navy, my nephew.»

The captain was a rough, boisterous sailor, and the other a man with too much manner, and, as I heard later, risen from the ranks.

He saluted me with a lively thump on the shoulder, which I did not relish. «Zounds! sir, but you are a stout young Quaker!»

«We are most of us Quakers here, captain,» said a quiet gentleman, who saw, I fancy, by my face that this rude greeting was unpleasant to me.

«How are you, Hugh?» This was the Master of the Rolls, Mr. John Morris. Then my aunt said, «Go and speak to the ladies—you know them»; and as I turned aside, «I beg pardon, Sir William; this is my nephew, Hugh Wynne.» This was addressed to a high-coloured personage in yellow velvet with gold buttons, and a white flowered waistcoat, and with his queue in a fine hair-net.

«This is Sir William Draper, Hugh; he who took Manilla, as you must know.» I did not, nor did I know until later that he was one of the victims of the sharp pen of Junius, with whom, for the sake of the Marquis of Granby, he had rashly ventured to tilt. The famous soldier smiled as I saluted him with my best bow.

«Fine food for powder, Mistress Wynne, and already sixteen! I was in service three years earlier. Should he wish for an ensign's commission, I am at your service.»

«Ah, Sir William, that might have been, a year or so ago, but now he may have to fight General Gage.»

«The gods forbid! Our poor general!»

«Mistress Wynne is a rank Whig,» put in Mrs. Ferguson. «She reads Dickinson's ‹Farmer's Letters,› and all the wicked treason of that man Adams.»

«A low demagogue!» cried Mrs. Galloway. «I hear there have been disturbances in Boston, and that because one James Otis has been beaten by our officers, and because our bands play ‹Yankee Doodle› on Sundays in front of the churches—I beg pardon, the meetings—Mr. Robinson, the king's collector, has had to pay and apologise. Most shameful it is!»

«I should take short measures,» said the sailor.

«And I,» cried Etherington. «I have just come from Virginia, but not a recruit could I get. It is like a nest of ants in a turmoil, and the worst of all are the officers who served in the French wars. There is, too, a noisy talker, Patrick Henry, and a Mr. Washington.»

«I think it was he who saved the wreck of the king's army under Mr. Braddock,» said my aunt. «I can remember how they all looked. Not a wig among them. The lodges must have been full of them, but their legs saved their scalps.»

«Is it for this they call them wigwams?» cries naughty Miss Chew.

«Fie! fie!» says her mamma, while my aunt laughed merrily.

«A mere Potomac planter,» said Etherington, «'pon my soul—and with such airs, as if they were gentlemen of the line.»

«Perhaps,» said my aunt, «they had not had your opportunities of knowing all grades of the service.»

The major flushed. «I have served the king as well as I know how, and I trust, madam, I shall have the pleasure to aid in the punishment of some of these insolent rebels.»

«May you be there to see, Hugh,» said my aunt, laughing.

Willing to make a diversion, Mrs. Chew said, «Let us defeat these Tories at the card-table, Gainor.»

«With all my heart,» said my aunt, glad of this turn in the talk.

«Come and give me luck, Hugh,» said Mrs. Ferguson. «What a big fellow you are! Your aunt must find you ruffles soon, and a steenkirk.»

With this I sat down beside her, and wondered to see how eager and interested they all became, and how the guineas and gold half-joes passed from one to another, while the gay Mrs. Ferguson, who was at the table with Mrs. Penn, Captain Wallace, and my aunt, gave me my first lesson in this form of industry.

A little later there was tea, chocolate, and rusks, with punch for the men; and Dr. Shippen came in, and the great Dr. Rush, with his delicate, clean-cut face under a full wig. Dr. Shippen was full of talk about some fine game-cocks, and others were busy with the spring races in Centre Square.

You may be sure I kept my ears open to hear what all these great men said. I chanced to hear Dr. Rush deep in talk behind the punch-table with a handsome young man, Dr. Morgan, newly come from London.

Dr. Rush said, «I have news to-day, in a letter from Mr. Adams, of things being unendurable. He is bold enough to talk of sepa-

ration from England; but that is going far, too far.»

«I think so, indeed,» said Morgan. «I saw Dr. Franklin in London. He advises conciliation, and not to act with rash haste. These gentlemen yonder make it difficult.»

«Yes; there is no insolence like that of the soldier.» And this was all I heard or remember, for my aunt bade me run home and thank my mother, telling me to come again and soon.

The plot was indeed thickening, and even a lad as young as I could scent peril in the air. At home I heard nothing of it. No doubt my father read at his warehouse the «Pennsylvania Journal,» or more likely Galloway's gazette, the «Chronicle,» which was rank Tory, and was suppressed in 1773. But outside of the house I learned the news readily. Mr. Warder took papers on both sides, and also the Boston «Packet,» so that Jack and I were well informed, and used to take the gazettes when his father had read them, and devour them safely in our boat, when by rare chance I had a holiday.

And so passed the years 1770, 1771, and 1772, when Lord North precipitated the crisis by attempting to control the judges in Massachusetts, who were in future to be paid by the crown, and would thus pass under its control. Adams now suggested committees of correspondence, and thus the first step toward united action was taken.

These years, up to the autumn of 1772, were not without influence on my own life for both good and evil. I was of course kept sedulously at work at our business, and, though liking it even less than farriery, learned it well enough. It was not without its pleasures. Certainly it was an agreeable thing to know the old merchant captains, and to talk to their men or themselves. The sea had not lost its romance. Men could remember Kidd and Blackbeard. In the low-lying dens below Dock Creek and on King street, were many, it is to be feared, who had seen the black flag flying, and who knew too well the keys and shoals of the West Indies. The captain who put to sea with such sailors had need to be resolute and ready. Ships went armed, and I was amazed to see, in the holds of our own ships, carronades, which out on the ocean were hoisted up and set in place on deck; also cutlasses and muskets in the cabin, and good store of pikes. I ventured once to ask my father if this were consistent with non-resistance. He replied that pirates were like to wild beasts, and that I had better attend to my business; after which I said no more, having food for thought.

These captains got thus a noble training, were splendid seamen, and not unused to arms and danger, as proved fortunate in days to come. Once I would have gone to the Madeiras with Captain Biddle, but unluckily my mother prevailed with my father to forbid it. It had been better for me had it been decided otherwise, because I was fast getting an education which did me no good.

«Indeed,» says Jack in his diary, «I was much troubled in the seventies» (he means up to '74, when we were full twenty-one) «about my friend Hugh. The town was full of officers of all grades, who came and went, and brought with them much licence and contempt for colonists in general, and a silly way of parading their own sentiments on all occasions. Gambling, hard drinking, and all manner of worse things became common and more openly indulged in. Neither here nor in Boston could young women walk about unattended, a new and strange thing in our quiet town.

«Mistress Gainor's house was full of these gentlemen, whom she entertained with a freedom equalled only by that with which she spoke her good Whig mind. The air was full of excitement. Business fell off, and Hugh and I had ample leisure to do much as we liked.

«I declare that I deserve no praise for having escaped the temptations which beset Hugh. I hated all excess, and suffered in body if I drank or ate more than was wise. As to worse things than wine and cards, I think Miss Wynne was right when she described me as a girl-boy; for the least rudeness or laxity of talk in women I disliked, and as regards the mere modesties of the person, I have always been like some well-nurtured maid.

«Thus it was that when Hugh, encouraged by his aunt, fell into the company of these loose, swaggering captains and cornets, I had either to give up him, who was unable to resist them, or to share in their vicious ways myself. It was my personal disgust at drunkenness or loose society which saved me, not any moral or religious safeguards, although I trust I was not altogether without these helps. I have seen now and then that to be refined in tastes and feelings is a great aid to a virtuous life. Also I have known some who would have been drunkards but for their heads and stomachs, which so behaved as to be good substitutes for conscience. It is sometimes the body which saves the soul. Both of these helps I had, but my dear Hugh had neither. He was a great, strong, masculine fellow, and if I may seem to have said that he wanted refined feelings, that is not so, and to him, who will

never read these lines, and to myself, I must apologise.»

I did come to see these pages, as you know. I think he meant that, with the wine of youth, and at times of other vintages, in my veins, the strong paternal blood, which in my father only a true, if hard, religion kept in order, was too much for me. If I state this awkwardly it is because all excuses are awkward. Looking back, I wonder that I was not worse, and that I did not go to the uttermost devil. I was vigourous, and had the stomach of a temperate ox, and a head which made no complaints. The morning after some mad revel I could rise at five, and go out in my boat and overboard, and then home in a glow, with a fine appetite for breakfast; and I was so big and tall that I was thought to be many years older than I was.

I should have been less able unwatched to go down this easy descent, had it not been for a train of circumstances which not only left me freer than I ought to have been, but, in the matter of money, made it only too possible for me to hold my own amid evil or lavish company. My aunt had lived in London, and in a society which had all the charm of breeding, and all the vices of a period more coarse than ours. She detested my father's notions, and if she meant to win me to her own she took an ill way to do it. I was presented to the English officers, and freely supplied with money, to which I had been quite unused, so long as my father was the only source of supply. We were out late when I was presumed to be at my Aunt Gainor's; and to drink and bet, or to see a race or cock-fight, or to pull off knockers, or to bother the ancient watchmen, were now some of my most reputable amusements. I began to be talked about as a bit of a rake, and my Aunt Gainor was not too greatly displeased; she would hear of our exploits and say «Fie! fie!» and then give me more guineas. Worse than all, my father was deep in his business, lessening his ventures, and thus leaving me more time to sow the seed of idleness. Everything, as I now see it, combined to make easy for me the downward path. I went along it without the company of Jack Warder, and so we drew apart; he would none of it.

When my father began to withdraw his capital my mother was highly pleased, and more than once in my presence said to him: «Why, John, dost thou strive for more and more money? Hast thou not enough? Let us give up all this care and go to our great farm at Merion, and live as peaceful as our cattle.» She did not reckon upon the force with which the habits of a life bound my father to his business.

I remember that it was far on in April, 1773, when my Aunt Gainor appeared one day in my father's counting-house. Hers was a well-known figure on King street, and even in the unpleasant region alongshore to the south of Dock street. She would dismount, leave her horse to the groom, and, with a heavily mounted, silver-topped whip in hand, and her riding-petticoat gathered up, would march along, picking her way through mud and filth. Here she contrived to find the queer china things she desired, or in some mysterious way she secured cordials and such liquors as no one else could get.

Once she took my mother with her, and loaded her with gods of the Orient and fine China pongee silks.

«But, Hugh,» said the dear lady, «*ce n'est pas possible de vous la décrire. Mon Dieu!* she can say terrible words, and I have seen a man who ventured some rudeness to me—no, no, *mon cher*, nothing to anger you; *il avait peur de cette femme*. He was afraid of her—her and her whip. He was so alarmed that he let her have a great china mandarin for a mere nothing. I think he was glad to see her well out of his low tavern.»

«But the man,» I urged; «what did he say to thee, mother?»

«*N'importe, mon fils.* I did want the mandarin. He nodded this way—this way. He wagged his head as a dog wags his tail, like Thomas Scattergood in the Meeting. *Comme çà.*» She became that man in a moment, turning up the edge of her silk shawl, and nodding solemnly. I screamed with laughter. Ever since I was a child, despite my father's dislikes, she had taught me French, and when alone with me liked me to chatter in her mother language. In fact, I learned it well.

On the occasion of which I began just now to speak, my Aunt Gainor entered, with a graver face than common, and I rising to leave her with my father, she put her whip across my breast as I turned, and said, «No; I want you to hear what I have to say.»

«What is it, Gainor?»

«This business of the ship ‹Gaspee› the Rhode Island men burned is making trouble in the East. The chief justice of Rhode Island, Hopkins, has refused to honour the order to arrest these Rhode-Islanders.»

«Pirates!» said my father.

«Pirates, if you like. We shall all be pirates before long.»

«Well, Gainor, is that all? It does not concern me.»

«No; I have letters from London which inform me that the Lord North is but a puppet, and as the king pulls the wires he will dance to whatever tune the king likes. He was a nice, amiable young fellow when I stayed at my Lord Guilford's, and not without learning and judgment. But for the Exchequer—a queer choice, I must say.»

«It is to be presumed that the king knows how to choose his ministers. Thou knowest what I think, Gainor. We have but to obey those whom the Lord has set over us. We are told to render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to go our ways in peace.»

«The question is, What are Cæsar's?» said my aunt. «Shall Cæsar judge always? I came to tell you that it is understood in London, although not public, that it is meant to tax our tea. Now we do not buy; we smuggle it from Holland; but if the India Company should get a drawback on tea, we shall be forced to take it for its cheapness, even with the duty on it of threepence a pound.»

«It were but a silly scheme, Gainor. I cannot credit it.»

«Who could, John? And yet it is to be tried, and all for a matter of a few hundred pounds a year. It will be tried not now or soon, but next fall when the tea-ships come from China.»

«And if it is to be as thou art informed, what of it?»

«A storm—a tempest in a teapot,» said she.

My father stood still, deep in thought. He had a profound respect for the commercial sagacity of this clear-headed woman. Moreover, he was sure, as usual, to be asked to act in Philadelphia as a consignee of the India Company.

She seemed to see through her brother, as one sees through glass. «You got into trouble when the stamps came.»

«What has that got to do with this?»

«And again when you would not sign the Non-importation Agreement in '68.»

«Well?»

«They will ask you to receive the tea.»

«And I will do it. How can I refuse? I should lose all their India trade.»

«There will soon be no trade to lose. You are, as I know, drawing in your capital. Go abroad. Wind up your affairs in England; do the same in Holland. Use all your ships this summer. Go to Madeira from London. Buy freely, and pay at once so as to save interest; it will rise fast. Come home in the fall of '74 late. Hold the goods, and, above all, see that in your absence no consignments be taken. Am I clear, John?»

I heard her with such amazement as was shared by my father. The boldness and sagacity of the scheme impressed a man trained to skill in commerce, and ever given to courageous ventures.

«You must sail in October or before; you will need a year. No less will do.»

«Yes—yes.»

I saw from his look that he was captured. He walked to and fro, while my Aunt Gainor switched the dust off her petticoat or looked out of the window. At last she turned to me. «What think you of it, Hugh?»

«Mr. Wilson says we shall have war, aunt, and Mr. Attorney-General Chew is of the same opinion. I heard them talking of it last night at thy house. I think the king's officers want a war.» I took refuge, shrewdly, in the notions of my elders. I had no wiser thing to say. «I myself do not know,» I added.

«How shouldst thou?» said my father, sharply.

I was silent.

«And what think you, John?»

«What will my wife say, Gainor? We have never been a month apart.»

«Let me talk to her.»

«Wilt thou share in the venture?» He was testing the sincerity of her advice. «And to what extent?»

«Five thousand pounds. You may draw on me from London, and buy powder and muskets,» she added, with a smile.

«Not I. Why dost thou talk such folly?»

«Then Holland blankets and good cloth. I will take them off your hands at a fair profit.»

«I see no objection to that.»

My aunt gave me a queer look, saying, «The poor will need them. I shall sell them cheap.»

It was singular that I caught her meaning, while my father, reflecting on the venture as a whole, did not.

«I will do it,» he said.

«Then a word more. Be careful here as to debts. Why not wind up your business, and retire with the profit you will make?» It was the same advice my mother had given, as I well knew.

«Hast thou been talking to my wife?» he said.

«No,» she replied, surprised; «may I?»

«Yes. As to going out of business, Gainor, I should be but a lost man. I am not as well-to-do as thou dost seem to think.»

«Stuff and nonsense!» cried my aunt. «I believe Thomas Willing is no better off in what you call this world's gear, nor Franks, nor any of them. You like the game, and,

after all, what is it but a kind of gambling? How do you know what hands the ocean holds? Your ventures are no better than my guineas cast down on the loo-table.» These two could never discuss anything but what it must end in a difference.

«Thou art a fool, Gainor, to talk such wicked nonsense before this boy. It is not worth an answer. I hear no good of Hugh of late. He hath been a concern to James Pemberton and to my friend Nicholas Waln, and to me—to me. Thy gambling and idle red-coats are snares to his soul. He has begun to have opinions of his own as to taxes, and concerning the plain duty of non-resistance. As if an idle dog like him had any right to have an opinion at all!»

«Tut! tut!» cried Miss Wynne.

«I am not idle,» I said, «if I am a dog.»

He turned and seized me by the collar. «I will teach thee to answer thy elders.» And with this he shook me violently, and caught up a cane from a chair where he had laid it.

And now, once again, that disposition to be merry came over me, and, perfectly passive, I looked up at him and smiled. As I think of it, it was strange in a young fellow of my age.

«Wouldst thou laugh?» he cried. «Has it gone that far?» and he raised his stick. My Aunt Gainor jerked it out of his hand, and, standing, broke it over her knee as if it had been a willow wand.

He fell back, crying, «Gainor! Gainor!»

«My God! man,» she cried, «are you mad? If I were you I would take some heed to that hot Welsh blood. What would my good Marie say? Why have you not had the sense to make a friend of the boy? He is worth ten of you, and has kept his temper like the gentleman he is.»

It was true. I had some queer sense of amusement in the feeling that I really was not angry; neither was I ashamed; but an hour later I was both angry and ashamed. Just now I felt sorry for my father, and shared the humiliation he evidently felt.

My aunt turned to her brother, where, having let me go, he stood with set features, looking from her to me, and from me to her. Something in his look disturbed her.

«You should be proud of his self-command. Cannot you see that it is your accursed repression and dry, dreary life at home that has put you two apart?»

«I have been put to scorn before my son, Gainor Wynne. It is thy evil ways that have brought this about. I have lost my temper and would have struck in anger, when I should have reflected, and, after prayer, chastised this insolence at home.»

«I heard no insolence.»

«Go away, Hugh, and thou, Gainor. Why dost thou always provoke me? I will hear no more!»

«Come, Hugh,» she said; and then: «It seems to me that the boy has had a good lesson in meekness, and as to turning that other cheek.»

«Don't, Aunt Gainor!» said I, interrupting her.

«Oh, go!» exclaimed my father. «Go! go, both of you!»

«Certainly; but, John, do not mention my news or my London letter.»

«I shall not.»

«Then by-by. Come, Hugh.»

VI.

THERE must have been in this troubled country many such sad scenes as I have tried to recall. Father and son were to part with hot words, brother to take sides against brother. My unpleasant half-hour was but prophetic of that which was to come in worse shape, and to last for years.

My Aunt Gainor said, «Do not tell your mother,» and I assuredly did not.

«He will tell her. He tells her everything, soon or late. I must see her at once. Your father is becoming, as the French say, impossible. The times, and these wrangling Friends, with their stupid testimonies, irritate him daily until he is like a great, strong bull, such as the Spaniards tease to madness with little darts and fireworks. You see, Hugh, events are prickly things. They play the deuce with obstinate people. Your father will be better away from home. He has never been in England, and he will see how many, like Mr. Pitt and Colonel Barré, are with us. I have been a bit of a fool about you, and your father is more or less right. We must abjure sack and take physic.»

«What?» said I.

«To be plain, we must—that is, you must—play less and drink less, and in your father's absence look sharply, with my help, to his business.»

I was to need other doctors before I mended my ways. I said my aunt was right, and I made certain good resolutions, which were but short-lived and never reached adult maturity of usefulness.

My aunt walked with me north between the warehouses, taverns, and ship-chandlers on the river-front, and so across the bridge

over Dock Creek, and up to Third street. She said I must not talk to her. She had thinking to do, and for this cause, I suppose, turning, took me down to Pine street. At St. Peter's Church she stopped, and bade me wait without, adding, «If I take you in I shall hear of it; wait.»

There was a midday service at this time, it being Lent. I waited idly, thinking of my father, and, as I before said, vexed and sorry and ashamed by turns. Often now I pause before I enter this sacred edifice, and think of that hour of tribulation. I could hear the fine, full voice of the Rev. Dr. Duché as he intoned the Litany. He lies now where I stood, and under the arms on his tomb is no record of the political foolishness and instability of a life otherwise free from blame. As I stood, Mrs. Ferguson came out, she who in days to come helped to get the unlucky parson into trouble. With her came my aunt.

«I said a prayer for thee, Hugh,» she whispered. «No; no cards in Lent, my dear Bess. Fie! for shame! This way, Hugh»; and we went east, through Pine street, and so to the back of our garden, where we found a way in, and, walking under the peach-trees, came to where my mother sat beneath a plum-tree, shelling peas, her great Manx cat by her side.

She wore a thin cap on top of the curly head, which was now wind-blown out of all order. «Come, Gainor,» she cried, seeing us; «help me to shell my peas. Thou shalt have some. They are come in a ship from the Bermudas. What a pretty pale green the pods are! I should like an apron of that colour.»

«I have the very thing, dear. Shall it be the minuet pattern or plain?»

«Oh, plain. Am I not a Friend? *Une Amie? Ciel!* but it is droll in French. Sarah Logan is twice as gay as I, but John does not love such vanities. *Quant à moi, je les adore.* It seems odd to have a colour to a religion. I wonder if drab goodness be better than red goodness. But what is wrong, Gainor? Yes; there is something. Hugh, thy collar is torn; how careless of me not to have mended it!»

Then my Aunt Gainor, saying nothing of my especial difficulty, and leaving out, too, her London news, related with remarkable clearness the reasons why my father should go overseas in the early fall and be gone for a year. The mother went on quietly shelling the peas, and losing no word. When Gainor had done, the bowl of peas was set aside, and my mother put back her curls, fixed her blue eyes on her sister-in-law, and was silent for a moment longer. At last she said: «It were best, for many reasons best. I see it,» and she nodded her head affirmatively. «But my son? my Hugh?»

«You will have him with you at home. Everything will go on as usual, except that John will be amusing himself in London.»

At this the little lady leaped up, all ablaze, so to speak. Never had I seen her so moved. «What manner of woman am I, Gainor Wynne, that I should let my husband go alone on the seas, and here and there, without me? I will not have it. As to my boy, he is my boy; God knows I love him; but my husband comes first now and always, and thou art cruel to wish to part us.»

«But I never wished to part you. Go with him, Marie. God bless your sweet heart! Leave me your boy; he cannot go. As God lives, I will take care of him!»

Upon this the two women fell to weeping in each other's arms, a thing most uncommon for my Aunt Gainor. Then they talked it all over, as if John Wynne were not: when it would be, and what room I was to have, and my clothes, and the business, and so on—all the endless details wherewith the cunning affection of good women knows to provide comfort for us, who are so apt to be unthankful.

It amazed me to see how quickly it was settled, and still more to learn that my father did not oppose, but fell in with all their plans.

Now, back of all my weaknesses and folly I had, as I have said, some of the sense of honour and proud rectitude of my father, who strictly abided by his creed and his conscience. I returned no more that day to the counting-house, but, saying to my mother I had business, I went off, with a hunk of bread, to my boat, and down the creek to the Delaware. I pulled out, past our old playground on the island, and far away toward the Jersey shore, and then, as the sun fell, drifted with the tide, noting the ruddy lines of the brick houses far away, and began to think.

The scene I had gone through had made a deep impression. It has been ever so with me. Drinking, gaming, betting, and worse, never awakened my conscience or set me reflecting, until some sudden, unlooked-for thing took place, in which sentiment or affection was concerned. Then I would set to work to balance my books and determine my course. At such times it was the dear mother who spoke in me, and the father who resolutely carried out my decision.

The boat drifted slowly with the flood-tide, and I, lying on the bottom, fell to thought of what the day had brought me. The setting sun touched the single spire of Christ Church, and

lit up yellow squares of light in the westward-looking windows of the rare farm-houses on the Jersey shore. Presently I was aground on the south end of Petty's Island, where in after-years lay rotting the *Alliance*, the remnant ship of the greatest sea-fight that ever was since Grenville lay in the *Revenge*, with the Spanish fleet about him. I came to ground amid the reeds and spatter-docks, where the water-lilies were just in bud. An orchestra of frogs, with, as Jack said, fiddles and bassoons in their throats, ceased as I came, and pitched headlong off the broad green floats. Only one old fellow, with a strong bass voice, and secure on the bank, protested loudly at intervals, like the owl in Mr. Gray's great poem, which my Jack loved to repeat.

At last he—I mean my frog—whose monastery I had disturbed, so vexed me, who wanted stillness, that I smacked the water with the flat of an oar, which he took to be a hint, and ceased to lament my intrusion.

I was now well on to twenty, and old enough to begin at times to deal thoughtfully with events. A young fellow's feelings are apt to be extreme, and even despotic, so that they rule the hour with such strength of sway as may be out of proportion to the cause. I might have seen that I had no just cause to blame myself, but that did not help me. The mood of distressful self-accusation was on me. I had no repeated impulse to smile at what, in my father's conduct, had appeared to me a little while ago odd, and even amusing. I could never please him. I had grinned as I always did when risks were upon me. He never understood me, and I was tired of trying. What use was it to try? I had one of those minutes of wishing to die, which come even to the wholesome young. I was aware that of late I had not, on the whole, satisfied my conscience; I knew this quite too well; and now, as I lay in the boat discontented, I felt, as the youthful do sometimes feel, as if I were old, and the ending of things were near. It was but a mood, but it led up to serious thought. There are surely hours in youth when we are older than our years, and times in age when we are again young. Sometimes I wonder whether Jack was right, who used to say it may be we are never young or old, but merely seem to be so. This is the queer kind of reflection which I find now and then in Jack's diary, or with which he used to puzzle me and please James Wilson. Of course a man is young or is old, and there's an end on't, as a greater man has said. But Jack has imagination, and I have none.

I asked myself if I had done wrong in what I had said. I could not see that I had. With all my lifelong fear of my father, I greatly honoured and respected him, finding in myself something akin to the unyielding firmness with which he stood fast when he had made up his mind.

That this proud and steadfast man, so looked up to by every one, no matter what might be their convictions religious or political, should have been humiliated by a woman, seemed to me intolerable; this was the chief outcome of my reflections. It is true I considered, but I fear lightly, my own misdoings. I made up my mind to do better, and then again the image of my father in his wrath and his shame came back anew. I turned the boat, and pulled steadily across the river to our landing.

My father was in the counting-house in his own room, alone, although it was full late. «Well?» he said, spinning round on his high stool. «What is it? Thou hast been absent, and no leave asked.»

«Father,» I said, «if I was wrong this morning I wish to ask thy pardon.»

«Well, it is full time.»

«And I am come to say that I will take the punishment here and now. I did not run away from that.»

«Very good,» he replied, rising. «Take off thy fine coat.»

I wished he had not said this of my coat. I was in a heroic temper, and the sarcasm bit cruelly, but I did as I was bid. He went to the corner, and picked up a rattan cane. To whip fellows of nineteen or twenty was not then by any means unusual. What would have happened I know not, nor ever shall. He said: «There, I hear thy mother's voice. Put on thy coat.» I hastened to obey him.

The dear lady came in with eyes full of tears. «What is this, John, I hear? I have seen Gainor. I could not wait. I shall go with thee.»

«No,» he said; «that is not to be.» But she fell on his neck, and pleaded, and I, for my part, went away, not sorry for the interruption. As usual she had her way.

I remember well this spring of '73. It was early by some weeks, and everything was green and blossoming in April. My father and mother were not to sail until the autumn, but already he was arranging for the voyage, and she as busily preparing or thinking over what was needed.

When next I saw my Aunt Gainor, she cried out: «Sit down there, bad boy, and take care of my mandarin. He and my great bronze Buddha are my only counsellors. If I want to

do a thing I ask Mr. Mandarin—he can only nod yes; and if I want not to do a thing I ask Buddha, and as he can neither say no nor yes, I do as I please. What a wretch you are!»

I said I could not see it; and then I put my head in her lap, as I sat on the stool, and told her of my last interview with my father, and how for two days he had hardly so much as bade me good-night.

«It is his way, Hugh,» said my aunt. «I am sorry; but neither love nor time will mend him. He is what his nature and the hard ways of Friends have made him.»

I said that this was not all, nor the worst, and went on to tell her my latest grievance. Our family worship at home was, as usual with Friends in those days, conducted at times in total silence, and was spoken of by Friends as «religious retirement.» At other times, indeed commonly, a chapter of the Bible was read aloud, and after that my father would sometimes pray openly. On this last occasion he took advantage of the opportunity to dilate on my sins, and before our servants to ask of Heaven that I be brought to a due sense of my iniquities. It troubled my mother, who arose from her knees in tears, and went out of the room, whilst I, overcome with anger, stood looking out of the window. My father spoke to her as she opened the door, but she made no answer, nor even so much as turned her head. It brought to my memory a day of my childhood, when my father was vexed because she taught me to say the Lord's Prayer. He did not approve, and would have no set form of words taught me. My mother was angry too, and I remember my own amazement that any one should resist my father.

When I had told my aunt of the indignity put upon me, and of the fading remembrance thus recalled, she said, «John Wynne has not changed, nor will he ever.» She declared that, after all, it was her fault—to have treated me as if I were a man, and to have given me too much money. I shook my head, but she would have it she was to blame, and then said of a sudden: «Are you in debt, you scamp? Did John pray for me?» I replied that I owed no one a penny, and that she had not been remembered. She was glad I was not in debt, and added: «Never play unless you have the means to pay. I have been very foolish. That uneasy woman, Bessy Ferguson, must needs tell me so. I could have slapped her. They will have thy sad case up in Meeting, I can tell thee.»

«But what have I done?» I knew well enough.

«Tut! you must not talk that way to me; but it is my fault. Oh, the time I have had with your mother! I am not fit, it seems, to be left to take care of you. They talk of leaving you with Abijah Hapworthy—sour old dog! I wish you joy of him!»

«Good heavens!» I exclaimed; for among my aunt's gay friends I had picked up such exclamatory phrases as, used at home, would have astonished my father.

«Rest easy,» said Mistress Wynne; «it is not to be. I have fought your battle, and won it. But I have had to make such promises to your father, and—woe is me!—to your mother, as will damn me forever if you do not help me to keep them. I can fib to your father and not care a snap, but lie to those blue eyes I cannot.»

«I will try, Aunt Gainor; indeed I will try.» Indeed, I did mean to.

«You must, you must. I am to be a sort of godmother-in-law to you, and renounce for you the world, the flesh, and the devil; and that for one of our breed! I shall be like a sign-post, and never go the way I point. That was Bessy Ferguson's malice. Oh, I have suffered, I can tell you. It is I, and not you, that have repented.»

«But I will; I do.»

«That is all very well; but I have had my whipping, and you got off yours.»

«What do you mean, aunt?»

«What do I mean? Here came yesterday Sarah Fisher, pretty gay for a Quaker, and that solemn Master Savory, with his sweet, low voice like a nice girl's tongue, and his gentle ways. And they are friends of thy people, who are distressed at thy goings on; and Nicholas Waln has seen thee, with two sons of Belial in red coats, come out of the coffee-house last month at evening, singing songs such as are not to be described, and no better able to take care of yourself than you should be. They did think it well and kind—hang 'em, Hugh!—to consider the matter with me. We considered it—we did, indeed. There be five people whose consciences I am to make you respect. And not one of them do I care for but Mother Blue-eyes. But I must, I must! It was all true, sir, what Friend Waln said; for you had reason enough left to come hither, and did I not put you to bed and send for Dr. Chovet, who grinned famously, and said, ‹*Je comprends,*› and went to call on your father on a hint from me, to declare you were *enrhumé*, and threatened with I know not what? In fact, he lied like a gentleman. You made a noble recovery, and are a credit to the doctor. I hope you will pay the bill, and are ashamed.»

I was, and I said so.

«But that is not all. These dear Quakers were the worst. They were really sorry, and I had to put on my best manners and listen; and now everybody knows, and you are the talk of the town. Those drab geese must out with the whole naughtiness, despite the company which came in on us, and here were Mr. Montresor and that ape Etherington grinning, and, worst of all, a charming young woman just come to live here with her aunt, and she too must have her say when the Quakers and the men were gone.»

«And what did she say?» I did not care much. «And what is her name?»

«Oh, she said the Quakers were rather outspoken people, and it was a pity, and she was sorry, because she knew you once, and you had taken her part at school.»

«At school?»

«Yes. She is Darthea Peniston, and some kin of that Miss de Lancey whom Sir William Draper will marry if he can.»

«Darthea Peniston?» I said, and my thoughts went back to the tender little maid who wept when I was punished, and for whom I had revenged myself on Master Dove.

«Quite a Spanish beauty,» said my Aunt Wynne; «a pretty mite of a girl, and not more money than will clothe her, they say; but the men mad about her. Come and see her to-morrow if you are sober.»

«O Aunt Gainor!»

«Yes, sir. I hear Mr. Montresor has leave from Anthony Morris to invite you to ‹The Colony in Schuylkill› to-morrow. It is well your father has gone to visit Mr. Yeates at Lancaster.»

«I shall behave myself, Aunt Gainor.»

«I hope so. The Fish House punch is strong.»

I went home thinking of Miss Darthea Peniston, and filled with desire to lead a wiser life. It was full time. My aunt's lavish generosity had, as I have said, given me means to live freely among the officers, who were, with some exceptions, a dissolute set. To be with them made it needful to become deceitful and to frame excuses, so that, when I was supposed to be at my aunt's, or riding, I was free that past winter to go on sleighing-parties or to frequent taverns, pleased with the notice I got from men like Montresor and the officers of the Scots Greys.

I have dwelt not at all on these scenes of dissipation. It is enough to mention them. My father was wrapped up in his business, and full of cares both worldly and spiritual; for now Friends were becoming politically divided, and the meetings were long and sometimes agitated.

My mother was neither deceived nor unconcerned. She talked to me often, and in such a way as brings tears to my eyes even now to think of the pain I gave her. Alas! it is our dearest who have the greatest power to wound us. I wept and promised, and went back to my husks and evil company.

I have no wish to conceal these things from my children. It is well that our offspring when young should think us angels; but it were as well that when they are older they should learn that we have been men of like passions with themselves, and have known temptation, and have fought, and won or lost, our battles with sin. It is one of the weaknesses of nations, as well as of children, that they come to consider their political fathers as saints. I smile when I think of the way people nowadays think of our great President, as of a mild genius, incapable of being moved to anger or great mirth, a man unspotted of the world. But some day you shall see him as my friend Jack and I saw him, and you will, I trust, think no worse of him for being as human as he was just.

The day of my more honest repentance was near, and I knew not that it was to be both terrible and of lasting value. I sometimes reflect upon the curious conditions with which my early manhood was surrounded. Here was I, brought up in the strictest ways of a sect to which I do no injustice if I describe it as ascetic. At home I saw plain living, and no luxury, save as to diet, which my father would have of the best money could buy. I was taught the extreme of non-resistance, and absolute simplicity in dress and language. Amusements there were none, and my father read no books except such as dealt with things spiritual, or things commercial. At my aunt's, and in the society I saw at her house, there were men and women who loved to dance, gamble, and amuse themselves. The talk was of bets, racing, and the like. To be drunk was a thing to be expected of officers and gentlemen. To avenge an insult with sword or pistol was the only way to deal with it. My father was a passive Tory, my aunt a furious Whig. What wonder that I fell a victim to temptation?

(To be continued.)

S. Weir Mitchell.

DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

«I WILL TEACH THEE TO ANSWER THY ELDERS.»

(SEE PAGE 204.)

A PAINTER OF MOTHERHOOD.

VIRGINIE DEMONT-BRETON.

CHEVALIÈRE DE LA LÉGION D'HONNEUR.

THE maternal instinct is the predominant quality, the motive force, in the character and work of the strongest woman figure-painter in France, Virginie Demont-Breton. No woman combines so high a grade of subject with such force and knowledge of technical rendering; not only are her subjects poetical and full of pathos and reality, but they are put upon the canvas with a master's hand.

Virginie Demont-Breton, Presidente de l'Union des Femmes Peintres et Sculpteurs, chevalière de la Légion d'Honneur, membre de l'Académie Royale d'Anvers, membre de l'Ordre de Nichan Iftichan, all of which honors have been bestowed upon her in the last two or three years, is the daughter of the well-known painter Jules Breton.

She is the only woman painter since Rosa Bonheur to receive the cross of the Legion of Honor, so rarely given to women. She chooses greater subjects than her illustrious senior, in that these subjects are human; and her talent is more versatile and tender. Her color and harmony of tones please the most critical; her mothers speak to all and her children to those who have had children of their own. They are not impossible, idealized dream-children and dream-mothers, but real ones such as one knows. Though the beautiful Joan of Arc child, on her knees in the field, has an inspired look in her face, she is nevertheless like many French peasant children to be met along any roadside in summer; the mother aiding the tottering steps of her twins is doing only what all nurses and mothers do; in « Dipped in the Sea » the child is but struggling as all others do when plunged into the waves.

Virginie Demont-Breton has deep-set blue eyes, a strong, well-cut nose, soft curly hair, and a broad brow not out of proportion to the rest of her face. She is short and slight; every movement shows energy. The portrait of her exhibited in the Salon of 1895 is excellent in every way.

Mme. Demont-Breton comes of a family of artists; her mother's father, Félix de Vigne, was an artist of considerable reputation. When Jules Breton first went to Félix de Vigne for advice, the latter had, among other children, a little girl of seven, Élodie, who in after years became Mme. Jules Breton.

Her story has been written by her husband. He has told how he asked her to be his wife while she was sitting to him for her portrait, and of her calmness: she showed no emotion, and seemed almost to have expected it. The surprise could not have been less had he asked her to change her position or move her hand to right or left.

The child born to them in 1859 was Virginie, who grew up in a happy home in Courrières, a hamlet in the north of France, near the Belgian frontier. Virginie, in turn, married Adrien Demont, a young painter who came to her uncle Émile Breton from time to time for lessons and criticism. But her romance should be told in her own words, as she told it to me.

« I was only fourteen years old when I first saw my uncle's pupil Adrien; I saw him only once, but for a year after I thought often of the handsome fellow of nineteen, with his sketches under his arm. I had thought so often of him that when at the end of a year I saw him again I was enraptured. In a few hours he was gone, and the next time we met I was sixteen. He appeared at intervals to consult my uncle about his work, but my feelings were such that I wondered with fear whether he had even given me a thought. I realized what it would be to me if, as was just possible, he was almost ignorant of my existence.

« Again the third time he came and went. Soon after my father was questioning me about many things, and about my feelings for my young playmates. He named first one, then another. I was surprised when he asked, as if by chance, what I thought of my uncle's pupil Adrien Demont. He had only to look to realize what the mere mention of this name was to me.

« It soon transpired that he had asked my father for me, and we became engaged—an engagement which was to last for three years and more. But they were not long; we saw each other every two weeks, and wrote between times, just as, I am told, young people who love each other do in America.»

Adrien Demont is stalwart and tall, with the head of a poet and the energy of a man of action.

As a child Virginie Breton had always a pencil in hand, and at fourteen years of age

PAINTED BY VIRGINIE DEMONT-BRETON.

«DIPPED IN THE SEA.»

began studying under her father, with whom she drew and painted until, at nineteen, she came to Paris with her mother. Here, in the Luxembourg quarter, they took a small apartment, and in three months' time she finished the first three pictures she ever exhibited. They were exhibited that year, and received honorable mention. Several of the jury were for giving her a medal, but her father begged that it should be only an honorable mention the first year, as a medal might turn her head and prevent her from working seriously.

Success followed immediately upon her first exhibition, and an American bought her first Salon picture.

About this time her marriage with Adrien

Demont was celebrated, and the crowning happiness of her life came when, five years later, her first child was born. In connection with this there is an interesting incident.

On a May day in 1886, in the little cemetery of Écouen, eight miles from Paris, Jules Breton and a number of artists gathered together about the grave of their confrère Édouard Frère. After the ceremony the artists who lived in the village invited among themselves their brothers who had come from a distance, and carried them off to luncheon. Jules Breton and a number of others fell to the lot of the English painter Todd, who entertained them at a table spread under an arbor in his garden. A large company sat down; they spoke in low tones of the departed, of the loss to them, and their sympathy for the family. When they had satisfied their hunger, conversation became general, and for the moment all forgot that they were eating funeral meats.

Jules Breton sat at the head of the long table: he was silent most of the time, but there was a happy look in his odd blue eyes and a bright expression on his face, which were explained when at dessert he told that his only daughter had honored him by making him a grandfather that day. The guests exclaimed, «The king is dead—long live the king!» as they raised their glasses and drank to future painters.

Mme. Virginie Demont looks back to her earliest childhood to find the first traces of the maternal instinct, the power in almost all of her important pictures. She cannot remember a time when she did not think of children—of her own children that were to be. The children who now exist influenced her life long before they were born. When she became a mother the little ones resemblingly the children she had depicted in her paintings years before. She has lately written: «Maternity is the most beautiful, the healthiest glory of woman: it is a love dream in palpable form, and comes smilingly to demand our tenderness and our kisses: it is the inexhaustible source whence feminine art draws its purest inspirations.»[1]

Love is the inspiring motive of almost every one of her pictures. When it is not a mother's love which inspires her, it is love of country, as in her picture of «Jean Bart,» where the officer of marines so inspires the fishermen of Dunkirk with a love for their country that one and all enlist for the coming struggle with Holland.

Virginie Demont-Breton has a lovely home at Montgeron, a village of a thousand inhabitants ten or more miles from Paris. Pretty little roads and lanes separate simple villas, each with more or less ground about it, surrounded by railing or stone wall. The Seine winds back and forth not very far away: the swamp willows along the border of the river, whether in early spring with their crimson tops or in their fresh green summer dress, are always pretty: the poplars are trimmed to within a few feet of their tops, and stand in long rows, wind-beaten, and full of character with their peculiar lightness and grace.

To this pretty but simple country house in Montgeron the Demonts have added fine twin studios. The house stands surrounded by trees, with alleys and pretty vistas in several directions. The watch-dog is jealous of all who enter, and the little girls, when not in the house with their mother, are driving their donkey, or fishing in the pond not far off, or playing under their own apple-trees. The Bohemian spirit, the spirit of sniffiessness, of letting well enough alone, of forgetfulness of the morrow, is lost in the mother and wife.

The walls of the twin ateliers, designed by an uncle of Adrien Demont, attest to the industry of both husband and wife. The gray walls are covered with narrow shelves, which rise tier upon tier to the top of the studios; upon these shelves stand hundreds of studies for many of the pictures long since hung in public museums or private collections. Each studio is approached by a winding carved-wood stairway, which forms pretty balconies. It is on this stair that Salgado has posed Mme. Demont-Breton for his successful portrait. Each studio is supplied with its upper and side lights; husband and wife work side by side.

In Mme. Demont's studio the walls are covered with studies and pictures of children of all ages and conditions, from the infant in arms to older ones clinging about the mother's knees. Some are asleep, others taking first steps, others digging in the sand or dipping in the waves. Each figure of each picture is studied over and over, first in one attitude, then in another, in one drapery, then in another, first in one combination of colors, then in another, until the general harmony is gained. The love of childhood in all its phases is depicted everywhere. The Virgin and Child is a frequent theme with Virginie Demont, and her career can scarce close before she gives to the world a Holy Family worthy to hang side by side with the best examples of the masters of Italian, Flemish, or Spanish art.

Many of her important works have found places in different Continental museums,

[1] «Woman in Art,» by Virginie Demont-Breton, in «La Revue des Revues,» March 1, 1896.

PAINTED BY VIRGINIE DEMONT-BRETON.

«TWINS.»

while others are owned by Englishmen and Americans. But all this success has not turned the artist's head. She is fond of a good story, and is a charming hostess in her country home, where her little girls already show their colored drawings, and are likely to follow in the footsteps of their parents and forefathers for several generations. The village schoolmaster comes to give them lessons each week, but the great twin ateliers are their school-room. Here they know each study and group of studies; they run to fetch certain ones on demand, just as if finding their dolls and playthings for inspection. When the mother's or the father's memory is at fault, the children are appealed to, to tell where and when a certain picture was exhibited, and where others are now.

In a fifteen years' residence in Montgeron the artists know none of their neighbors. They

are jealous of anything that can mar the home life or the seclusion of working hours. But they are well known and often seen elsewhere, for Mme. Demont-Breton is president of the Union des Femmes Peintres et Sculpteurs, which has a large annual exhibition; and

out the wind and damp. The garden is on the roof, and the rocky hillside, where sheep are pastured and over which the sea-birds sweep, is left untouched up to the very door-sill.

Wissart has in summer about a hundred visitors, some of whom go to be within reach

DRAWN BY VIRGINIE DEMONT-BRETON.

«THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.»

since accepting this position she has worked intelligently to enlarge and remodel this growing society.

For six months in the year she is at her summer home at Wissart, a small fishing-village in the north of France, between Boulogne and Calais. Here the home is built on the top of a high hill, and is square on all sides and on top; the walls are of stone three feet thick, to keep

of Mme. Demont's instruction. The coast is rugged and dangerous, with here and there a brilliant white sand-heap in a little cove; the winds are fierce and the storms dangerous. It is at Wissart that she finds the sands and rocks for her backgrounds and settings; it is among the Wissart fisherfolk that she finds her models; it is their solitary, touching lives which ofttimes inspire her.

Here Virginie Demont's life is devoted to unremitting work, either at her art or in ameliorating the condition of some of the fisherfolk so dear to her heart. Many of the inhabitants she has known since their birth, and she is never more interesting than when recounting the romances of their fateful lives. Nothing shows more clearly their love for her and their sense that she belongs to them than their joy when she received the cross of the Legion of Honor. The morning that the news came they went in a spontaneous procession to her house, with the national flag floating at their head. They took whatever flowers their little gardens afforded, and culled wild ones as they went along. The summer visitors, following their lead, had also a meeting on the beach, to bear witness to their appreciation of the well-merited honors bestowed upon her. The following Sunday was declared a public holiday; the townspeople, with the village pastor at their head, with painters, school-children, fishermen, and fishwives, went in procession to the house on the hill. The children of the fishermen hitched themselves to a small triumphal car, and drew the two little girls in triumph before their mother, the new *chevalière*. From the house they went to the market-place. Here, before the town hall, under the national flag, the representative painters, lawyers, and others among the summer visitors, spoke for the fisherfolk and for themselves. Carrier-Belleuse spoke of her great heart and talent, her grandeur of subject and simplicity of character, her faultless touch and her tenderness; of her life divided equally between love of home and love of art; of her youth, and her people's love.

Mme. Demont has written a volume of stories the scenes of which are laid along this rugged coast. She is welcome in every cottage, and all woes are poured into her ear. When a boat goes ashore in a winter storm, and lives are lost, it is her friends who have perished. Some have posed for her pictures, and others have been at her beck and call for any work she gave them the pleasure of doing for her. Her motherly heart has led her to found a society for their relief, for caring for the aged and infirm in the long winters, for forwarding a little money to furnish the young fellows with fishing-tackle or other means of earning their own livelihood.

It is to Mme. Demont-Breton that the Minister of Public Instruction has finally accorded the promise, so long a matter of discussion, that women shall be allowed to enter the classes of the École des Beaux-Arts, the government school of painting, sculpture, architecture, music, etc. The state has recognized her merit, her fellow-artists in Belgium have signified their esteem, the women painters and women sculptors of France have chosen her to be their leader, and the government of Algiers has added its quota; honors are arriving from every direction; and all this recognition has come before she has reached the age of forty.

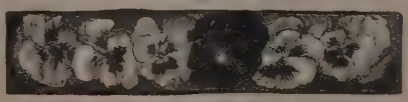
CHIEF PICTURES BY MME. DEMONT-BRETON,

EXHIBITED AT THE SALON OF THE CHAMPS-ELYSÉES, WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATION.

1881	«Fisherwife bathing Child» Medal 3d class	Museum, Amsterdam
1882	«A Family»	Museum, Douai
1883	«The Beach» Medal 2d class	Museum, Luxembourg
1884	«The Calm»	
1885	«First Steps»	New York
"	«Old Tars»	Museum Gand, Belgium
1887	«Making Bread» in Dauphiny	
"	«Dance of an Infant»	
1888	«The Bath»	
"	«Twins»	Museum, Sydney, N. S. W.
1889	«Father is Away»	Minneapolis
"	«The Wave» (World's Exhibition)	Rochester, N.Y.
1890	«Child in a Garden»	
1891	«The Messiah»	Philadelphia
"	«Giotto»	Paris
1892	«Dipped in the Sea»	New York
"	«The Blue Country»	Chicago
1893	«The Fireside»	New York
"	«Joan of Arc»	Museum, Lille
1894	«Jean Bart»	Museum, Dunkirk
"	«The Fisherman's Son»	New York
1895	«Stella Maris»	New York
"	«Mistletoe»	
1896	«Ishmael»	

Many others—gold medals at world's fairs, etc.—are not in this list. Illustrations, portraits, and smaller pictures are not mentioned.

Lee Bacon.



DRAWN BY CHARLES STANLEY REINHART.

GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS IN THE WILDERNESS.

CAMPAIGNING WITH GRANT.

BY GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

PREPARATIONS FOR A GENERAL ADVANCE—GRANT'S REASONS FOR MOVING BY THE LEFT FLANK—HIS INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS STAFF—GRANT'S NUMERICAL STRENGTH OFFSET BY LEE'S STRATEGICAL ADVANTAGE—CROSSING THE RAPIDAN—THE HEADQUARTERS MESS—ON THE EVE OF BATTLE—LONGSTREET'S ESTIMATE OF GRANT—AN EARLY BREAKFAST AT HEADQUARTERS—GRANT AND MEADE PITCH TENTS IN THE WILDERNESS—GRANT HEARS OF THE DEATH OF AN OLD COMRADE—A CONFERENCE BETWEEN GRANT AND MEADE—GRANT'S PREPARATION FOR THE SECOND DAY IN THE WILDERNESS—HANCOCK FLUSHED WITH VICTORY—GRANT AT A CRITICAL MOMENT—THE CRISIS OF THE WILDERNESS—GRANT'S DEMEANOR ON THE FIELD—HIS PECULIARITIES IN BATTLE—GRANT'S CONFIDENCE IN SUCCESS—THE GENERAL-IN-CHIEF AS AID TO A DROVER—CONFUSION CAUSED BY A NIGHT ATTACK—GRANT ADMINISTERS A REPRIMAND—GRANT AFTER THE BATTLE—THE WILDERNESS A UNIQUE COMBAT.

PREPARATIONS FOR A GENERAL ADVANCE.

THE night of May 3 will always be memorable in the recollection of those who assembled in the little front room of the house occupied as headquarters at Culpeper. The eight senior members of the staff seated themselves that evening about their chief to receive their final instructions, and participated in an intensely interesting discussion of the grand campaign, which was to begin the next morning with all its hopes, its uncertainties, and its horrors. Sherman had been instructed to strike Joseph E. Johnston's army in northwest Georgia, and make his way to Atlanta. Banks was to advance up the Red River and capture Shreveport. Sigel was ordered to make an expedition down the valley of Virginia, and endeavor to destroy a portion of the East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia Railroad. His movement was expected to keep Lee from withdrawing troops from the valley, and reinforcing his principal army, known as the Army of Northern Virginia. Butler was directed to move up the James River, and endeavor to secure Petersburg and the railways leading into it, and, if opportunity offered, to seize Richmond itself. Burnside, with the Ninth Corps, which had been moved from Annapolis into Virginia, was to support the Army of the Potomac. The subsequent movements of all the forces operating in Virginia were to depend largely upon the result of the first battles between the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia. General Grant felt, as he afterward expressed it in his official report, that our armies had acted heretofore too independently of one another—«without concert, like a balky team, no two ever pulling together.» To obviate this, he had made up his mind to launch all his armies against the Confederacy at the same time, to give the enemy no rest, and to allow him no opportunity to reinforce any of his armies by troops which were not themselves confronted by Union forces.

GRANT'S REASONS FOR MOVING BY THE LEFT FLANK.

THE general sat for some time preparing a few final instructions in writing. After he had finished he turned his back to the table, crossed one leg over the other, lighted a fresh cigar, and began to talk of the momentous movement which in a few hours was to begin. He said: «I weighed very carefully the advantages and disadvantages of moving against Lee's left and moving against his right. The former promised more decisive results if immediately successful, and would best prevent Lee from moving north to make raids, but it would deprive our army of the advantages of easy communication with a water base of supplies, and compel us to carry such a large amount of ammunition and rations in wagon-trains, and detach so many troops as train guards, that I found it presented too many serious difficulties; and when I considered especially the sufferings of the wounded in being transported long distances overland, instead of being carried by short routes to water, where they could be comfortably moved by boats, I had no longer any hesitation in deciding to cross the Rapidan below the position occupied by Lee's army, and

move by our left. This plan will also enable us to coöperate better with Butler's forces, and not become separated too far from them. I shall not give my attention so much to Richmond as to Lee's army, and I want all commanders to feel that hostile armies, and not cities, are to be their objective points.» It was the understanding that Lee's army was to be the objective point of the Army of the Potomac, and it was to move against Richmond only in case Lee went there. To use Grant's own language to Meade, «Wherever Lee goes, there you will go also.» He of course thought it likely that Lee would fall back upon Richmond in case of defeat, and place himself behind its fortifications; for he had said to Meade, in his instructions to him, «Should a siege of Richmond become necessary, ammunition and equipments can be got from the arsenals at Washington and Fort Monroe»; and during the discussion that evening he rose from his seat, stepped up to a map hanging upon the wall, and with a sweep of his forefinger indicated a line around Richmond and Petersburg; and remarked: «When my troops are there, Richmond is mine. Lee must retreat or surrender.»

HIS INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS STAFF.

He then communicated verbal instructions to his staff, which gave the key to his method of handling troops in actual battle, and showed the value he placed upon celerity and the overcoming of delays in communicating orders. He said to us: «I want you to discuss with me freely from time to time the details of the orders given for the conduct of a battle, and learn my views as fully as possible as to what course should be pursued in all the contingencies which may arise. I expect to send you to the critical points of the lines to keep me promptly advised of what is taking place, and in cases of great emergency, when new dispositions have to be made on the instant, or it becomes suddenly necessary to reinforce one command by sending to its aid troops from another, and there is not time to communicate with headquarters, I want you to explain my views to commanders, and urge immediate action, looking to coöperation, without waiting for specific orders from me.» He said he would locate his headquarters near those of Meade, and communicate his instructions through that officer, and through Burnside, whose command at this time was independent of the Army of the Potomac; but that emergencies might arise in which he himself would have to give immediate direction to troops when actually engaged in battle.

He never made known his plans far in advance to any one. It was his invariable custom to keep his contemplated movements locked up in his own mind to avoid all possibility of their being mentioned. What impressed every one most was the self-reliance displayed in perfecting his plans, and his absolute faith in their success. His calm confidence communicated itself to all who listened to him, and inspired them with a feeling akin to that of their chief.

The discussion did not end till long past midnight. As usual on the eve of a battle, before the general retired he wrote a letter to Mrs. Grant. I did not know the nature of the contents of the letters to his wife until after the war, when Mrs. Grant, in speaking of them, said that they always contained words of cheer and comfort, expressed an abiding faith in victory, and never failed to dwell upon the sad thought which always oppressed him when he realized that many human lives would have to be sacrificed, and great sufferings would have to be endured by the wounded. The general's letters to his wife were very frequent during a campaign, and no pressure of official duties was ever permitted to interrupt this correspondence.

GRANT'S NUMERICAL STRENGTH OFFSET BY LEE'S STRATEGICAL ADVANTAGE.

The Rapidan separated the two hostile forces in northern Virginia. Lee's headquarters were at Orange Court-House, a distance of seventeen miles from Culpeper. The Army of the Potomac consisted of the Second Corps, commanded by Hancock; the Fifth, commanded by Warren; the Sixth, commanded by Sedgwick; and the cavalry corps under Sheridan. Besides these, there was Burnside's separate command, consisting of the Ninth Army Corps. These troops numbered in all about 116,000 present for duty, equipped. The Army of Northern Virginia consisted of three infantry corps, commanded respectively by Longstreet, Ewell, and A. P. Hill, and a cavalry corps commanded by J. E. B. Stuart. Its exact strength has never been accurately ascertained, but from the best data available it has been estimated at between 75,000 and 80,000 present for duty, equipped.

Those familiar with military operations, and unprejudiced in their judgment, will concede that, notwithstanding Lee's inferiority in numbers, the advantages were, neverthe-

less, in his favor in the approaching campaign. Having interior lines, he was able to move by shorter marches, and to act constantly on the defensive at a period of the war when troops had learned to intrench themselves with marvelous rapidity, and force the invading army continually to assault fortified positions. The task to be performed by the Union forces was that of conducting a moving siege. The field of operations, with its numerous rivers and creeks difficult of approach, its lack of practicable roads, its dense forests, its impassable swamps, and its trying summer climate, debilitating to Northern troops, seemed specially designed by nature for purposes of defense. Lee and his officers were familiar with every foot of the ground, and every inhabitant was eager to give them information. His army was in a friendly country, from which provisions could be drawn from all directions, and few troops had to be detached to guard lines of supply. The Union army, on the contrary, was unfamiliar with the country, was without accurate maps, could seldom secure trustworthy guides, and had to detach large bodies of troops from the main command to guard its long lines of communication, protect its supply-trains, and conduct the wounded to points of safety. The Southern Confederacy was virtually a military despotism, with a soldier at the head of its government, and officers were appointed in the army entirely with reference to their military qualifications. Since Lee had taken command he had not lost a single battle fought in the State of Virginia, and the prestige of success had an effect upon his troops the importance of which cannot easily be overestimated. His men were made to feel that they were fighting for their homes and firesides; the pulpit, the press, and the women were making superhuman efforts to «fire the Southern heart»; disasters were concealed, temporary advantages were magnified into triumphant victories, and crushing defeats were hailed as blessings in disguise. In the North there was a divided press, with much carping criticism on the part of journals opposed to the war, which was fitted to discourage the troops and destroy their confidence in their leaders. There were hosts of Southern sympathizers, constituting a foe in the rear, whose threats and overt acts often necessitated the withdrawal of troops from the front to hold them in check. In all the circumstances, no just military critic will claim that the advantage was on the side of the Union army merely because it was numerically larger.

CROSSING THE RAPIDAN.

THE campaign in Virginia was to begin by throwing the Army of the Potomac with all celerity to the south side of the Rapidan, below Lee's position. The infantry moved a little after twelve o'clock in the morning of May 4. The cavalry dashed forward in advance under cover of the night, drove in the enemy's pickets, secured Germanna Ford, and also Ely's Ford, six miles below, and before six o'clock in the morning had laid two pontoon bridges at each place, and passed to the south side of the river. Warren's corps crossed at Germanna Ford, followed by Sedgwick's, while Hancock's corps made the passage at Ely's Ford. At 8 A. M. the general-in-chief, with his staff, started from headquarters, and set out for Germanna Ford, following Warren's troops. He was mounted upon his bay horse «Cincinnati,» equipped with a saddle of the Grimsley pattern, which was somewhat the worse for wear, as the general had used it in all his campaigns from Donelson to the present time. Rawlins was on his left, and rode a «clay-bank» horse he had brought from the West named «General Blair,» in honor of Frank P. Blair, who commanded a corps in the Army of the Tennessee. General Grant was dressed in a uniform coat and waistcoat, the coat being unbuttoned. On his hands were a pair of yellowish-brown thread gloves. He wore a pair of plain top-boots, reaching to his knees, and was equipped with a regulation sword, spurs, and sash. On his head was a slouch hat of black felt with a plain gold cord around it. His orderly carried strapped behind his saddle the general's overcoat, which was that of a private soldier of cavalry. A sun as bright as the «sun of Austerlitz» shone down upon the scene. Its light brought out in vivid colors the beauties of the landscape which lay before us, and its rays were reflected with dazzling brilliancy from the brass field-pieces and the white covers of the wagons as they rolled lazily along in the distance. The crisp, bracing air seemed to impart to all a sense of exhilaration. As far as the eye could reach the troops were wending their way to the front. Their war-banners, bullet-riddled and battle-stained, floated proudly in the morning breeze. The roads resounded to the measured tread of the advancing columns, and the deep forests were lighted by the glitter of their steel. The quick, elastic step and easy, swinging gait of the men, the cheery look upon their faces, and the lusty shouts with which they greeted their new commander as he passed, gave proof of

the temper of their metal, and the superb spirit which animated their hearts. If the general's nature had been as emotional as that of Napoleon, he might have been moved to utter the words of the French emperor as his troops filed past him in moving to the field of Waterloo: «Magnificent, magnificent!» But as General Grant was neither demonstrative nor communicative, he gave no expression whatever to his feelings.

With the party on the way to the front rode a citizen whose identity and purposes soon became an object of anxious inquiry among the troops. His plain black, funereal-looking citizen's clothes presented a sight not often witnessed on a general's staff, and attracted no little attention on the part of the soldiers, who began to make audible side remarks, evincing a searching curiosity to know whether the general had brought his private undertaker with him, or whether it was a parson who had joined headquarters so as to be on hand to read the funeral service over the Southern Confederacy when the boys succeeded in getting it into the «last ditch.» The person was Mr. E. B. Washburne, member of Congress from General Grant's district, who had arrived at headquarters a few days before, and had expressed a desire to accompany the army upon the opening campaign, to which the general had readily assented.

A short time before noon the general-in-chief crossed one of the pontoon bridges at Germanna Ford to the south side of the Rapidan, rode to the top of the bluff overlooking the river, and there dismounted, and established temporary headquarters at an old farm-house with Dutch gables and porch in front. It was rather dilapidated in appearance, and looked as if it had been deserted for some time. The only furniture it contained was a table and two chairs. Meade's headquarters were located close by. General Grant sat down on the steps of the house, lighted a cigar, and remained silent for some time, quietly watching Sedgwick's men passing over the bridge. After a while he said: «Well, the movement so far has been as satisfactory as could be desired. We have succeeded in seizing the fords and crossing the river without loss or delay. Lee must by this time know upon what roads we are advancing, but he may not yet realize the full extent of the movement. We shall probably soon get some indications as to what he intends to do.»

A representative of a newspaper, with whom the general was acquainted, now stepped up to him and said, «General Grant, about how long will it take you to get to Richmond?» The general replied at once: «I will agree to be there in about four days—that is, if General Lee becomes a party to the agreement; but if he objects, the trip will undoubtedly be prolonged.» The correspondent looked as if he did not see just how he could base any definite predictions upon this oracular response.

I happened to be looking over a field map at the time, and, at the general's request, handed it to him. He examined it attentively for a few minutes, and then returned it without making any remarks. The main roads were pretty well represented on our maps. The Germanna road runs a little east of south; five miles from the Rapidan it is crossed by a road running east and west, called the Orange turnpike; a mile beyond it intersects the Brock road, which runs north and south; and a mile farther on the Brock road is crossed by the Orange plank-road running east and west. There were also some narrow cross-roads cut through the woods in various places.

About one o'clock word came from Meade that our signal officers had succeeded in deciphering a message sent to General Ewell, which read as follows: «We are moving. Had I not better move D. and D. toward New Verdierville? (Signed) R.» The general manifested considerable satisfaction at receiving this news, and remarked: «That gives just the information I wanted. It shows that Lee is drawing out from his position, and is pushing across to meet us.» He now called for writing material, and placing a book upon his knee, laid the paper upon it, and wrote a despatch to Burnside at Rappahannock Station, saying: «Make forced marches until you reach this place. Start your troops now in the rear the moment they can be got off, and require them to make a night march.»

THE HEADQUARTERS MESS.

A COLD lunch was then eaten off a pine table in the dining-room of the deserted house. Later in the afternoon our tents arrived, and were pitched near the house, and a little before dark the «mess» sat down to dinner. The table had been laid under the fly of a large tent of the pattern known as the «hospital tent.» Perhaps no headquarters of a general in supreme command of great armies ever presented so democratic an appearance. All the officers of the staff dined at the table with their chief, and the style of conversation was as familiar as that which occurs in the household of any private family. Noth-

ing could have been more informal or unconventional than the manner in which the mess was conducted. The staff-officers came to the table and left it at such times as their duties permitted, sometimes lingering over a meal to indulge in conversation, at other times remaining to take only a few mouthfuls in all haste before starting out upon the lines. The chief ate less and talked less than any other member of the staff, and partook only of the plainest food.

ON THE EVE OF BATTLE.

A CAMP-FIRE of dry fence-rails had been built in front of the general's tent, not because the evening was particularly cold, but for the reason that the fire lighted up the scene and made the camp look more cheerful. General Meade came over to headquarters after dinner, and took a seat upon a folding camp-chair by our fire, and he and General Grant entered into a most interesting discussion of the situation, and the plans for the next day. The general-in-chief offered Meade a cigar. The wind was blowing, and he had some difficulty in lighting it, when General Grant offered him his flint and steel, which overcame the difficulty. The general always carried in the field a small silver tinder-box, in which there was a flint and steel with which to strike a spark and a coil of fuse, which was easily ignited by the spark, and not affected by the wind. The French would call it a *briquet*. While the two generals were talking, and a number of staff-officers sitting by listening, telegrams were received from Washington saying that Sherman had advanced in Georgia, Butler had ascended the James River, and Sigel's forces were moving down the valley of Virginia. These advances were in obedience to General Grant's previous orders. He said: «I don't expect much from Sigel's movement; it is made principally for the purpose of preventing the enemy in his front from withdrawing troops to reinforce Lee's army. To use an expression of Mr. Lincoln's, employed in my last conversation with him, when I was speaking of this general policy, (If Sigel can't skin himself, he can hold a leg while somebody else skins.) It is very gratifying to know that Hancock and Warren have made a march to-day of over twenty miles, with scarcely any stragglers from their commands.» Telegrams were now sent to Washington announcing the entire success of the crossing of the Rapidan, and saying that it would be demonstrated before long whether the enemy intended to give battle on that side of Richmond. Meade soon after retired to his headquarters, and a little while before midnight General Grant entered his tent and turned in for the night. Its only furniture consisted of a portable cot made of a coarse canvas stretcher over a light wooden frame, a tin wash-basin which stood on an iron tripod, two folding camp-chairs, and a plain pine table. The general's baggage was limited to one small camp trunk, which contained his underclothing, toilet articles, a suit of clothes, and an extra pair of boots.

LONGSTREET'S ESTIMATE OF GRANT.

GENERAL LONGSTREET, then commanding a corps in Lee's army, told me, several years after the war, that the evening on which news was received that Grant intended to give personal direction to the army which was to operate against Lee, he had a conversation on the subject at Lee's headquarters. An officer present talked very confidently of being able to whip with all ease the western general who was to confront them, at which Longstreet said: «Do you know Grant?» «No,» the officer replied. «Well, I do,» continued Longstreet. «I was in the corps of cadets with him at West Point for three years, I was present at his wedding, I served in the same army with him in Mexico, I have observed his methods of warfare in the West, and I believe I know him through and through; and I tell you that we cannot afford to underrate him and the army he now commands. We must make up our minds to get into line of battle and to stay there; for that man will fight us every day and every hour till the end of this war. In order to whip him we must outmanœuver him, and husband our strength as best we can.»

AN EARLY BREAKFAST AT HEADQUARTERS.

AFTER the officers at headquarters had obtained what sleep they could get, they arose about daylight, feeling that in all probability they would witness before night either a fight or a foot-race—a fight if the armies encountered each other, a foot-race to secure good positions if the armies remained apart.

General Meade had started south at dawn, moving along the Germanna road. General Grant intended to remain in his present camp till Burnside arrived, in order to give him some directions in person regarding his movements. The general sat down to the breakfast-table after nearly all the staff-officers had finished their morning meal. While he was slowly sipping his coffee, a

young newspaper reporter, whose appetite, combined with his spirit of enterprise, had gained a substantial victory over his modesty, slipped up to the table, took a seat at the farther end, and remarked, «Well, I would n't mind taking a cup of something warm myself, if there 's no objection.» Thereupon seizing a coffee-pot, he poured out a full ration of that soothing army beverage, and, after helping himself to some of the other dishes, proceeded to eat breakfast with an appetite which had evidently been stimulated by long hours of fasting. The general paid no more attention to this occurrence than he would have paid to the flight of a bird across his path. He scarcely looked at the intruder, did not utter a word at the time, and made no mention of it afterward. It was a fair sample of the imperturbability of his nature as to trivial matters taking place about him. General Grant sent a message to Meade at 8 : 24 A. M., saying, among other things, «If an opportunity presents itself for pitching into a part of Lee's army, do so without giving time for dispositions.» It will be observed from this despatch, and many others which follow, that nearly all of our commanding officers in the field indulged in a certain amount of colloquialism in their communications. Perhaps it seemed to them to make the style less stilted, to give more snap to their language, and express their meaning more briefly. It certainly savored less of the «pomp» and more of the «circumstance» of war than the correspondence of European commanders.

Sheridan's cavalry had been assigned to the duty of guarding the train of four thousand wagons, and feeling out to the left for the enemy. The head of Burnside's leading division was now seen crossing the river; but as General Grant was anxious to go to the front, he decided not to wait to see Burnside in person, but to send him a note instead, urging him to close up as rapidly as possible upon Sedgwick's corps. This communication was depatched at 8:41 A. M., and the general immediately after directed the staff to mount and move forward with him along the Germanna road. After riding a mile, an officer was seen coming toward us at a gallop, and was soon recognized as Colonel Hyde of Sedgwick's staff. He halted in front of General Grant and said: «General Meade directed me to ride back and meet you, and say that the enemy is still advancing along the turnpike, and that Warren's and Sedgwick's troops are being put in position to meet him.» The general now started forward at an accelerated pace, and, after riding four miles farther along the Germanna road, came to the crossing of the Orange turnpike. Here General Meade was seen standing near the roadside. He came forward on foot to give General Grant the latest information. The general now dismounted, and the two officers began to discuss the situation.

GRANT AND MEADE PITCH TENTS IN THE WILDERNESS.

It had become evident that the enemy intended to give battle in the heart of the Wilderness, and it was decided to establish the headquarters of both generals near the place where they were holding their present conference, at the junction of these two important roads. As this spot became the central point from which nearly all the orders of the commander were issued during one of the most desperate battles in the annals of history, a description of the location is important, in order to give the reader a clear understanding of the memorable events which took place in its vicinity.

A little to the east of the cross-roads stood the old Wilderness tavern, a deserted building surrounded by a rank growth of weeds, and partly shut in by trees. A few hundred yards to the west, and in the northwest angle formed by the two intersecting roads, was a knoll from which the old trees had been cut, and upon which was a second growth of scraggy pine, scrub-oak, and other timber. The knoll was high enough to afford a view for some little distance, but the outlook was limited in all directions by the almost impenetrable forest with its interlacing trees and tangled undergrowth. The ground upon which the battle was fought was intersected in every direction by winding rivulets, rugged ravines, and ridges of mineral rock. Many excavations had been made in opening iron-ore beds, leaving pits bordered by ridges of earth. Trees had been felled in a number of places to furnish fuel and supply sawmills. The locality is well described by its name. It was a wilderness in the most forbidding sense of the word.

The headquarters wagons had followed the staff, the tents were soon pitched, and a camp was established on low ground at the foot of the knoll just described, between it and the Germanna road. Grant and Meade had, in the mean time, taken up their positions on top of the knoll and stood there talking over the situation; Warren had joined them, and had communicated the latest news from his front. As soon as General Grant learned

the situation, he followed his habitual custom in warfare, and, instead of waiting to be attacked, took the initiative and pushed out against the enemy. Warren had been directed to move out in force on the Orange turnpike, Getty's division of Sedgwick's corps was put into position on Warren's left, and as soon as it was found that the enemy was advancing on the Orange plank-road, orders were sent to Hancock to hurry up his troops, and take up a position on the left of Getty. While these preparations were progressing, General Grant lighted a cigar, sat down on the stump of a tree, took out his penknife, and began to whittle a stick. He kept on his brown thread gloves, and did not remove them once during the entire day. Everything was comparatively quiet until the hour of noon, when the stillness was suddenly broken by the sharp rattle of musketry and the roar of artillery. These sounds were the quick messengers which told that Warren had met the enemy and begun the conflict. He encountered Ewell's corps, and drove it nearly a mile, but was soon compelled to fall back and restore the connection which had been lost between his divisions.

Warren then had a conference with General Grant, who proposed that they should ride out to the front. He called for his horse, which had remained saddled, and directed me and another of the aides to accompany him. As General Warren was more familiar with the ground, he rode ahead. He was mounted on a fine-looking white horse, was neatly uniformed, and wore the yellow sash of a general officer. He was one of the few officers who wore their sashes in a campaign, or paid much attention to their dress. The party moved to the front along a narrow country road bordered by a heavy undergrowth of timber and bristling thickets. The infantry were struggling with difficulty through the dense woods, the wounded were lying along the roadside, firing still continued in front, and dense clouds of smoke hung above the tops of the trees. It was the opening scene of the horrors of the Wilderness.

GRANT HEARS OF THE DEATH OF AN OLD COMRADE.

After having learned from personal inspection the exact character of the locality in which the battle was to be fought, General Grant returned to headquarters, in order to be able to communicate more promptly with the different commands. News had been received that Hill's corps of Lee's army was moving up rapidly on the Orange plank-road. Grant was now becoming impatient to take the initiative against the enemy, and staff-officers were sent with important orders to all parts of the line. It was soon seen that the infantry would have to fight it out without much aid from the artillery, as it was impossible to move many batteries to the front, owing to the difficult nature of the ground. Hancock, with great energy, had thrown forward two of his divisions to support Getty, who had already attacked Hill. I was sent to communicate with Hancock during this part of the engagement. The fighting had become exceedingly severe on that part of the field. General Alexander Hays, one of the most gallant officers in the service, commanding one of Hancock's brigades, finding that his line had broken, rushed forward to encourage his troops, and was instantly killed. Getty and Carroll were severely wounded, but both refused to leave the field, and continued to command their troops throughout the fight. After remaining for some time with Hancock's men, I returned to headquarters to report the situation to the general-in-chief, and carried to him the sad intelligence of Hays's death. General Grant was by no means a demonstrative man, but upon learning the intelligence I brought, he was visibly affected. He was seated upon the ground with his back against a tree, still whittling pine sticks. He sat for a time without uttering a word, and then, speaking in a low voice, and pausing between the sentences, said: «Hays and I were cadets together for three years. We served for a time in the same regiment in the Mexican war. He was a noble man and a gallant officer. I am not surprised that he met his death at the head of his troops; it was just like him. He was a man who would never follow, but would always lead in battle.»

A CONFERENCE BETWEEN GRANT AND MEADE.

Wadsworth's division of Warren's corps was sent to support Hancock; but it encountered great difficulty in working its way through the woods, and darkness set in before it could get within striking distance of the enemy. Sedgwick had some fighting on the right of Warren, but no important results had been accomplished on his front. About eight o'clock in the evening the firing died away, and the troops in the immediate presence of the enemy lay on their arms to await the events of the morning.

Sheridan had left a force in the rear suffi-

cient to protect the trains, and had formed the rest of his command so as to confront the enemy's cavalry, which had been moved around by the right of the enemy's line. He had some severe fighting on our extreme left. When we sat down at the mess-table at headquarters that evening, the events of the day were fully discussed, and each staff-officer related to the general in detail the scenes which had occurred upon the particular portion of the front which he had visited. Soon after we had risen from the table and left the mess-tent, Meade walked over from his headquarters, and he and the general-in-chief seated themselves by the camp-fire, and talked over the events of the day and the plans for the morrow. Mr. Washburne and our staff-officers made part of the group. The general manifested intense anxiety in regard to relieving the wounded, and the medical officers and the commanders of troops were urged to make every possible effort to find the sufferers and convey them to the rear. Even in daylight it would have been a difficult undertaking to penetrate the thickets and carry the wounded to a place of safety, but at night it was almost impossible, for every time a lantern was shown, or a noise made, it was certain to attract the fire of the enemy. However, those who had been slightly wounded made their own way to the field-hospitals, and by dint of extraordinary exertions, great numbers of the seriously injured were brought to positions where they could be cared for.

During the conversation General Grant remarked: «As Burnside's corps, on our side, and Longstreet's, on the other side, have not been engaged, and the troops of both armies have been occupied principally in struggling through thickets and fighting for position, to-day's work has not been much of a test of strength. I feel pretty well satisfied with the result of the engagement; for it is evident that Lee attempted by a bold movement to strike this army in flank before it could be put into line of battle and be prepared to fight to advantage; but in this he has failed.»

The plan agreed upon that night for the coming struggle was as follows: Hancock and Wadsworth were to make an attack on Hill at 4:30 A. M., so as to strike him if possible before Longstreet could arrive to reinforce him. Burnside, who would arrive early in the morning with three divisions, was to send one division (Stevenson's) to Hancock, and to put the other two divisions between Wadsworth and Warren's other divisions, and attack Hill in flank, or at least obliquely, while Warren and Sedgwick were to attack along their fronts, inflict all the damage they could, and keep the troops opposed to them from reinforcing Hill and Longstreet. Burnside's fourth division was to guard the wagon-trains. This division was composed of colored troops, and was commanded by General Ferrero. General Meade, through whom all orders were issued to the Army of the Potomac, was of the opinion that the troops could not be got into position for the attack as early as half-past four o'clock, and recommended six; but General Grant objected, as he was apprehensive that this might give the enemy an opportunity to take the initiative. However, he agreed to postpone the time till five o'clock, and the final orders were given for that hour. Meade now arose, said good night, and walked over to his headquarters. Before eleven o'clock the general-in-chief remarked to the staff: «We shall have a busy day to-morrow, and I think we had better get all the sleep we can to-night. I am a confirmed believer in the restorative qualities of sleep, and always like to get at least seven hours of it, though I have often been compelled to put up with much less.» «It is said,» remarked Washburne, «that Napoleon often indulged in only four hours of sleep, and still preserved all the vigor of his mental faculties.» «Well, I, for one, never believed those stories,» the general replied. «If the truth were known, I have no doubt it would be found that he made up for his short sleep at night by taking naps during the day.» The chief then retired to his tent, and his example was followed by all the officers who could be spared from duty. The marked stillness which now reigned in camp formed a striking contrast to the shock and din of battle which had just ceased, and which was so soon to be renewed.

GRANT'S PREPARATION FOR THE SECOND DAY IN THE WILDERNESS.

At four o'clock the next morning, May 6, we were awakened in our camp by the sound of Burnside's men moving along the Germanna road. They had been marching since 1 A. M., hurrying on to reach the left of Warren. The members of the headquarters mess soon after assembled to partake of a hasty breakfast. The general made rather a singular meal preparatory to so exhausting a day as that which was to follow. He took a cucumber, sliced it, poured some vinegar over it, and partook of nothing else except a cup of strong coffee. The first thing he did after

rising from the table was to call for a fresh supply of cigars. His colored servant «Bill» brought him two dozen. After lighting one of them, he filled his pockets with the rest. He then went over to the knoll, and began to walk back and forth slowly upon the cleared portion of the ridge. While listening for Hancock's attack on the left, we heard the sound of heavy firing on the right, and found that the enemy had attacked Sedgwick and Warren. Warren afterward had one brigade pretty roughly handled, and driven back some distance; but no ground was permanently lost or gained by either side on that part of the line. Promptly at five o'clock the roar of battle was heard in Hancock's front, and before seven he had broken the enemy's line, and driven him back in confusion more than a mile. The general now instructed me to ride out to Hancock's front, inform him of the progress of Burnside's movement, explain the assistance that officer was expected to render, and tell him more fully the object of sending to his aid Stevenson's division of Burnside's corps.

HANCOCK FLUSHED WITH VICTORY.

I MET Hancock on the Orange plank-road, not far from its junction with the Brock road, actively engaged in directing his troops, and restoring the confusion in their alinement caused by the desperate fighting and the difficult character of the ground. All thought of the battle which raged about us was to me for a moment lost in a contemplation of the dramatic scene presented in the person of the knightly corps commander. He had just driven the enemy a mile and a half. His face was flushed with the excitement of victory, his eyes were lighted by the fire of battle, his flaxen hair was thrust back from his temples, his right arm was extended to its full length in pointing out certain positions as he gave his orders, and his commanding form towered still higher as he rose in his stirrups to peer through the openings in the woods. He was considered the handsomest general officer in the army, and at this moment he looked like a spirited portrait from the hands of a master artist, with the deep brown of the dense forest forming a fitting background. It was itself enough to inspire the troops he led to deeds of unmatched heroism. He had been well dubbed «Hancock the Superb.» This expression dated back to the field of Williamsburg. At the close of that battle, General McClellan sent a telegram to his wife in New York announcing his victory, and as she and Hancock were old friends, he added the words, «Hancock was superb.» The newspapers got hold of the despatch, and the designation was heralded in prominent head-lines throughout the entire press. The description was so appropriate that the designation clung to him through life.

Along the line of Hancock's advance the enemy's dead were everywhere visible; his wounded strewed the roads; prisoners had been captured, and battle-flags had been taken: but Hancock was now compelled to halt and restore the contact between his commands. Before nine o'clock, however, he was pushing out again on the Orange plank-road, and another fierce fight soon began.

Sheridan had become engaged in a spirited contest with Stuart's cavalry on the left at Todd's tavern, in which our troops were completely victorious. The sound of this conflict was mistaken for a time for an attack by Longstreet from that direction, and made Hancock anxious to strengthen his exposed left flank. His embarrassments were increased by one of those singular accidents which, though trivial in themselves, often turn the tide of battle. A body of infantry was reported to be advancing up the Brock road, and moving upon Hancock's left and rear. A brigade which could ill be spared was at once thrown out in that direction to resist the threatened attack. It soon appeared that the body of infantry consisted of about seven hundred of our convalescents, who were returning to join their commands. The incident, however, had caused the loss of valuable time. These occurrences prevented Hancock from further taking the offensive.

After waiting for some time, and hearing nothing of Burnside's contemplated assault, I told Hancock I would ride over to Burnside, explain to him fully the situation on the left, and urge upon him the importance of making all possible haste. Upon reaching his position, I found that he was meeting with many difficulties in moving his men into position, and was making very little progress. I explained the absolute necessity of going to the relief of Hancock, and Colonel Comstock and I labored vigorously to help to find some means of getting the troops through the woods. Seeing the difficulties in the way, I returned to General Grant to let him know the true situation, and that an early attack from that quarter could not be depended upon.

GRANT AT A CRITICAL MOMENT.

WARREN'S troops were driven back on a portion of his line in front of general head-

quarters, stragglers were making their way to the rear, the enemy's shells were beginning to fall on the knoll where General Grant was seated on the stump of a tree, and it looked for a while as if the tide of battle would sweep over that point of the field. He rose slowly to his feet, and stood for a time watching the scene, and mingling the smoke of his cigar with the smoke of battle, without making any comments. His horse was in charge of an orderly just behind the hill, but he evidently had no thought of mounting. An officer ventured to remark to him, «General, would n't it be prudent to move headquarters to the other side of the Germanna road till the result of the present attack is known?» The general replied very quietly, between the puffs of his cigar, «It strikes me it would be better to order up some artillery and defend the present location.» Thereupon a battery was brought up, and every preparation made for defense. The enemy, however, was checked before he reached the knoll. In this instance, as in many others, the general was true to the motto of his Scottish ancestors of the Grant clan: «Stand fast, Craig Ellachie.»

About eleven o'clock the battle raged again with renewed fury on Hancock's front. He had been attacked in front and on the flank by a sudden advance of the enemy, who, concealed by the dense wood, had approached near at several points before opening fire. This caused some confusion among Hancock's troops, who had become in great measure exhausted by their fighting since five o'clock in the morning, and they were now compelled to fall back to their breastworks along the Brock road. The enemy pressed on to within a few hundred yards of the intrenchments, but did not venture to assault. In this attack Longstreet was badly wounded, and the Confederate general Jenkins was killed, both having been accidentally shot by their own men. We suffered a severe loss in the death of the gallant General Wadsworth. After Longstreet's removal from the field, Lee took command of his right in person, as we learned afterward, and ordered that any further assault should be postponed till a later hour.

Colonel Leasure's brigade of Burnside's corps now executed a movement of striking brilliancy. It had been sent to Hancock, and posted on the left of his line, and was ordered by him to sweep along his front from left to right. Leasure moved out promptly, facing to the right, with his right flank about a hundred yards from our line of breastworks, and dashed along the entire front with such boldness and audacity that the portions of the enemy he encountered fell back without attempting to make any serious resistance.

General Grant was becoming more anxious still about Burnside's attack, and I soon after galloped over to the latter with instructions to move on without a moment's delay, and connect with Hancock's right at all hazards. I found his troops endeavoring to obey orders as best they could, but, in struggling through underbrush and swamps, all efforts to keep up their alinement were futile. General Burnside, when I met him this time, was dismounted and seated by the roadside. A champagne basket filled with lunch had been brought up, and at his invitation I joined him and some of his staff in sampling the attractive contents of the hamper. In doing so we acted upon the recognized principle of experienced campaigners, who always eat a meal wherever they can get it, not knowing where the next one is to come from. It was called «eating for the future.»

A little after noon Burnside's advance became engaged for about a quarter of an hour, but did not accomplish any important result. I worked my way out on foot to his extreme front line at this time, to obtain a more accurate knowledge of the difficulties which impeded the advance of his troops, and then returned again to headquarters to report the situation.

THE CRISIS OF THE WILDERNESS.

About half the army was now under Hancock's command, and it was probable that he would need still more reinforcements, and the general-in-chief was devoting a good deal of thought to our right, which had been weakened. At 10:30 A. M. Sedgwick and Warren had been ordered to intrench their fronts and do everything possible to strengthen their positions. A portion of the wagon-train guards had been ordered to report to Sedgwick for duty on his front. Every one on the right was on the alert, and eager to hear particulars about the fighting on the left. The various commands had been advised from time to time of the events which occurred, for it was General Grant's invariable custom to have commanding officers on different points of the line promptly informed of what occurred at other points.

Generals Grant and Meade, after discussing the situation, now decided to have Hancock and Burnside make a simultaneous attack at 6 P. M. It was then supposed that Burnside would certainly be in position by that hour

to unite in such an assault. I started for Hancock's front to confer with him regarding this movement, and just as I joined his troops, the enemy, directed by Lee in person, as we afterward discovered, made a desperate assault upon our line. It began at 4:15 P. M. The woods in front of Hancock had now taken fire, and the flames were communicated to his log breastworks and abatis of slashed timber. The wind was, unfortunately, blowing in our direction, and the blinding smoke was driven in the faces of our men, while the fire itself swept down upon them. For a time they battled heroically to maintain their position, fighting both the conflagration and the enemy's advancing columns. At last, however, the breastworks became untenable, and some of the troops who had displayed such brilliant qualities during the entire day now fell back in confusion. The enemy took advantage of the disorder, and, rushing forward with cheers, succeeded in planting some of his battle-flags upon our front line of breastworks; but Hancock and all the staff-officers present made strenuous exertions to rally the men, and many of them were soon brought back to the front. General Carroll's brigade was now ordered to form and retake the line of intrenchments which had been lost. These gallant troops, led by the intrepid Carroll in person, dashing forward at a run, and cheering as they went, swept everything before them, and in a few minutes were in possession of the works. Both the attack and counter-attack were so handsomely made that they elicited praise from friend and foe alike. Some of Hancock's artillery was served with great efficiency in this engagement, and added much to the result. At five o'clock the enemy had been completely repulsed, and fell back, leaving a large number of his dead and wounded on the field.

Burnside made an attack at half-past five, but with no important results. The nature of the ground was a more formidable obstruction than the enemy. Warren and Sedgwick had been engaged during part of the day, and had prevented the enemy in front of them from withdrawing any troops, but notwithstanding their gallant fighting they had substantially gained no ground.

GRANT'S DEMEANOR ON THE FIELD.

WHILE the most critical movements were taking place, General Grant manifested no perceptible anxiety, but gave his orders, and sent and received communications, with a coolness and deliberation which made a marked impression upon those who had been brought into contact with him for the first time on the field of battle. His speech was never hurried, and his manner betrayed no trace of excitability or even impatience. He never exhibited to better advantage his peculiar ability in moving troops with unparalleled speed to the critical points on the line of battle where they were most needed, or, as it was sometimes called, «feeding a fight.» There was a spur on the heel of every order he sent, and his subordinates were made to realize that in battle it is the minutes which control events. He said, while waiting for Burnside to get into position and attack: «The only time I ever feel impatient is when I give an order for an important movement of troops in the presence of the enemy, and am waiting for them to reach their destination. Then the minutes seem like hours.» He rode out to important points of the line twice during the day, in company with General Meade and two officers of the staff. It was noticed that he was visibly affected by his proximity to the wounded, and especially by the sight of blood. He would turn his face away from such scenes, and show by the expression of his countenance, and sometimes by a pause in his conversation, that he felt most keenly the painful spectacle presented by the field of battle. Some reference was made to the subject in camp that evening, and the general said: «I cannot bear the sight of suffering. The night after the first day's fight at Shiloh I was sitting on the ground, leaning against a tree, trying to get some sleep. It soon began to rain so hard that I went into a log-house near by to seek shelter; but I found the surgeons had taken possession of it, and were amputating the arms and legs of the wounded, and blood was flowing in streams. I could not endure such a scene, and was glad to return to the tree outside, and sit there till morning in the storm.» I thought of this remark while sitting by his bedside twenty-one years afterward, when he, in the last days of his fatal illness, was himself undergoing supreme physical torture.

HIS PECULIARITIES IN BATTLE.

AS the general felt that he could be found more readily, and could issue his orders more promptly, from the central point which he had chosen for his headquarters, he remained there almost the entire day. He would at times walk slowly up and down, but most of the day he sat upon the stump of a tree, or on the ground, with his back leaning against

a tree. The thread gloves remained on his hands, a lighted cigar was in his mouth almost constantly, and his penknife was kept in active use whittling sticks. He would pick up one small twig after another, and sometimes holding the small end away from him would rapidly shave it down to a point; at other times he would turn the point toward him and work on it as if sharpening a lead-pencil; then he would girdle it, cut it in two, throw it away and begin on another. We had long been accused of being a nation of whittlers, and this practice on the part of such a conspicuous representative American seemed to give color to the charge. He seldom indulged in this habit in subsequent battles. The occupation played sad havoc with the thread gloves, and before nightfall several holes had been worn in them, from which his finger nails protruded. After that day the gloves disappeared, and the general thereafter went without them in camp, and wore the usual buckskin gauntlets when on horseback. It was not till the Appomattox campaign that another pair of thread gloves was donned. There was a mystery about the use of those gloves which was never entirely solved. The impression was that Mrs. Grant had purchased them, and handed them to the general before he started from Washington, and that, either in deference to her, or because he had a notion that the officers in the Eastern armies were greater sticklers for dress than those in the armies of the West, he wore the gloves continuously for the first three days of his opening campaign in Virginia; that is to say, as long as they lasted under the wear and tear to which he subjected them.

GRANT'S CONFIDENCE IN SUCCESS.

His confidence was never for a moment shaken in the outcome of the general engagement in the Wilderness, and he never once doubted his ability to make a forward movement as the result of that battle. At a critical period of the day he sent instructions to have all the pontoon bridges over the Rapidan in his rear taken up, except the one at Germanna Ford. A short time after giving this order he called General Rawlins, Colonel Babcock, and me to him, and asked for a map. As we sat together on the ground, his legs tucked under him, tailor fashion, he looked over the map, and said: «I do not hope to gain any very decided advantage from the fighting in this forest. I did expect excellent results from Hancock's movement early this morning, when he started the enemy on the run; but it was impossible for him to see his own troops, or the true position of the enemy, and the success gained could not be followed up in such a country. I can certainly drive Lee back into his works, but I shall not assault him there; he would have all the advantage in such a fight. If he falls back and intrenches, my notion is to move promptly toward the left. This will, in all probability, compel him to try and throw himself between us and Richmond, and in such a movement I hope to be able to attack him in a more open country, and outside of his breastworks.» This was the second time only that he had looked at the maps since crossing the Rapidan, and it was always noticeable in a campaign how seldom he consulted them, compared with the constant examination of them by most other prominent commanders. The explanation of it is that he had an extraordinary memory as to anything that was presented to him graphically. After looking critically at a map of a locality, it seemed to become photographed indelibly upon his brain, and he could follow its features without referring to it again. Besides, he possessed an almost intuitive knowledge of topography, and never became confused as to the points of the compass. He was a natural «bushwhacker,» and was never so much at home as when finding his way by the course of streams, the contour of the hills, and the general features of the country. I asked him, one day, whether he had ever been deceived as to the points of the compass. He said: «Only once—when I arrived at Cairo, Illinois. The effect of that curious bend in the river turned me completely around, and when the sun came up the first morning after I got there, it seemed to me that it rose directly in the west.»

THE GENERAL-IN-CHIEF AS AID TO A DROVER.

During a lull in the battle late in the afternoon, General Grant, in company with two staff-officers, strolled over toward the Germanna road. While we stood on the bank of a small rivulet, a drove of beef cattle was driven past. One of the animals strayed into the stream, and had evidently made up its mind to part company with its fellows and come over to our side. One of the drovers yelled out to the general, who was a little in advance of his officers: «I say, stranger, head off that beef critter for me, will you?» The general, having always prided himself upon being a practical farmer, felt as much at home in handling cattle as in directing armies, and without

changing countenance at once stepped forward, threw up his hands, and shouted to the animal. It stopped, took a look at him, and then, as if sufficiently impressed with this show of authority, turned back into the road. The general made no comment whatever upon this incident, and seemed to think no more about the salutation he had received than if some one had presented arms to him. He knew, of course, that the man did not recognize him. If he had supposed the man was lacking in proper military respect, he would perhaps have administered to him the same lesson which he once taught a soldier in the Twenty-first Illinois, when he commanded that regiment. An officer who had served under him at the time told me that Colonel Grant, as he came out of his tent one morning, found a strapping big fellow posted as sentinel, who nodded his head good-naturedly, smiled blandly, and said, «Howdy, colonel?» His commander cried, «Hand me your piece,» and upon taking it, faced the soldier and came to a «present arms»; then handing back the musket, he remarked, «That is the way to say ‹How do you do› to your colonel.»

CONFUSION CAUSED BY A NIGHT ATTACK.

It was now about sundown; the storm of battle which had raged with unabated fury from early dawn had been succeeded by a calm. The contemplated general attack at six o'clock had been abandoned on account of the assault of the enemy on Hancock's front, and the difficulty of perfecting the alinements and supplying the men with ammunition. It was felt that the day's strife had ended, unless Lee should risk another attack. Just then the stillness was broken by heavy volleys of musketry on our extreme right, which told that Sedgwick had been assaulted, and was actually engaged with the enemy. The attack against which the general-in-chief during the day had ordered every precaution to be taken had now been made. Meade was at Grant's headquarters at the time. They had just left the top of the knoll, and were standing in front of General Grant's tent talking to Mr. Washburne. Staff-officers and couriers were soon seen galloping up to Meade's headquarters, and his chief-of-staff, General Humphreys, sent word that the attack was directed against our extreme right, and that a part of Sedgwick's line had been driven back in some confusion. Generals Grant and Meade, accompanied by me and one or two other staff-officers, walked rapidly over to Meade's tent, and found that the reports still coming in were bringing news of increasing disaster. It was soon reported that General Shaler and part of his brigade had been captured; then that General Seymour and several hundred of his men had fallen into the hands of the enemy; afterward that our right had been turned, and Ferrero's division cut off and forced back upon the Rapidan. General Humphreys, on receiving the first reports, had given prompt instructions with a view to strengthening the point of the line attacked. General Grant now took the matter in hand with his accustomed vigor. Darkness had set in, but the firing still continued. Aides came galloping in from the right, laboring under intense excitement, talking wildly, and giving the most exaggerated reports of the engagement. Some declared that a large force had broken and scattered Sedgwick's entire corps. Others insisted that the enemy had turned our right completely, and captured the wagon-train. It was asserted at one time that both Sedgwick and Wright had been captured. Such tales of disaster would have been enough to inspire serious apprehension in daylight and under ordinary circumstances. In the darkness of the night, in the gloom of a tangled forest, and after men's nerves had been racked by the strain of a two days' desperate battle, the most immovable commander might have been shaken. But it was in just such sudden emergencies that General Grant was always at his best. Without the change of a muscle of his face, or the slightest alteration in the tones of his voice, he quietly interrogated the officers who brought the reports; then, sifting out the truth from the mass of exaggerations, he gave directions for relieving the situation with the marvelous rapidity which was always characteristic of him when directing movements in the face of an enemy. Reinforcements were hurried to the point attacked, and preparations made for Sedgwick's corps to take up a new line, with the front and right thrown back. General Grant soon walked over to his own camp, seated himself on a stool in front of his tent, lighted a fresh cigar, and there continued to receive further advices from the right.

GRANT ADMINISTERS A REPRIMAND.

A GENERAL officer came in from his command at this juncture, and said to the general-in-chief, speaking rapidly and laboring under considerable excitement: «General Grant, this is a crisis that cannot be looked upon too seriously. I know Lee's methods well by

past experience; he will throw his whole army between us and the Rapidan, and cut us off completely from our communications.» The general rose to his feet, took his cigar out of his mouth, turned to the officer, and replied, with a degree of animation which he seldom manifested: «Oh, I am heartily tired of hearing about what Lee is going to do. Some of you always seem to think he is suddenly going to turn a double somersault, and land in our rear and on both of our flanks at the same time. Go back to your command, and try to think what we are going to do ourselves, instead of what Lee is going to do.» The officer retired rather crestfallen, and without saying a word in reply. This recalls a very pertinent criticism regarding his chief once made in my presence by General Sherman. He said: «Grant always seemed pretty certain to win when he went into a fight with anything like equal numbers. I believe the chief reason why he was more successful than others was that while they were thinking so much about what the enemy was going to do, Grant was thinking all the time about what he was going to do himself.»

GRANT AFTER THE BATTLE.

HANCOCK came to headquarters about 8 P. M., and had a conference with the general-in-chief and General Meade. He had had a very busy day on his front, and while he was cheery, and showed that there was still plenty of fight left in him, he manifested signs of fatigue after his exhausting labors. General Grant, in offering him a cigar, found that only one was left in his pocket. Deducting the number he had given away from the supply he had started out with in the morning showed that he had smoked that day about twenty, all very strong and of formidable size. But it must be remembered that it was a particularly long day. He never afterward equaled that record in the use of tobacco.

The general, after having given his final orders providing for any emergency which might arise, entered his tent, and threw himself down upon his camp-bed. Ten minutes thereafter an alarming report was received from the right. I looked in his tent, and found him sleeping as soundly and as peacefully as an infant. I waked him, and communicated the report. His military instincts convinced him that it was a gross exaggeration, and as he had already made every provision for meeting any renewed attempts against the right, he turned over in his bed, and immediately went to sleep again. Twenty-one years thereafter as I sat by his death-bed, when his sufferings had become agonizing, and he was racked by the tortures of insomnia, I recalled to him that night in the Wilderness. He said: «Ah, yes; it seems strange that I, who always slept so well in the field, should now pass whole nights in the quiet of this peaceful house without being able to close my eyes.»

It was soon ascertained that although Sedgwick's line had been forced back with some loss, and Shaler and Seymour had been made prisoners, only a few hundred men had been captured, and the enemy had been compelled to withdraw. General Grant had great confidence in Sedgwick in such an emergency, and the event showed that it was not misplaced.

The attack on our right, and its repulse, ended the memorable battle of the Wilderness. The losses were found to be: killed, 2246; wounded, 12,037; missing, 3383; total, 17,666. The damage inflicted upon the enemy is not known, but as he was the assaulting party as often as the Union army, there is reason to believe that the losses on the two sides were about equal. Taking twenty-four hours as the time actually occupied in fighting, and counting the casualties in both armies, it will be found that on that bloody field every minute recorded the loss of twenty-five men.

As the staff-officers threw themselves upon the ground that night, sleep came to them without coaxing. They had been on the move since dawn, galloping over bad roads, struggling about through forest openings, jumping rivulets, wading swamps, helping to rally troops, dodging bullets, and searching for commanding officers in all sorts of unknown places. Their horses had been crippled, and they themselves were well-nigh exhausted. For the small part I had been able to perform in the engagement, the general recommended me for the brevet rank of major in the regular army, «for gallant and meritorious services.» His recommendation was afterward approved by the President. This promotion was especially gratifying for the reason that it was conferred for conduct in the first battle in which I had served under the command of the general-in-chief.

THE WILDERNESS A UNIQUE COMBAT.

THERE were features of the battle which have never been matched in the annals of warfare. For two days nearly 200,000 veteran troops had struggled in a death-grapple,

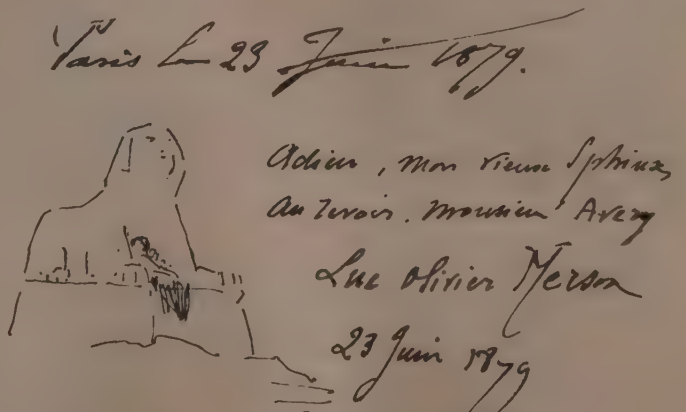
confronted at each step with almost every obstacle by which nature could bar their path, and groping their way through a tangled forest the impenetrable gloom of which could be likened only to the shadow of death. The undergrowth stayed their progress, the upper growth shut out the light of heaven. Officers could rarely see their troops for any considerable distance, for smoke clouded the vision, and a heavy sky obscured the sun. Directions were ascertained and lines established by means of the pocket-compass, and a change of position often presented an operation more like a problem of ocean navigation than a question of military manœuvers. It was the sense of sound and of touch rather than the sense of sight which guided the movements. It was a battle fought with the ear, and not with the eye. All circumstances seemed to combine to make the scene one of unutterable horror. At times the wind howled through the tree-tops, mingling its moans with the groans of the dying, and heavy branches were cut off by the fire of the artillery, and fell crashing upon the heads of the men, adding a new terror to battle. Forest fires raged; ammunition-trains exploded; the dead were roasted in the conflagration; the wounded, roused by its hot breath, dragged themselves along, with their torn and mangled limbs, in the mad energy of despair, to escape the ravages of the flames; and every bush seemed hung with shreds of blood-stained clothing. It was as though Christian men had turned to fiends, and hell itself had usurped the place of earth.

(To be continued.)

Horace Porter.

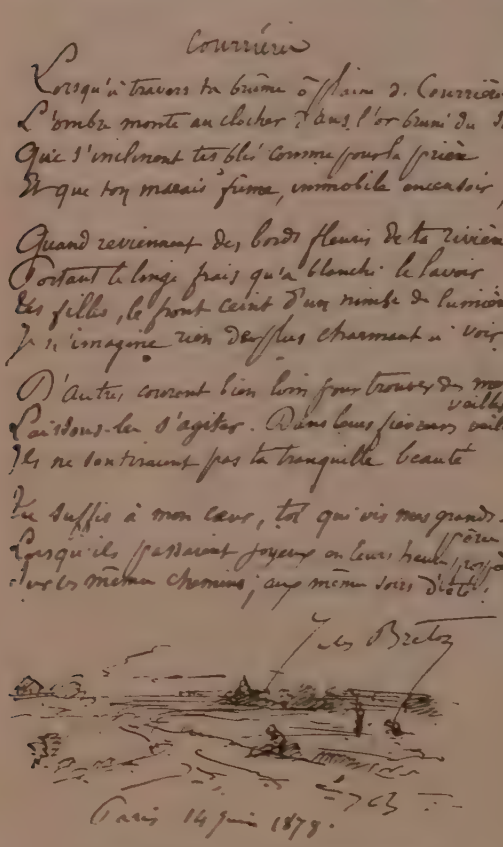
SOUVENIRS OF A VETERAN COLLECTOR.

THE late William T. Walters of Baltimore, whose admirable collection of pictures and Barye bronzes is known to many art-lovers in the United States, went to Europe in 1861, and resided there for a number of years. Before that time he had been interested in art, and had purchased pictures by some of the American painters then in vogue. In Paris he met his friend Mr. George A. Lucas of Baltimore, a graduate of West Point, and an engineer, who knew some of the Barbizon painters and their artist friends, and, making their acquaintance, Mr. Walters was so much impressed with the merit of their works that he thought they might find purchasers in America. He thus appears as one of the earliest American amateurs who predicted the success of Millet, Rousseau, Corot, Diaz, and others of the famous group. Mr. Samuel P. Avery was at this time practising his profession of engraving in New York, and toward the close of our civil war he decided, at Mr. Walters's suggestion, to go into business as a dealer in works of art. Mr. Walters bought pictures in France, Mr. Avery sold them at auction in New York, and they divided the profits. This was the beginning of the long career that made Mr. Avery the best-known dealer of his time in America, and which came to a close eight years ago, when he retired. He has since been prominent in art matters in New York, being one of the trustees of the Metropolitan



DRAWN AND WRITTEN BY LUC OLIVIER MERSON.

Museum, and devoting much of his time to its affairs. His advice is highly valued. His friends include about all of our prominent collectors,—except, perhaps, some of those who have come to the front in the West of late years,—the book-loving coterie of the Grolier Club, and the trustees of Columbia University, in which he founded an architectural library. But his friends and acquaintances are not confined to his earlier associates and



DRAWN AND WRITTEN BY JULES BRETON.

veterans among the connoisseurs. In the social meetings of the Architectural League, at the Century Club, and other places of congregation of the art world, he is often seen, and is as ready with his appreciation of a new movement as he is apt with his reminiscences of an old one.

Imagine a Corot sold in New York for one hundred and ten dollars! Yet this was the price obtained for one that Mr. Avery sold in 1863. Among the first pictures that he received from Mr. Walters were some genre subjects by Édouard Frère, and two landscapes by Corot. The Frères found ready purchasers, but the Corots were not so easily understood. These two were the first that were brought to this country, and they had cost five hundred francs apiece. Both the price and the profit now seem incredibly small, but they show how modest were the beginnings of a business that afterward involved many thousands of dollars. Mr. Avery had charge of the Fine Arts Department in the American section of the Paris Exposition of 1867, and from that time on his trips abroad were frequent. His acquaintance with French, German, and British artists grew wider with each succeeding year, and some of his acquaintances became his friends. Though not an autograph-collector, it occurred to him to get the sign-marks of the many painters he had met, and it is not remarkable that when he had the sketches and souvenirs they had given him bound in a tasteful volume, its pages should be full of interest. Some of these artistic *cartes de visite* were made on the spur of the moment, and possess the impromptu quality of a bit of conversation; others consist of a sentiment or a greeting. There are carefully finished drawings in the book, and sketches made with a few hasty lines. The pages are dotted with the autographs of many of the greatest men in modern art.

One of the first of the French artists whose acquaintance Mr. Avery made was Jules Breton. He wrote to him at his home at Courrières in Picardy in 1867, with reference to a commission for a picture that Mr. John Taylor Johnston wished to give him, and Breton replied that he would meet him on a given day at twelve o'clock at the Universal Exposition, in front of Meissonier's pictures. He did not appoint the rendezvous before his own works, as he might have done. Mr. Avery and Mr. Lucas were at the appointed place, and promptly at the hour Mr. Lucas, who knew Breton, said, «There he comes.» He was accompanied by his wife and daughter—his only child, then five or six years of age, accompanied by her *nounou*, with cap and cloak and flowing ribbons. Breton, hale and hearty,

SAMUEL P. AVERY.

wore a checked waistcoat with pearl buttons, such as are worn in the country districts, and the whole party had the unaffected air of good people from the provinces. The distinguished painter has always kept his simplicity of dress and manner. He accepted the commission from Mr. Johnston, agreeing to paint a picture with two figures for twenty-five hundred francs, and from that time on Mr. Avery saw him frequently. Though they have no longer matters of business to write about, their relations continue, and the famous French artist does not forget his friend in America. He has given Mr. Avery copies of his books (for Jules Breton has published several volumes of prose and verse), with a few lines expressing his friendship on the fly-leaves, and this year he sent him "Un Peintre Pay-

Mon cher Monsieur Avery voici un mechant croquis d'une de figures de mon bon tableau Les Ambassadeurs, que vous avez bien d'abord pour mon ami Mr Vanderbilt. J'aurais voulu le faire meilleur, mais tout ce que je le fais sait vous dire le souvenir du plaisir que j'ai eu dernièrement à Tableau et de la gaieté de la soirée entre la Maison d'un amateur aussi distingué.

à vous bien cordialement

1880 21 juillet E Meissonier

DRAWN AND WRITTEN BY MEISSONIER.

san,» his latest production, bearing in his handwriting the dedication, «Témoignage bien affectueux à son fidèle ami.» One morning, in Paris, Mr. Avery went to Breton's hotel, —a small but comfortable hostelry near the Luxembourg, which the painter's father and mother before him had made their stopping-place in the great capital,—and, though it was but nine o'clock, found that the painter had already set out for the meeting of the Salon jury. Breton had been up at six o'clock, for, like a good many other artists in France, he is an early riser. He returned to the hotel about eleven, and Mr. Avery breakfasted with him. When Breton took up the album to write the verses, «Courrières,» on the page, his little daughter prompted him as he spoke them while he wrote, for she knew them all. At the bottom of the page he sketched with the pen a silhouette of Courrières from memory, with the field, the houses, and the church tower. When Jules Breton's little daughter

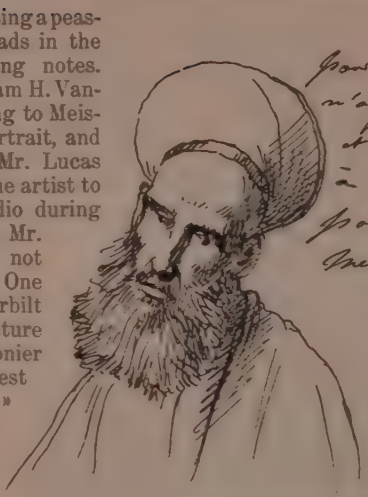
ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

DRAWN BY ÉDOUARD DETAILLE.

grew up she became a painter, and married a painter, M. Adrien Demont. Mr. Avery bought her first picture. (See page 210.—EDITOR.)

Meissonier writes: «I thank Mr. Avery for his visit to Poissy, and I am so much the more flattered since he informs me he has just purchased my small ‹Republican Sentinel of the Army of the Var.› I take pleasure in repeating to him what I said to my friend M. Petit, who ceded him the picture; it is the first time I sign a canvas with which I am absolutely satisfied.» This is dated at Poissy, August 29, 1875. Later on, July 21, 1880, he writes: «Dear Mr. Avery: Here is a bad sketch (*méchant croquis*) of one of the figures in my good picture, ‹Le Renseignement,› which you have got back from Germany for my friend Mr. Vanderbilt. I wish I could have done better, but such as it is, I leave it in your book as a souvenir of my pleasure in having seen the picture again, and of knowing it is in the hands of so distinguished an amateur. Very cordially yours, E. MEISSONIER.» The way in which «Le Renseignement» was «rescued» forms an interesting story. The picture shows Marshal Saxe, with a body of

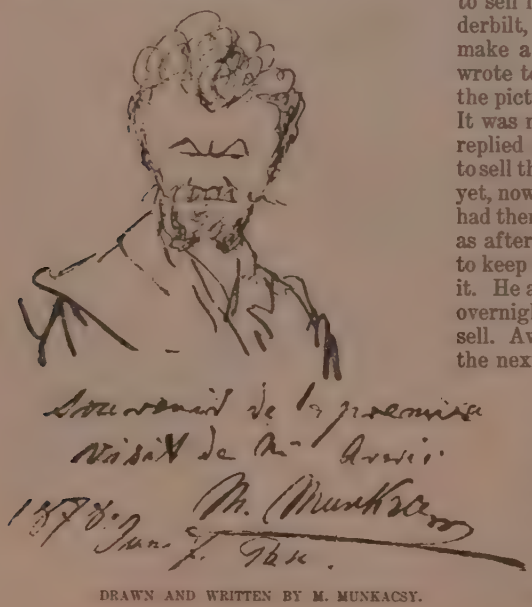
troops, interrogating a peasant at a crossroads in the forest, and taking notes. In 1880 Mr. William H. Vanderbilt was sitting to Meissonier for his portrait, and Mr. Avery and Mr. Lucas were invited by the artist to come to his studio during the sittings, as Mr. Vanderbilt did not speak French. One day Mr. Vanderbilt asked, «What picture does M. Meissonier think is the best he ever painted?» Meissonier, replying through Mr. Lucas, spoke of two, the celebrated «1814» and «Le Renseignement.»[1] The latter picture, he said, with a sigh and a deeply felt «hélas!» was in Germany, in the hands of the enemies of France. It had been painted for the Exposition of 1867, and was bought by M. Petit, who asked fifty thousand francs for it. Mr. Walters had offered forty-five thousand francs, but a German banker in Paris, M. Mayer, paid the price and got the picture.


quelques coups de plume
pour rappeler à mes Amis qui
n'a fait mis ite à Bougival
et que j'ai été très sensible
à cette attention, aussi
pour l'assurer de toutes
mes sympathies.
J. L. Gérôme
26 juillet 1878

DRAWN AND WRITTEN BY J. L. GÉRÔME.

[1] Engravings of these pictures appeared in THE CENTURY for July and August, 1896.

He was a well-known collector, and his family home was in Dresden. When the war of 1870 broke out, M. Mayer left Paris, and took the picture with him. Mr. Avery had seen his gallery every time he went to Dresden, and knew the picture. The conversation in the studio continued, and Avery and Lucas agreed that «Le Renseignement» was, indeed, a wonderful canvas. Petit had tried to buy it back, but could not get it. It was thought it would be impossible to get Mayer to sell it, but Avery, authorized by Mr. Vanderbilt, resolved to try. He did not wish to make a trip to Dresden at the time, so he wrote to Mayer that a friend of his wanted the picture, but not as a matter of business. It was not to buy to sell again. The banker replied that he had often been importuned to sell the picture, but had invariably refused; yet, now that he felt himself growing old (he had then reached the age of eighty), and that as after his death his family might not care to keep it, he would take a certain price for it. He added that he might change his mind overnight, for he found it hard to decide to sell. Avery lost no time in telegraphing, and the next day received the canvas by parcels post; the marvelous picture was actually in his room in the hotel! A draft on London was sent to Dresden at once, and the deed was done. Mr. Vanderbilt and his two fellow-conspirators now set about arranging a surprise for Meissonier. The next day was to be the last sitting for the portrait, and when they arrived at the studio one of them carried a



DRAWN AND WRITTEN BY M. MUNKACSY.

parcel, which was placed in a safe corner. The sitting proceeded, and at last Meissonier said the portrait was finished; there was not another touch to be added. «Now you may see me sign,» he announced, and the act was accomplished with a due observance on the part of the company of the importance of the moment. The artist then went into another room to put the little portrait in a frame he had ready for it. «Le Renseignement» was quickly taken from the corner, set in a frame on the easel, and the three men stood by to see what Meissonier would do. «When he came in and suddenly saw the picture,» says Mr. Avery, «he almost went crazy in his joy. He got down on his knees before it so that he could look at it closely, and cried out, ‹*Oh, mon bon tableau! Oh, mon bon tableau!*› and with difficulty found words to express his delight. He loved his picture that he never expected to see again, and his heart was full.» Of course when it became known that «Le Renseignement» was in France again, there were accounts in the newspapers of how it had come about, and in Berlin and in Paris the stories were equally wide of the truth. One paper said that Mrs. Vanderbilt, the wife of a multimillionaire from America, had gone to Dresden, bought the picture, and carried it off in her arms. Another said that a rich English lord had gone to Mayer's, and counted out bank-notes on the table before him until he told him to stop and take the picture.

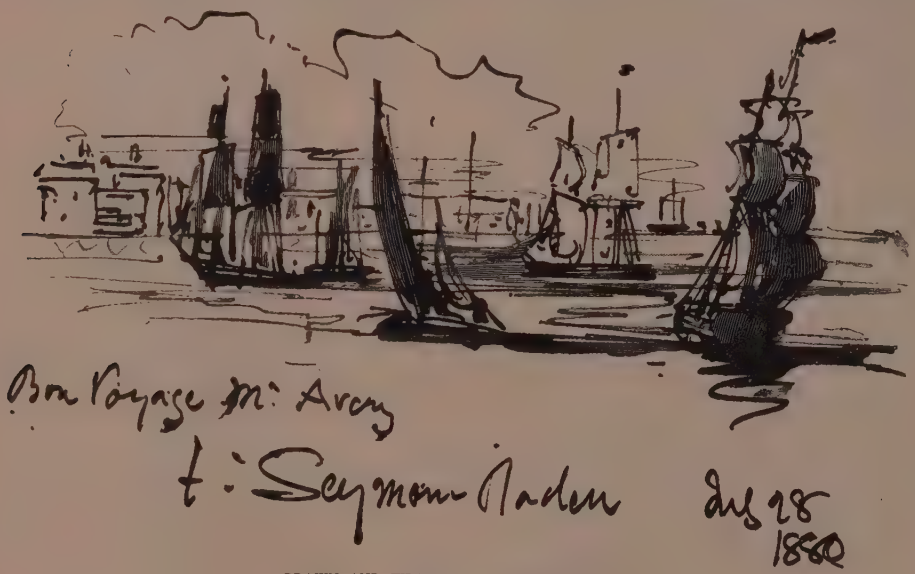
Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Avery went down to By one morning to see Mme. Rosa Bonheur at her country place on the outskirts of the Forest of Fontainebleau. Her well-appointed trap met them at the station, and carried them to the house in time for luncheon. Mme. Bonheur poured out their wine for them herself, and they talked of the forest and the beautiful surroundings of her home. «Yes,» she said; «but I hear them cutting down trees in the forest sometimes, and every blow of the ax hurts my heart.» She had met Mr. August Belmont, and had received commissions from him to paint two pictures when he was United States minister at The Hague. She had told him that she was exceedingly busy and could n't paint them very soon, and he had said: «How long must I wait? One year—two years? I am getting old, and I want them soon.» She asked him how old he was, and when he said, «Seventy-one,» she replied, «That is my age, too.» So she shook hands with him, and told him she would paint the pictures for him at once. Mme. Bonheur related this incident to her visitors, and added: «Mr. Belmont is a great Democrat, is n't he? When will he be elected President of the United States?» She evidently thought his

DRAWN BY MENZEL.

chances were very good, but Mr. Vanderbilt told her he thought they were about as good as his own, and his he considered painfully small; so Mme. Bonheur was enlightened on American politics. «At this time,» says Mr. Avery, «she did not seem at all old. She had a refined, womanly face and a very sweet voice. Her temperament was bright and gay, and her manner charming.»

Gérôme writes in the album accompanying

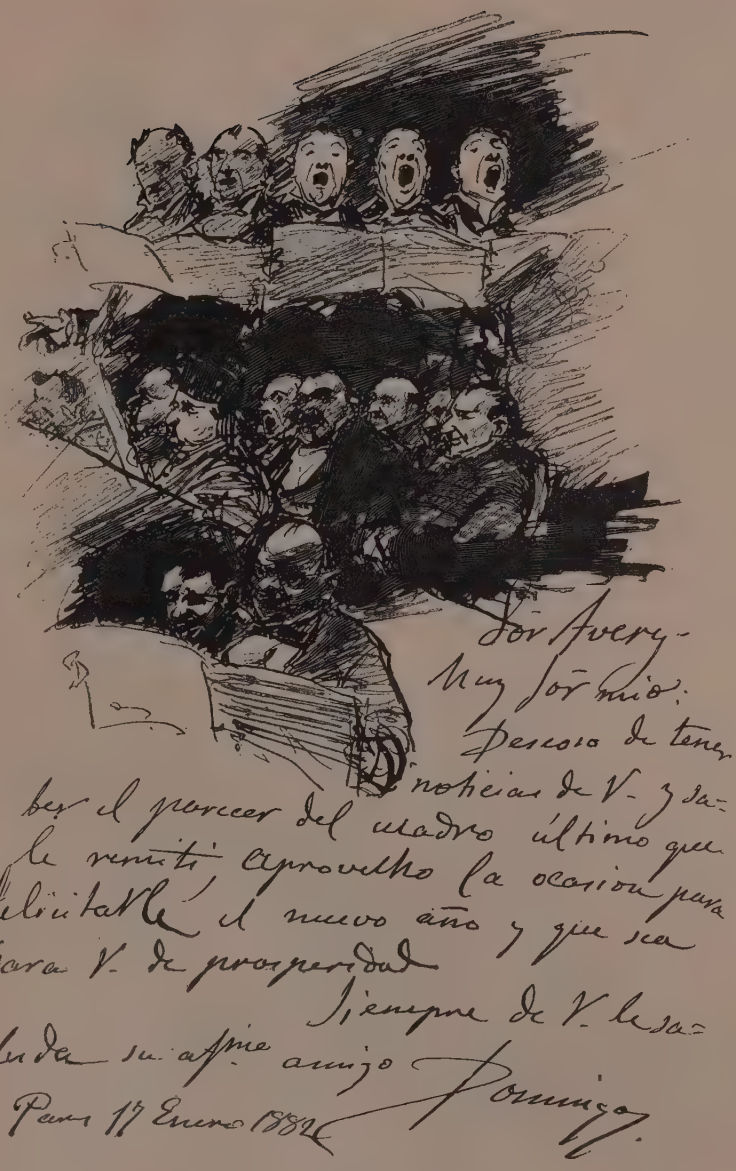
a drawing, «A few strokes of the pen to remind Mr. Avery of the visit he made me at Bougival, with which attention I am much flattered, as well as to assure him of my many sympathies.» Munkacsy makes a formula sketch of himself, as a souvenir of Mr. Avery's first visit to him in Paris in 1878, and writes on another page, in New York in 1886, when he visited Mr. Avery. Jules Lefebvre, in 1878, accompanies a sketch of the figure in one of his pictures with the lines: «Good-by, Mignon! You are now safe in an asylum for which I have to thank Mr. Avery. Don't forget me!» Olivier Merson, in a similar vein, in 1879, writes: «Adieu, my old sphinx. Au revoir, Mr. Avery.» Van Marcke, on July 4, 1876, writes: «I am very much pleased to have met Mr. Avery to-day. His visit coincides with a great day, the anniversary of America's independence. I congratulate him on that great event with a hearty shake of the hand.» «And it was Van Marcke who remembered the day,» says Mr. Avery, «for I had not mentioned it.» «I swear on this Spaniard's head,» writes Jules Worms, referring to his sketch in the book, «to do all in my power to please our excellent friend Mr. Avery.» «A knowing hand has Mr. Avery,» writes a celebrated painter and etcher, «for he places it upon the choicest things. His kind visit to my studio proves this—he deprives me of my unique proofs. Nevertheless, I remain his truly devoted L. Flameng.» «I shall be glad to be presented to the American public by Mr. Avery, and hope soon to seize this happy occasion,» is signed by the great artist Paul Baudry. He wrote amid the scaffoldings and ladders in the foyer of the opera-house, where he was at work on his famous ceilings; but events prevented him from painting the promised picture. After his seven years' work in the opera-house he went to Egypt to rest, and other great works taking his time afterward, the commission was never executed. «Here is my autograph,» says Madrazo, laconically, but he painted a portrait of Mr. Avery in oil



DRAWN AND WRITTEN BY SEYMOUR HADEN.

in one sitting that is a marvel. «Here is a souvenir of our young Vestal, who is to wake up in America next year,» writes Hector Leroux. And so on through the pages follow the messages and sentiments of half the celebrated painters in France—Corot, Daubigny, Millet, Cabanel, Bouguereau, Detaille, De Neuville, Dagnan-Bouveret, Vibert, Jules Jacquemart, Charles Muller, Hébert, Clairin, Berne-Bellecour, Jacquet, Boulanger, Ziem, and many more.

Amusing stories are told of Ziem, who lived in a house at the top of the rue Lepic on Montmartre. His house was his castle in the literal sense of the word. It was difficult to obtain admission, for the painter had an upper window out of which he always looked when the bell rang, and interrogated his would-be visitors. He had a basket which he let down


Sor Avery -
Muy Sor mio:
Deseo de tener
noticias de V. y sa-
ber el parecer del cuadro último que
le remití aprovecho la ocasion para
felicitarle el nuevo año y que sea
para V. de prosperidad
Siempre de V. le sa-
luda su afmo amigo
Paris 17 Enero 1882
Domingo

DRAWN AND WRITTEN BY DOMINGO.

by a cord to receive packages or messages, and he slept in a wonderful swinging-bed. His house was a veritable museum, illuminated Persian manuscripts being part of his collection. Some of these were worth thousands of francs, but it was impossible to persuade him to sell any of them. In place of a newel-post on his stairway stood the prow of a gilded gondola, and, closely immured in his studio, he painted pictures of Venice, and bade defiance to all who came to disturb his peace.

Georges Clairin had just come back from Algiers when Mr. Avery saw him in 1871, not long after the siege of Paris. He had brought with him Henri Regnault's dog and painting-

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

Maurice Leloir

Paris 1887

Louis Leloir
31 Mai 1880

Quand ce petit commissionnaire
Aura sur la rive étrangère
Transporté tout ce chargement.
Espérons, si l'on est content,
Qu'il en viendra reprendre autant

DRAWN AND WRITTEN BY LOUIS LELOIR.

traps, and told how he and some other comrades, who were in the same company of the national guard with Regnault, went to the battle-field of Buzenval after the sortie from Paris, and turned over the fallen French soldiers by night trying to find the body of their friend. The way the bodies all lay, Clairin said, showed that they had fallen with their faces toward the Germans, and Regnault's was found like the rest.

Louis Leloir put a delightful water-color in the album, a porter in Henri Quatre costume, loaded with pictures and crossing the seas from France to America in seven-league

DRAWN AND WRITTEN BY M. RICO.

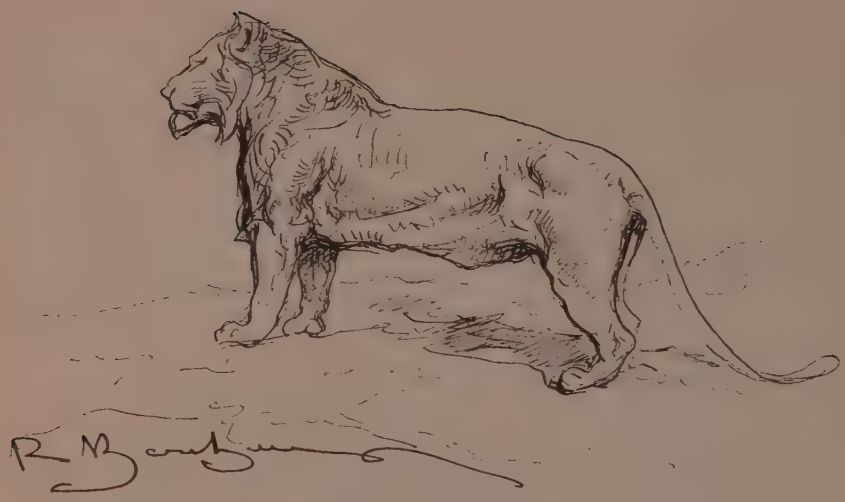
boots, besides an inscription in verse. Maurice Leloir, the talented brother of this lamented painter, has a line in the book too, but he has recently sent to Mr. Avery a present that the latter rightly values very highly. It is an édition de luxe of «The Sentimental Journey,» and the artist has retouched all the black-and-white drawings, of which there are some hundreds in the book, with water-color, and has painted on the false title a beautiful little picture. A dedication expresses the kindly sentiments always felt by the artist and his brother, and testifies to their pleasant relations with Mr. Avery.

In 1880, when the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum wished to have a portrait painted of their president Mr. John Taylor Johnston, Mr. Avery, on their behalf, called on Bonnat, whom they had selected as the artist, to give him the commission. M. Bonnat, however, at the mention of an order, expressed his regret that he could not possibly undertake to paint Mr. Johnston at the time, as he had so many important commissions on hand that he was obliged to have three different sittings every day, and to begin at seven o'clock in the morning, in order to get through his day's work: the Duc d'Aumale and other prominent men were among the sitters. But when it was explained to him that the portrait was to be for an American museum of art, the genial gentleman, who deservedly by his record and his attainments occupies the position of official head of the French school, said that that put a different face on the matter—that he would find time in spite of his overwhelming engagements; and he did.

While the preëminence of French art in the last thirty or forty years makes the contributions in Mr. Avery's book from the painters in and about Paris the most interesting, and these artists appear in his recollections as the chief figures, his relations with those in other places were close, and marked by many pleasant incidents. Madrazo, Domingo, Rico, Palmaroli, and Escosura, the Spaniards, were identified with Paris. So too was Castiglione, the Italian; Otto von Thoren, the Austrian; Gallait, the Belgian; Schreyer, the German; and Josef Israels, the Dutchman. «Rico made a charming little sketch in my book in no time,» comments Mr. Avery, «for he happened to get it just as he was starting on a journey. He wrote, 'I have no time for more, as the train leaves at eight.'» Under his clever sketch of an orchestra and choir Domingo indites his wishes for a happy New Year, and «greetings to you always from your faithful friend.» Von Thoren writes a sentiment: «Though your subject be stupid, if you can render it with feeling it will make its mark.» Israels says, «I have always much sympathy with America and its inhabitants.» One day, when Mr. Avery and his wife were at the studio of Israels, Mrs. Avery asked him about a picture which she had seen and admired, giving its title as «The Widow.» «Which widow can it be?» said the painter. «My dear madam, I have made so many widows, I cannot tell.» When the picture was more fully described, he remembered it, and exclaimed: «Oh, yes, I know. That is one of my *good* widows.»

Among the German and Austrian artists Mr. Avery counts many friends. In the album,

SKETCH BY DAGNAN-BOUVERET, FROM «UN ACCIDENT.»

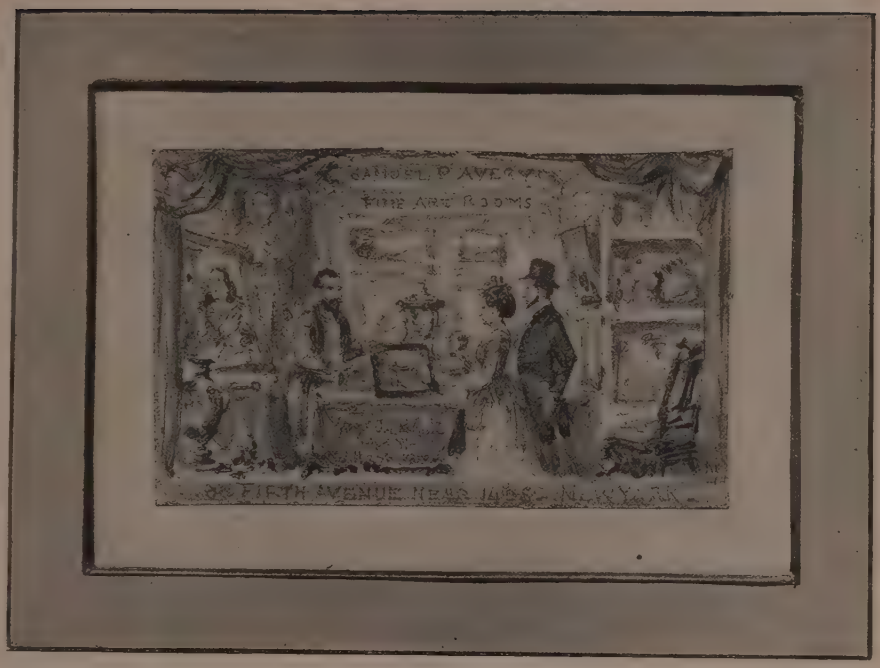


DRAWN BY ROSA BONHEUR.

among others, are the names of Menzel, Piloty, Meyer von Bremen, Knaus, Lindenschmidt, Diez, Gabriel Max, Löfftz, Carl Becker, Defregger, Munthe, Preyer, and Braith. Menzel tore a leaf from his sketch-book for the album. Defregger says, «Life is serious, art is gay.» Max writes, «Think very often of the beautiful Starenberg Lake,» on the borders of which he lived, and the picturesqueness of which he was anxious to have appreciated. He had a study in his house, in which he worked with great interest in comparative anatomy, dissecting monkeys and other animals, and enjoying a wide reputation in the scientific world. Piloty, Löfftz, Lindenschmidt, and others were painting in one of King Ludwig's splendid palaces. They talked of the mysteries of the place, and gave the difficulties of their work for the mad king as an excuse for not having finished pictures they had promised. Preyer, the still-life painter, once so famous for the downy surface of his peaches, is an interesting figure. He was a man of various attainments, much esteemed by his fellow-citizens in Düsseldorf, and had been mayor of the town. He was a dwarf not over three feet high, with curly hair and a great beard. He lived to be over eighty years of age, and had two children, a tall son and daughter. He sat in a high chair at the head of his table, and offered his hospitality with dignity, but sometimes after dinner, his wife, who was a woman of ordinary height, would lift him up bodily and set him on the mantel. He knew all the American painters who had studied at Düsseldorf, such as Worthington Whittredge, Eastman Johnson, and Ehninger, and was much interested in all that concerned the United States.

Of course any one having to do with the purchase of pictures must know the London market, and though before our present fashion for English works of the earlier school not many pictures by British artists were bought by American amateurs, and though scarcely any by the Englishmen of to-day are brought over, there are some notable exceptions. Mr. Avery, for instance, gave Sir John Millais a commission for Mr. Vanderbilt. The picture he painted was «Lucia di Lammermoor and Edgar,» and the artist made it a condition of the order that the engraver should keep the canvas two years. It was delivered by the engraver at the end of that period, and Mr. Avery wrote to Sir John that he should like to show it to him, so that he might see if it was in perfect condition before its departure for New York. He found Millais working on portraits of Gladstone and Carlyle, and the talk turned on the traits of the two men. It appeared that Mr. Gladstone asked questions, and evinced a desire to learn about painting from the artist's point of view, and showed deference to his opinions. Carlyle, on the other hand, was very dogmatic, gave his opinions as final, thought there could be no question as to their validity, and also proved to be such an impatient sitter that the portrait had to be abandoned.

Millais, Holman Hunt, Nicol, and Seymour Haden are among the English names in the album, and that of George Cruikshank also



Presented to Mrs Sam'l. P. Avery by the Artist
George Cruikshank - on his 84th birth day Sept'r
27 - 1876.

appears. But Mr. Avery has a unique souvenir from the hand of the famous artist of «Punch,» in the form of a business card which the latter etched for him. Cruikshank made the plate when he was eighty-one years of age, and presented the original drawing to Mrs. Avery on his eighty-fourth birthday. The old gentleman remarked that he could make such a card for a dealer in New York, but it would never do to perform the same service for one in London. I doubt, though, whether any London dealer has had such unique and pleasant experiences with the painters from whom he bought pictures, and so perhaps none would have been entitled to so great a favor.

William A. Coffin.

SLEEP AND GRIEF.

AH, if oblivion of sleep would last
Through one short hour of wakefulness, that so
The heart might rest a little while and know
That it was resting! But, however fast

We may awaken, pain has still the start,
And sits beside the bed, and overhangs
The opening eyes, that it may sink its fangs
In the first stirring of the tortured heart!

Charles Buxton Going.

DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

THE MOTT STREET BARRACKS.

The rear buildings on the right have been condemned by the Board of Health under the Tenement House Laws of 1895. The death-rate from 1890–1895, inclusive, was 45.87.

LIGHT IN DARK PLACES.

A STUDY OF THE BETTER NEW YORK.

By the author of «How the Other Half Lives,» «The Children of the Poor,» etc.

[NOTHING could be more in the spirit of the Christmas season than the story of the light that has come into the dark places of the metropolis of the New World through wise legislation and firm execution of the laws, nor could any one more appropriate be selected for the telling of the story than the hard-working daily journalist who has for so many years been a part of almost every important judicious and statesmanlike effort for the amelioration of the condition of the masses of the people of New York. A large portion of the legislative reforms of which he speaks have been merely the endorsement of the words «*Be it enacted*» upon the hopes of good and earnest men like Jacob A. Riis. The successful philanthropic career of Mr. Riis is indeed an exemplary object lesson, for he is not among those who let their sympathies and emotions run away with their judgment; he has worked for practicable and just measures of improvement, with «a warm heart and a cool head.»—EDITOR.]

ONE summer night, ten or a dozen years ago, there was stir and excitement on the East Side. For the first time in its experience, except when ordered by Jupiter Pluvius, whose work was not thorough, Hester street was to have a bath. The newspapers had heralded it, the public had discussed it and laughed at it a little. Everybody agreed that it was time, for the offense of Hester street was rank indeed; but few believed that it would do much good. Good or bad, it was something new, and the East Side turned out, as to a circus parade, to see New York's dirtiest street washed.

The fire-engines were turned into it, with men and hose, and the water was turned on in every hydrant. All night they pumped and squirmed, and Hester street became a black and rushing river, with mud-geysers at every corner, as the culverts were clogged with the black deposits scratched semi-occasionally for years by ineffectual brooms. The dwellers in the old tenements along the market highway of Jewtown looked on in awe and wonder; landlords whose cellars shared in the superabundance of the strange element wailed and wrung their hands; and the curious crowds hooted and ran before the advancing flood. When at length it was over, the last engine uncoupled and gone, and the morning sun shone upon the rough pavement, long hidden from the sight of man, the sneers of the scoffers were seen to be justified. The scrubbing had improved the top, but it needed to go deeper; more drastic measures were needed to cleanse this Augean stable. The experiment, I believe, was not repeated.

The recollection of that night came back to me as I sat at my office window in Mulberry street, on one of the hot evenings of last August, and saw the block invaded by firemen bent on their merciful mission of cooling the tenement streets—where death stalked early and late in that terrible week—by washing down the pavements. They were preceded by bands of noisy youngsters, stripped to the shirt, who jumped and reveled in the streaming gutters, and came out clean, tumbling over one another with shouts of laughter, while their elders, perched on door-step and curb, cheered them on. And when the noisy procession had moved into the next street, expected and received there by fresh bands of revelers awaiting their chance for a good washing-up, the smooth roadway was already coming out clean and dry as any floor, and in the air, but now so heavy and hot, there was a fresh breath, as if a breeze from the sea, slumbering out beyond the sands, had passed that way. The girls of the block were forming for a dance. And in the attuning of Mulberry street to the better day I measured the span between then and now—a span of asphalt pavements and of unpolitical street-sweeping.

The experience of New York that it pays to provide decently paved streets for the poor tenant whose children have heretofore had no other playground, and to put a man, instead of a «voter,» behind every broom, must rank among the great discoveries in local

DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

BONE ALLEY.

To be removed to make way for a new East Side small park, under the Tenement House Laws of 1895.

municipal affairs of the last decade. That it was a part of the business of the community to see to it that its masses were properly housed, had impressed itself earlier upon its consciousness by dint of much argument and the persuasion of disastrous epidemics, for which its overcrowded rookeries were justly held to blame, and nail after nail had been driven into the structure of tenement-house law, erected to neutralize as far as might be the mischief which could never be wholly undone; but it is only within a year that they have been clinched by the enactment of a law permitting the seizure and demolition of unsanitary property as a menace to the public, and the determination of the Health Board to enforce it to the letter. Thus all the most important steps which have contributed to the making over, as it were, of the metropolis on the eve of its throwing off provincial fetters, and becoming in truth the Greater and Better New York of the twentieth century, fall within the half-score years since it first undertook, in the face of much ridicule, to wash its dirtiest street.

I do not think that, as a class, New-Yorkers have taken a just pride in their city in the past, and I am sure they have thereby lost something well worth having. Perhaps, in a measure, this failure can be laid at the door of the official corruption that has disgraced it; perhaps in even a larger sense the failure is to blame for the corruption. Let that pass. I have seen some of the world's great cities, some of them famed for their beauty, and this I know, that I have come back each time more impressed with the conviction that there is none of them that can compare with New York in point of natural advantages and real attractiveness. When, two or three years ago, I had returned from a summer spent in northern Europe, I used to go every day for a month from my office in Mulberry street over to the corner of Broadway and Houston street, on purpose to look up and down Broadway, and get the view of that royal thoroughfare, to Grace Church on the north, with every detail of its beautiful gray spire standing forth clear and distinct in the sparkling October air, and south two full miles to the tall buildings about Bowling Green. I did not tire of admiring the brilliancy of the atmosphere, which seemed little less than a revelation after the heavy sultriness of London's streets, or Hamburg's, or Copenhagen's. I have never seen such sunsets on sea or land as are to be had any fine summer evening from the rear end of an East River ferry-boat, with the towers and roofs of the city, clear in outline and color, without the smudge of Chicago or London or Cincinnati, against a background of orange and pink and purple, blending in warm and changing tints as the sun sinks deeper behind the Palisades. And where is there a view like that of our matchless harbor, sailing up through the Narrows on a bright morning? The vaunted waterways of foreign ports become tame beside this majestic stream, in which the navies of the world might lie at anchor, with elbow-room and to spare. The picture is not without its reverse, of course,—where is there one that has none?—and it may be that in our new eagerness to render it tolerable we have not given ourselves time sufficiently to admire that which is really admirable. If so, we have at least the knowledge to comfort us that the effort has borne fruit. The Better New York is already a creditable and gratifying fact.

Go back the span of a man's life. Charles Dickens had come and gone, and the smart of his strictures lingered yet. How well deserved they were only those who have delved in the musty legislative records of forty and fifty years ago can know. «There are annually cut off from the population by disease and death enough human beings to people a city, and enough human labor to sustain it,» reported a Senate committee sent down to find out what ailed New York. The death-rate had risen, under the fearful crowding and uncleanliness of the tenements, from one in 41.83 in 1815 to one in 27.33 in 1855, a year when no unusual epidemic afflicted the city. The Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor printed in its annual report: «Crazy old buildings crowded with rear tenements in filthy yards, dark, damp basements, leaking garrets, shops, outhouses and stables converted into dwellings, though scarcely fit to shelter brutes, are habitations of thousands of our fellow-beings in this wealthy Christian city.» The city, says its historian, Mrs. Martha Lamb, «was a general asylum for vagrants.» The Health Department was not yet organized. It is thirty years since it began its campaign of education. In very truth it was that, and the beginning had to be made with the a-b-c. One of its ordinances of that first winter of 1867 prohibited owners of swine from letting them forage in the streets. Up to that time they had roamed unmolested. As late as 1879,—only seventeen years ago,—official reports, read in the churches, sought to trace the cause of the juvenile crime that was rampant to the wretched tenement homes of children brought up in «an atmosphere of actual darkness, moral and physical»; and

one of the famous physicians of the day, speaking of the heavy infant mortality, exclaimed indignantly that if one could only see the air breathed by these unfortunates in their tenements, «it would show itself to be fouler than the mud of the gutters.» Those were the days when slums like Mulberry Bend and Gotham Court, worse in degree but not in kind than Bone Alley and the Mott street barracks in the picture, flourished practically unchecked, though they figured in the health-reports with reason as «dens of death.» The time had not yet come when they could be dealt with as their record warranted. The rights of property were yet held superior to the life of the community, and the battle of reform had to be fought warily against heavy odds of prejudice and indifference, lest the labor of years be upset in a day by legislatures and courts, which had yet to be brought into line with the new way of thinking. The slum landlord's day was not yet at an end.

But the appeal to the public conscience told at last. With that attack in the churches, which had not been without blame, the new era began. That year a public competition evolved the present type of tenement, far from perfect, but an immense improvement upon the wicked old barracks. The sanitary reformers got the upper hand, and their work told. The death-rate came down slowly. It is to-day, at the end of thirty years, quite twenty-five per cent. lower than it was when the Health Department was organized, and New York has been redeemed from a reproach for which there was no excuse, for no city in the world has such natural opportunities for good sanitation. The immense stride it has taken was measured by the mortality during the unprecedented hot spell of last summer. It was never so great, as, indeed, there never was an emergency like it since records were kept. During the ten days it lasted the heat craved many more victims than the last cholera epidemic during its whole season. Yet, beyond those killed by the direct effects of the sun, the mortality was singularly low; the infant mortality—ever the finger that points unerringly to the sore spots in a community, if any there be—was so noticeably low as to cause a feeling almost of exultation among the sanitary officials. And it was shown, by comparison with earlier hot spells, that the population yielded more slowly to the heat. Where it had taken two or three days to reach the climax of sunstroke, it now took five. The people, better housed, better fed, and breathing clean air in clean streets, had acquired a power of resistance to which the past had no parallel. The sanitarians had proved their case.

With what toil and infinite patience only those who stood near watching the fight can know. Often they were accused of faint-heartedness, charged by men hot for results with indifference, even with treachery. They might have been at times over-cautious, but they gained their end. It took them twenty long years to persuade the ash-bins and barrels that befouled street and landscape to come off the sidewalk out of sight, while Colonel Waring cleared the streets of trucks in a week, riding rough-shod over the supposed rights of a thousand truckmen, and Mayor Grant made an end of the disfiguring telegraph-poles—in the teeth of the experts' declaration that it could not be done—by a curt command. It seems incredible to-day, hardly a year after the great street-sweeper wrought his monumental reform, that there were times when the firemen could not get at burning buildings because of the trucks with which the streets were barricaded at night. Yet I have known personally more than one such instance. It is to be remembered, however, in making such comparisons, that but for the slower methods of the health-officers in the days when every step was a lesson to be learned by a half-hostile community, those later iconoclasts might not have commanded to such purpose. Public opinion had first to be made. Sanitary methods of to-day are not slow. They are quite up to the mark.

The point of submitting New York's case to a jury was reached a dozen years ago. The judgment of the first Tenement-House Commission (1884)—two thirds of the people of the metropolis by this time lived in tenements—was reversed to some extent by the landlord, the courts, and the legislature, though it was far from intemperate; but for all that its work set the community a long step ahead. By the time the laws recommended by the latest commission were enacted the change wrought in public sentiment was complete. The earlier commission had suggested the opening of a street through the worst tenement block in the city as a means of letting the air and the sunlight into it. The legislature amended this by condemning the whole block as unfit to stand. The second Commission (1894) unhesitatingly demanded the seizure of enough property to make at least two small parks in the thickest crowd on the East Side, without reference to the character of the property, as but scant and tardy justice to

the poor tenant; and it put on the statute-book the declaration that a house unfit to live in was a threat to the community, and that as such the community had a right to destroy it in self-defense. All the power of the landlord was exerted against it in vain. While I am writing this he is making his last stand in the courts against what he loudly bewails as robbery, forgetting that, if the case of unfitness is fairly made out, it was he who all along was the despoiler, alike of his tenant and of his city's fair fame. The Board of Health has seized, for condemnation, a hundred of the worst rear tenements, which the Commission denounced as veritable infant slaughter-houses, and the end of the slum is in sight.

For upon the road which New York has been treading this half-score years there is at last no turning back. The streets evacuated by the trucks have been occupied by the children, the truckman's with the rest, for the want of better playgrounds, and the truckman has abandoned the fight; and where they crowd thickest, playgrounds of their own are being fitted up for them in school and park. «Hereafter no school-house shall be constructed in the city of New York without an open playground attached to or used in connection with the same,» says one of the briefest but most beneficent laws ever enacted by the people of the State of New York. It is all there is of it, but it stands for a good deal. No child of New York, poor or rich, shall hereafter be despoiled of his birthright —a chance to play; and as for the streets, does any one imagine that New-Yorkers will ever be persuaded to barter away their clean and noiseless pavements and pure air for the whirling dust-clouds, the summer stenches, and the winter sloughs of old, seasoned with no matter what mess of political pottage? If so, he is grievously mistaken. Colonel Waring has shown us that the streets of New York can be cleaned, and any future city government, no matter how corrupt or despotic, will have to reckon with him. And right well the enemy knows it: he may not refrain from picking our pockets in future, but he will at least have to do it with due regard to the decencies of life.

Mulberry Bend is gone, and in its place have come grass and flowers and sunshine. Across the Bowery, where 324,000 human beings were shown to live out of sight and reach of a green spot, four of the most crowded blocks have been seized for demolition, to make room for the two small parks demanded by the Tenement-House Commission. Bone Alley, redolent of filth and squalor and wretchedness, is to go, and the children of that teeming neighborhood are to have a veritable little Coney Island, with sand-hills and shells, established at their very doors. Who can doubt the influence it will have upon young lives heretofore framed in gutters? I question whether the greatest wrong done the children of the poor in the past has not been the esthetic starvation of their lives rather than the physical injury. Against the latter provision has been made by stringent tenement-house laws, by the vigorous warfare upon child-labor, by the extension of the law's protection to stores as to factories, and by the restriction of the sweat-shop evil. In the park to be laid out by the Schiff fountain, in the shadow of the Hebrew Institute,—one of the noblest of charities,—a great public bath is to rise upon the site of the present rookeries, harbinger of others to come. All about, new school-houses are going up, on a plan of structural perfection and architectural excellence at which earlier school-boards would have stood aghast. The first battle for the schools has been fought and won, and though there be campaigning ahead without stint on that score, the day is in sight when every child who asks shall find a seat provided for him in the public school, and when that scandal of the age, the mixing of truants and thieves in a jail, shall have finally ceased, even as it is now forbidden by law.

The Mott street barracks are on their last legs. The rear houses were cleared by order of the Board of Health last June, and even the saloon-keeper who collected the rents admitted to me, when it was well over, that it was a good thing. These tenements were among the first to be seized under the sanitary expropriation law. They were nearly the worst in the city, and hopeless from structural defects. The rift between the front and rear buildings—it hardly deserves the name of gap—is just six feet ten inches wide. Through it came whatever of sunlight and air reached the rear houses, for they backed up against the rear tenements on Elizabeth street, so that one could put his hand through the dark little windows on the stairs, and touch the wall of the neighbor's house, hardly a foot away. The rent rose as one went up, instead of the reverse, for the good reason that there was some air at the top, while down at the bottom there was none, nor light either. In this rookery lived 360 tenants, all Italians except two families, when the police census of 1888 was taken. Forty of them

were babies. The infant death-rate of the barracks that year was 325 per thousand; that is to say, nearly one third of the forty babies died. The general infant death-rate for the whole tenement-house population that year was 88.38. By 1891, by persistent nagging, the number of tenants had been reduced to 238,—the barracks were directly under the windows of the Health Board, and gave the officials much concern by their open defiance of health laws,—but there were more babies than ever. That year the infant death-rate in the barracks was 106.38; in the whole tenement population, 86.67. In the interval of four years, fifty-one funerals had gone out from the barracks, thirty-five of them with white hearses. The old houses had been touched up with much paint and whitewash and a gorgeous tin cornice with the year 1890 in raised letters a foot long, and had changed owners; but it was all of no avail. The same summer that saw a conference of experts and philanthropists gathered in New York to discuss better means of housing the propertyless masses, and saw plans evolved that look toward grappling with the whole problem in a humane and liberal spirit, witnessed also the seizure of the barracks as typical of the worst devised by a heedless past. It was as it should be. The tenant was having his innings at last. The undertaker had had his, and made the most of it.

With the stale-beer dives gone, the police-station lodging-rooms, awful parody on municipal charity, closed for good and all,[1] and the tramp on the run; with the almshouse successfully divorced from the jail at last, poverty from crime on the official register; with the new gospel of enforcement of law preached in high places, our youth taught that laws are not made only to be broken when their restraint is felt, their elders drilled in Jefferson's lesson that «the whole art of government consists in the art of being honest» until they grasp its meaning fully; and with the business of city government slipping slowly but surely out of the grasp of politics in this groove, the Better New York is coming—has come—to stay, we may hope, for all time.

Has anything been lost in the change—anything of picturesqueness, of originality? Nothing that was worth the keeping. New World poverty is not often picturesque. It lacks the leisurely setting, the historic background. Starvation by steam is not popular. Tenement-house squalor never had other interest than the human one, demanding instant remedy in action. The tragedy of life is as eloquent in rags as in silk, but the rags are not indispensable. A patch here and there will do no harm. The poor we shall have with us still, even though we improve their homes, and with them their chances. Nothing has been lost, but something has been gained besides this. So much thought and effort has not been bestowed upon improving the part of the community that could not help itself without reacting upon the part that could. The gentler feelings have appealed to the gentler arts, and, it may be, have been wrought upon in their turn. The esthetic has blossomed on the avenue, as philanthropy delved, ever more determined, in the slums. Better architectural ideals obtain. Up-town the hideous monotony of the all-pervading brownstone high-stoop residence of our fathers is being relieved by graystone and granite, with individuality in the design, by peaked roofs, even by tiles. An organization of citizens, among whom is counted the Mayor of New York, is formed in a night to plant shade-trees in our home streets, the while the reformer down-town is busy letting light into dark halls, and finding ways and means of diverting the surplus from the congested districts to homes in the country lanes of the Greater New York. Our public gardens blossom forth season after season with a wealth of color and of fragrance unsurpassed, and into the tall unsightliness of some of the tower-like structures that have shot up in their sky-scraping ambition all over town, there is coming, here and there, hint of character and design. Even the twenty-five-foot lot has found its mission; the nightmare of earlier architects has become the opportunity of their successors.

So moves the world. The task is not finished, the transformation not yet complete. But much has been done—so well done that no New-Yorker of to-day need hang his head for his home city, but may hold it up proudly, and proclaim, with Saul of Tarsus, that he is indeed «a citizen of no mean city.»

Jacob A. Riis.

[1] The introduction of the beer-pump into general use contemporaneously with the downfall of Mulberry Bend, closed the dives by depriving them of their stock in trade—the dregs left in the kegs by the old way of tapping them. The Police Board closed the lodging-rooms. There was not much choice between them. What there was, was rather in favor of the dives.

BREAKING HIS OWN WILL.

WITH PICTURES BY MAUDE COWLES.

'LL tell ye how it was about Uncle Eliphelet Wilkerson's comin' back from the dead. In my opinion, he did it purpose to disapp'int them as 'lotted on his bein' laid by fer good, and out o' their way. Seems it wa'n't enough fer him to be dictatin' to folks whilst he was livin', but he must have a hand in 't after he was dead and buried.»

The speaker, a well-preserved woman of seventy, sat knitting and talking with the garrulity of age to a pretty grandniece, who, with the sweet wiles of youth, was drawing from her the story of her life.

«He outlived all his folks, Uncle 'Liphe' did; in my opinion, he wore 'em all out. I 've took notice that cross-tempered folks is sure to live long ag'in as them as is wanted in this world. Then ag'in, Uncle 'Liphe' drawed a pension from the war o' 1812, and drawin' a pension tends towards long livin', so I 've heard folks say. Them two things kep' Uncle 'Liphe' a-livin' along and tormentin' folks long past his time, spite o' the fact that he was always complainin' and swallerin' doctor's stuff enough to kill any two peaceable-disposed men if they was any sech stren'th in it as them doctors would have you believe.

«When he was upwards of seventy-five, and the last o' his folks died and lef' him alone, he come over to see me, and wanted I should come and live weth him. I was livin' alone, the same 's him. 'S I was upwards of forty, they was them as took it upon 'em to call me an ol' maid, and speak o' me as ‹the ol' Markam girl,› and all this 'n' that. They don't no one like havin' sech remarks passed about 'em, least of all them as had chances in their time as well as the next one, and more so 'n some that has got married and made a poor job on 't into the bargain. It worked me considerable, fer I was well-appearin', if I do say it, and smart to work, and they was them that would 'a' jumped at the chance o' gittin' me yit if I 'd be'n willin' to take up weth sech as they was—widowers weth strings o' young ones, ol' men that was lookin' to be nursed, and them o' my own age that did n't have no objections to a comfortable home and a likely woman to do fer 'em while they took life easy. But I made up my mind I 'd ruther be ‹the ol' Markam girl› all my days, much as it went ag'inst my feelin's, than take up weth any o' that stripe. Fact o' the business is, I 'd been disapp'inted when I was a young woman, and the man I was disapp'inted in was one of the pick, tall, well-appearin', pleasant-spoken, and mild-mannered as you could wish to see in a man, though he was one that could speak up fast enough if they was any call fer it. My feelin's was sot on him when I was a young woman and he was comin' to see me constant, and carryin' on me round, and settin' up weth me nights. But they was more 'n one young feller a-follerin' on me up in them days, and it ruther turned my head, there bein' so many on 'em to pick and choose amongst. So I begun a-makin' 's if I did n't care nothin' fer him, purpose to hector him, though all the time I was sot on havin' him, and had n't no more idee o' throwin' on him over 'n the end than you have o' goin' without your nex' meal o' victuals. Well, I got rightly punished fer my presumption, fer one evenin' when I 'd been a-carryin' on, as I made a practice o' doin' them times, purpose to try him, he took up his hat and left, and never come inside the house ag'in. Them was tough times fer me along fer a spell, I can tell ye. The more he tried to make it appear that he did n't want me nohow, the more fierce I was to git him back, though I was at a loss to know how to bring it about. But he was put out weth me, and he begun a-makin' up to Melviny Slocum that he liked nex' to me, and in the course of a couple o' months they was married. When it first come to my ears that he was promised to another, seemed like something begun a-pullin' and a-tearin' on my heart-strings. But I was bound I 'd keep up appearances, come what would, fer I could n't bear the idee o' him and Melviny gittin' wind o' my feelin's, so I carried my head high when I was out among folks, spite o' the fact that all the time my heart was a-gnawin' and a-achin' fit to break in two; and when it come night, and they wa'n't no one round, I took on dreadful. Then was when I took up tailorin' to sort o' take my mind off. I put sights o' hard feelin's into them stitches, but I calc'late that was better than carryin' on 'em around weth me.

«Well, it run along, and in the course o'

time I got hardened, as folks does in this world, let it be what it may. But I had n't no stomic' nohow fer any o' the young fellers that kep' on a-makin' up to me, and I used 'em so hard that they soon fell off. It run along very dull till the widowers and ol' men sot in. They had an eye out fer stiddiness, which the young fellers don't trouble their heads about. But they could n't none on 'em hold a candle to him as I 'd been disapp'inted in havin', or so it seemed to me. In the course o' time I was forced to live alone, which I had n't calc'lated on, pa and ma bein' dead, and the boys married and gone. Well, it got so 't seemed like I could 'a' put up weth 'most anythin' in the shape of a human critter that would pass a few words weth me evenin's, when the wind was whistlin' and the clock tickin' fit to drive you ravin' distracted. So it come about that I listened to what Uncle 'Liphe' said to me about comin' to live weth him. He talked fair, Uncle 'Liphe' did; he said he 'd keep a hired girl, and he 'd find my clothin', and he 'd leave me the farm when he died. When folks is a-livin' along peaceful they 're ginerally possessed to think they can better themselves, and so it was weth me. I knowed 'Liphelet Wilkerson, if he was my uncle, was as disagreeable a' old critter as could be found far and near. I 've heard tell his wife, when she was livin', used to make a practice o' goin' round cryin' weth her ol' sunbunnet drawed down over her face a good share of the time, on account o' the remarks he passed upon her; but she was a poor-sperited woman, and I had n't no idee o' breakin' my heart over what no man said to me, least of all Uncle 'Liphe'. So I packed up my things and went over there, thinkin' 't would be fine havin' nothin' to do, and how I 'd be sot up fer life when the ol' man died and lef' me the place, which was big and sightly, and well pervided weth all the furniture and beddin' heart could wish fer.

« If I was to undertake to tell ye all I went through weth that man, I could n't bring to mind the half on 't. Fer dictatin' they wa'n't his equal, and fer hectorin' on ye, day in and day out, I never see the beat. Fault-findin' wa'n't no name fer it; if he was put out, he 'd yell at ye like some wild critter, and I never see sech another hen-hussy in all my born days. They wa'n't a kittle put onto the stove but what he must stick his nose in 't. But what worked me worst of all was the way he 'd turn around when they was company come to the house, and be so smooth-spoken as to hold out the idee he wa'n't never no other way.

« Many 's the day I 've wished m'self back in my little house a-hummin' to m'self over my tailorin', weth no one to come in and find fault weth me. But I kep' a-puttin' up weth it from day to day and from year to year, best way I could, plannin' how I 'd come into the property some o' these days, and that would pay me some fer what I 'd be'n through. I did n't git no pay no other way, fer he was close-fisted, Uncle 'Liphe' was, along with all the rest, and never a cent did I git fer my clothin', so that I had to dip into my savin's to look decent. His bein' plain-spoken saved him more 'n one penny, fer some did n't like to ask him fer what was their due. Then ag'in, there was the girl. She was a trial to me from the start, fer she wa'n't neat about the work, and he made much of her, purpose to torment me, or so I suppose. One o' his notions was that folks was born equal, which is true enough, only it ain't no reason why they should be fools, and he would n't set down to table till that girl got done bakin' pancakes. If they 's any one thing I do hate above another, it 's soggy pancakes, and I wa'n't never one to stan' at bakin' on 'em m'self fer others to eat. But he took it in his head I was puttin' upon the girl, because I wanted she should bake the cakes while we was to breakfast. Sech works sot her up till they wa'n't no livin' weth her, so I let her go, and told him I 'd do the work m'self if he 'd pay me fer it, same as he did her. Well, he did n't stan' up no more while the pancakes was bakin', and it run along a spell, and then he give me to understan' that I 'd git my pay if I got the place when he died. I did n't care to have no words weth him, and I did n't really want nothin' should fall to me without deservin' on 't, so I did n't say no more, but went on a-dippin' into my savin's that I 'd laid up ag'inst my old age. But the tryin'est thing of all was a way he had o' throwin' on 't up to me constant that I was a disapp'inted woman. No woman likes to have the name o' bein' disapp'inted. It makes you feel fer all the world like a piece o' caliker that keeps a-gittin' cheaper, because it 's so humbly they don't no one want it. It come hard, but that was Uncle 'Liphe' all over. If they was a sore spot in you anywhere, he was sure to spy it out and keep a-pokin' at it everlastin'.

« Fer years I had n't see' but little of him— him I mean that it always has and always will seem to me was out o' the common run. We passed the time o' day now and ag'in, but nothin' more, and I had an idee all the time that he thought light on me fer triflin' weth

him when we was young together. Melviny she had died long before that; she had n't no constitootion, poor thing, and he never married ag'in. I did n't never hear how he took it, losin' on her, nor how it was weth him, only sech things 's he 'd took a lumber job, and he 'd paid off the mortgage on his farm, and he 'd gone North as a delegate to the convention, and sech as that, which wa'n't no noos sech as my heart wished to hear. But I heard his name spoke more 'n I wanted, fer Uncle 'Liphe' owed him a spite fer plain speakin'; Uncle 'Liphe' always calc'lated to do all the plain-speakin' himself, and he never let pass a chance to say an ill word on him, if 't was a possible thing.

«You must know Uncle 'Liphe' made a practice o' goin' about a good deal, which was a mercy fer me, fer it give me some rest, spite o' the fact that I was always a-dreadin' his comin' back. He would n't hear nothin' to havin' no one to drive fer him, fer he did n't want it to appear he was too old fer sech things; if they was one thing he hated above another, it was to be took fer an old man. His horse was old, 'most as old according as he was, and she was the hatefullest old mare I ever laid eyes on. Seemed like she 'd lived weth him so long she 'd ketched it of him. She wa'n't afraid of the cars, nor steam-mills, nor thrashin'-machines, nor nothin' that sensible critters nat'rally dislikes; but once in a while, when you 'd made out to forgit her capers, she ups and scares at some little fool stone or stump, and whirls around in the road, all you could do and say. Well, it come about one time that she dumped Uncle 'Liphe' out, and then she stood lookin' at him, 's much as to say, ‹Well, I 've shook your cussin' old breath out 'n ye this time,› which she had done, and no mistake. They picked him up and fetched him home, and he got over it after a spell o' groanin' and complainin'; fer, 's luck would have it, they wa'n't none o' his bones broke. Folks told Uncle 'Liphe' he had n't never ought to ride behind that air horse ag'in, but he did n't pay no heed to what any one had to offer about the old mare, though he was far from wishin' to die—he loved to torment folks too well fer that; and the upshot was, he wanted I should drive him. I told him to git the hired man to do it, but he would n't hear to that; he wanted he should be a-workin', and he made it appear to me, 's he often did, that it was to my interest to be savin', fer it would all come to me when he died. He stuck and hung till I give in and went weth him, and I 'm free to say I never enjoyed ridin' less, that I can call to mind. The old mare she conducted herself very good fer a spell, till she thought I 'd forgot her capers. Then one day she give a jump and begun to whirl round. Well, I was lookin' out fer her, and I hauled on t' other line 's hard 's I could, layin' the whip onto her all the time. But it did n't do no good; she was a-turnin' the wagon over in spite of me, when I see a man comin' from t' other way, and I hollered to him to come 'n' help. 'T wa'n't more 'n a second before he had hold o' that possessed old animal's head, and we was saved from bein' spilled out. Well, what must Uncle 'Liphe' do, but inst'id of returnin' thanks, he begun a-jawin' at me.

«‹You ol' fool!› sez he, or words to that effect; ‹you don't know no more about drivin' than you do about anythin' else,› sez he; ‹fer stoopidness I never see your beat,› sez he; and more o' the same sort, fer he would n't never have it his horse was to blame.

«I could 'a' gone through the floor, or the ground, fer there wa'n't no floor there; fer I see by now that the man that had stopped the horse was Hiram Hardin', him that I 've be'n a-tellin' on ye I was disapp'inted in havin' years ago. But Hiram spoke up very sudden, he did, and he sez, sez he:

«‹Who be you usin' them words to, Mr. Wilkerson?› sez he.

«‹I 'm a-talkin' to Mari',› sez Uncle 'Liphe', very spiteful; ‹they ain't no sense in a woman o' her years bein' so all-fired useless,› sez he, knowin' them words would mortify me 's much 's any, and meanin' they should.

«‹You hain't no call to hold sech language about Mari',› Hiram makes answer; ‹and you know well enough you hain't. If she wa'n't better disposed than the most o' folks, she would n't 'a' put up weth you 's long 's she has.›

«Well, Uncle 'Liphe' shut up his head that time, fer he did n't never calc'late to show out before folks. As fer me, them words o' Hiram's drawed the tears to my eyes. I never had no patience weth poor-sperited women that could n't bear up under nothin' wethout sheddin' tears, and I wa'n't never one to go around cryin' under no old sunbunnet after I 'd be'n misused, but I wa'n't hardened to kindness. When he come up and inquired very anxious whether I was hurt, I made out to put a bold face on 't, and smiled whilst I said ‹No,› though the water was a-standin' in my eyes all the time.

«Strange to say, after that I was jest as bad as any young fool. My thoughts was sot on Hiram, night and day, same as they used to be when I was a young woman, in place o'

bein' on the cookin' and the bakin' and the apple-dryin' and the soap-b'ilin', which would 'a' be'n more becomin' in one o' my years. I've took notice that folks that is gittin' on in life sets a sight by them as was dear to 'em when they was young, same as they like victuals the way their mother cooked 'em. I think, like enough, they was other men to be found jest as good and better 'n Hiram Hardin'; but Hi' was, and always has be'n, the only man fer me far and near.

«It stood to nater 't that tormentin' ol' man should git it into his head they was somethin' up weth me, and he brought me up sharp fer forgittin', which I did, I 'm bound to say, beyond everything. Betwix' him and my feelin's, which wa'n't at rest, I was all wore out, and come near leavin' on him more than once, and would certain if it had n't 'a' be'n fer my havin' dipped into my savin's, and worked so long fer him wethout nothin' to show fer it, that I thought I best stick it out and git my pay out o' what Uncle 'Liphe' lef' me in his will, which he was free in his promises of when I talked o' leavin'. Though he used me so hard, Uncle 'Liphe' could n't bear the thoughts o' my goin', fer he had n't no other near relations, wethout it was Obidiar Woodbury. Obidiar was his cousin, and Obidiar's wife was always a-schemin' and a-contrivin' to git the ol' man's property wethout bein' forced to do fer the disagreeable old critter herself, which was a job no one courted. Obidiar's wife was a cur'us woman as I ever see. She would patch and darn underclothin' till it was a shame to behold, but when she took a notion to have a silk dress or gold-bowed spec's, she 'd dip in and have the best they was goin'. She made a practice o' puttin' on the worst she had when she come over to see Uncle 'Liphe', purpose to hold out the idee that they was needy; and she 'd go on, she would, about how contrivin' and savin' she was forced to be, and all this and that, to work upon the ol' man's feelin's, if he ever had any, which I have my doubts on. Them was tryin' days fer me, when Obidiar's wife come over, fer I can't abide sech schemin' folks nohow. She 'd set and talk to the ol' man dreadful feelin' about his complaints, which he had more on than I can bring to mind; and she 'd flatter him up, she would, till it would turn your stomic' listenin' to her. Sometimes she 'd bring him presents, but I took notice they was always somethin' that did n't cost her nothin', like a flowered cup and saucer which was give' away weth a pound o' tea at the store to town. Uncle 'Liphe' was smooth-spoken when she was there, as he made a practice o' bein' when they was visitors in the house; but when she was well out o' sight he run on about her dreadful.

«Like enough, I 'd got over dwellin' on the thoughts o' Hiram Hardin' if it had n't 'a' be'n, long about this time, he took to droppin' in now and ag'in to pass the time o' day weth Uncle 'Liphe'. That ol' man could n't bear the thoughts on him, and yit he 'd set and talk to him about the crops and politics and his ailments, which wa'n't off'n his mind long at a time. Fact o' the business was, Uncle 'Liphe', fer all he was so mean-actin', sensed enough to want folks should think well on him; and like enough it was because it come so hard fer him to be agreeable to them as did n't live weth him that made him so waspish to home. 'S I said, Hiram kep' a-comin' now and ag'in, and the sight on him, weth his smilin' eyes, and the kind words he let drop, sot me a-thinkin' and a-feelin' more 'n was becomin', mebbe. They did n't nothin' escape Uncle 'Liphe's notice, and he hectored me about Hiram till I did n't know which way to turn. At the same time I did n't have no idee Hiram had any intentions in comin'. I was dreadful careful not to let on what was a-goin' on in my mind; but knowin' Uncle 'Liphe', I kep' a-frettin' lest he should say somethin' that would bring me out, fer I do think the meanest thing entirely is fer a woman to be throwed at a man when she ain't be'n asked fer.

«Well, sure enough, it turned out jest as I 'spected. Whether it was that the ol' man got tired of havin' Hiram comin' there, or whether it was that he was afraid of his gittin' me away, I never could rightly make out; but one evenin' when Hiram was there he sot out to show out. He found fault about the weather; he found fault about politics, which was always in the wrong, accordin' to his tell; and he found fault weth me, whichever way I turned. I could n't set nor stand but what he wa'n't suited. Hiram he tried to turn him off, but they wa'n't no turnin' Uncle 'Liphe'; come what would, he 'd have his say out. He run out ag'inst one thing and another, and purty soon he begun a-complainin' how sick he was, and how he was handled when he had his spells, and how he did n't have no one to care fer him as he had ought to be cared fer, and all this 'n' that.

«‹Folks tells me,› sez he, ‹I had ought to be thankful to have Mari' to do fer me. I don't know how it 's come, but the idee 's got around that Mari' 's smart to work, when the

DRAWN BY MAUDE COWLES.

«‹I CAN'T ABIDE SUCH SCHEMIN' FOLKS NOHOW.›»

fact o' the business is, she ain't no housekeeper, and never was.›

«‹They 's some as would be dreadful glad to git her to keep house for 'em if you 're tired on her yourself,› sez Hiram, a-lookin' at me in his smilin' way. Weth that the tears come to my eyes, which was a way I had when folks made much on me. You could n't make me give no sign, jawin' at me; but give me a kind word and I could n't control my feelin's nohow. Uncle 'Liphe' wa'n't long in bringin' me to my senses, though; fer he spoke up, he did, and he sez, sez he:

«‹If it 's you that 's a-wantin' on her, she 'll go fast enough; fer it 's well known she 's be'n a-pinin' fer you this twenty year, ever sence the time you give her the go-by when she was a girl.›

«Well, I flared up when I heard that. I said they wa'n't a word o' truth in what he said—which I could say honest, fer pinin' wa'n't my style, whatever my feelin's might be. Hiram he looked at me ruther sudden, he did, and I thought he took note how red I was in the face, and he sez to me, sez he:

«‹Mr. Wilkerson's a-jokin' on ye, Mari',› sez he; ‹that 's his way.›

«‹His hard words I can stan',› sez I; ‹but his jokes I can't put up weth nohow.›

«Weth that Uncle 'Liphe' speaks up and sez, sez he: ‹You 'll put up weth anything, and I know it, to git the place when I 'm dead.

You 're jes so mean-sperited. The property is all you 're after, and you know 's much.›

«‹By George!› sez Hiram, jumpin' to his feet, and comin' to stan' by me t' other side of the fire, ‹I would n't put up weth no sech talk as that, Mari',› sez he, ‹not fer no one. They 's them as can treat you better 'n that, by a long shot, if you 'll but listen to 'em,› sez he, catchin' at my hand and holdin' on it, spite of all I could do 'n' say.

«‹If it 's my property you 're after, you 've gone the wrong way about to git it,› yells Uncle 'Liphe', 'most black in the face by now; ‹fer I sha'n't leave one cent on 't to Mari' if she 's fool enough to take up weth any sech a feller as you be.›

«‹I don't want none o' your cussed property,› sez Hiram, 's black in the face as Uncle 'Liphe', and madder, if sech a thing could be; ‹I 'd sooner have Mari' weth nothin' to her name than any other woman weth a kingdom at her back!›

«‹Them 's fine words,› yells Uncle 'Liphe', ‹but you can't face me down that way. I know what I see weth my own eyes. Looks likely, when a feller leaves a girl alone 's long as she 's poor and doin' tailorin' fer a livin', and begins to make up to her when he sees a chance to git the best fárm in the county—looks likely he ain't, a-lookin' out fer somethin'! When I see sech doin's I have my own idees.›

«‹Have 'em,› roars Hiram, ‹fer Satan himself could n't hender, oncet you took a notion›; and then he turns to me and speaks very gentle, and sez, sez he, ‹Could you make out to care fer me, Mari', 'nough to take up sheth me, now I ain't no longer young?› sez he. ‹I 'd give more 'n I can tell to make up fer what 's past,› sez he.

«Now I had it in my mind, all this time, that Hiram was a-takin' on me fer pity, and I could n't stan' that nohow, so I sez, sez I: ‹I 'm as much to blame fer what 's past as you be, and mebbe more, and I hain't no hard hadn's, but I guess I can put up weth Uncle 'Liphe' his time out.›

Hiram's face fell, and Uncle 'Liphe' he fol[illegible]ke up, he did, and he sez, sez he: ‹I knowed Mari' wa'n't fool enough to run no resk o' losin' the property, so you can whistle somewheres else fer a woman,› sez he, ruther triumphant.

«‹Thunder and lightnin'!› yells Hiram, ‹you beat all I ever see; and it 's a blasted shame fer any woman to have to put up weth sech words, let her be who she may, let alone Mari' Markam, that 's the best woman God ever made!›

«Weth that the tears come to my eyes ag'in, which I 'd ruther they had n't, fer I never did think cryin' sot well on a woman; and Hiram he turns to me, and he sez, sez he, ‹Mari',› sez he, ‹had you any feelin's fer me in the old days when you and me was keepin' company? Sometimes it come acrost me you had, and then ag'in I thought defferent.›

«‹Why do you ask?› sez I, not willin' to give m'self away till I knowed where I stood.

«‹I ask,› sez he, ‹fer the reason that them as has oncet had sech feelin's towards each other can have them ag'in if it so happens they ain't nothin' to come betwix' 'em.›

«‹I 'd like to know, before I make any answer,› sez I, ‹whether you 're a-puttin' that question to me because you feel fer me, sitooated as I be here, or whether it 's because I 'm more to you than another?›

«‹You 're more to me 'n I can tell,› sez he; ‹and you always have be'n, though God knows I cared fer Melviny as a man should fer his woman. I 'd 'a' made up to you long ago, Mari',› sez he, ‹if you 'd give' me any 'casion to think that you had them feelin's towards me sech as my heart could wish. Give me my answer, Mari',› he sez, wethout stoppin' to give me time to draw a breath, fer all the world 's if he was a young feller once more.

«‹Well,› sez I, laughin', ‹I was a fool when I was a young woman, and so I be now, and they ain't no gittin' round it.›

«Them words told him all he wanted to know, and he put his arm around me and laughed out hearty. All this time, you must know, old Uncle 'Liphe' was a-runnin' on fit to deefen you, and it 's nat'ral to suppose he said every mean thing he could muster up; but Hiram and me we never heard a word on 't, and we wa'n't none the worse off, I 'll be bound. Hiram acted redic'lous, I must say, fer he hugged me and kissed me right in the face an' eyes o' that ol' sourgrass; do what I could, they wa'n't no stoppin' him, and to cap all, he takes my hand and steps up to Uncle 'Liphe' and begun a-thankin' on him fer bringin' on us together ag'in after so many years; and come to look at it one way, we was beholden to him, fer every time we got ketched in our talk he give us a start. The old man did n't think much on his works, fer he was fairly foamin', he was so put out.

«‹Mari' need n't never look to git nothin' out o' me,› sez he, a-sputterin', ‹after the way she 's performed.›

«‹That don't make no odds,› sez Hiram, very good-natered, fer sech was his feelin's, owin' to how things had come around after so many years; ‹I 've got enough fer both on

us,' sez he, 'and you can change your will to-night if you 're a mind to.'

«'They ain't no call fer that,' bu'st out Uncle 'Liphe'; 'fer the property 's all made over to Obidiar, anyhow!'

«And so it turned out. That contrairy old critter had be'n deceivin' on me all along to git me to do fer him fer nothin'. Well, it did n't make much odds to me then. I was took up weth other things. When folks gits what 's be'n a-wantin' in their lives fer a matter o' twenty years, they don't stop to think much about property, however much they may wish fer 't afterwards. Hiram wanted I should set the weddin'-day right off—I never see a man so impatient; but I wa'n't willin' to leave Uncle 'Liphe' wethout a soul to care fer him, bad as he 'd used me—the more so that it would seem like when I did n't have no hopes o' gittin' the property I had n't no feelin's fer the poor ol' soul that I 'd done fer eight year and more; so I stayed on and waited fer him to git some one to take my place, fer he would n't hear to Obidiar's wife, and he threatened strong o' marryin' some woman that would take up weth him for the sake o' gittin' a widder's pension when he was gone, which would 'a' be'n puttin' upon the gov'ment shameful. I was at a stan' what to do betwix' Hiram and him, when Uncle 'Liphe' was took down weth the pneumony. We pulled him through, though he was upwards of eighty-four; but he did n't really gain, and he sot in his chair day in and day out, a-snarlin' at man and beast. I never see the beat; 's long as he had stren'th lef' in him to breathe, he had stren'th to jaw. But he did n't do no complainin' now that he was sick enough to git all the notice he craved, and he really seemed to take comfort in folks remarkin' how bad he looked, and how poor he was in his hands, and all this 'n' that.

«Uncle 'Liphe' had some cur'us notions. One was that the most o' folks was buried alive, and it beats all how many stories he found in the papers about folks comin' to life after they was dead. It 's my belief they make up them stories when they hain't nothin' else to print. But Uncle 'Liphe' he would n't hear to nothin' else but that they was sights o' folks buried alive. Finally he got up the idee that we—me and the neighbors that sot up weth him nights—was hangin' round waitin' fer the chance to hustle him off before he 'd breathed his last. He give it out, 'most the last talkin' he did, that he wanted we should bury him up in the further medder and leave the grave open weth a little house built over it. The house was to be locked so the doctors could n't git his body, which was another of his notions; and the strangest thing of all was, they was to be two keys, and one on 'em was to be laid beside him in the coffin. He was so afraid o' bein' laid away too soon, poor ol' soul, that he would n't lay in a bed, but died a-settin' in his chair. Well, we laid him out nice in his broadcloth clothes. Then Obidiar's wife come over, and nothin' would do but she must take the lead in everything. She made her calc'lations that the property was comin' to her, or to him, which come to the same thing, and she would n't let me have no say about nothin'. I suppose, like enough, she wanted to git at the readin' o' the will, and git possession of the things in the house, which she seemed to think I 'd swaller; but anyway, she sot out to have the funeral the nex' day, spite o' the fact that I was strong ag'inst it on account o' Uncle 'Liphe's notion, though he had n't said nothin' about bein' kep'. The doctor upheld her, and she had her way, as she commonly did, and the poor ol' man was hurried off in a way that wa'n't decent, accordin' to my idees. We laid him in his grave and built a little shed over him, and I will say it was the most unchristian way o' buryin' a man I ever see. The buildin' looked fer all the world like them little houses they build over rams fer pumpin' water, and it stood out there, bare and lonesome, fer the ol' man was pertic'ler they should n't be no trees feedin' on him, and he said he heard tell their roots grew a long way a-feelin' fer a grave. The idee come to me, when I stood there lookin' at Uncle 'Liphe's grave and feelin' kind o' sober 'bout his dyin' 's he had, that mebbe the ol' man made his calc'lations to rise once in a while to git a peek at Obidiar, and see if he farmed it to suit him. It would come hard, if he see the fences runnin' down and the alders gainin' ground, not to be able to jaw.

«They was the greatest goin's on in that air house after the funeral you ever see. [illegible]t he the ol' man's distant relations—he had [illegible]inin' none so near as me—come a-flockin' ro[illegible]ight to see what they could make out o' the po[illegible]n, ol' critter and his belongin's. They wa[illegible] a-pokin' and a-spyin' and a-layin' hands on everything they sot eyes on. Obidiar's wife was took up weth me; fer as soon as that air will was read, and she see that the property fell to her man, she sot herself to watch every motion I made. Seems she took it in her head that I was like her, and did n't have no other object but to git all I could. She follered me up every step I took, till I was

DRAWN BY MAUDE COALES.

«THE OL' MAN'S DISTANT RELATIONS.»

ravin' distracted. Greedy wa'n't no name fer the way she acted. I was a-packin' my trunk to leave where I wa'n't no longer wanted, and nothin' would do but she must stan' by me and watch everything I put in 't, fer fear I 'd go off weth the beddin' and the silver. I never see the beat. Though I was goin' to git married to Hiram, and my heart was content, yit I must say I had my hard feelin's about the years and the stren'th and the money I 'd spent there, and nothin' to show fer it; but I had n't no more thought o' techin' what did n't belong to me than nothin' in the world. They was them that wa'n't so pertic'ler, fer whilst Obidiar's wife was took up weth watchin' me, them other relations persuaded themselves they had as good a right to things as her, and they helped themselves to towels and piller-cases and spoons, and anything else that come handy. It was sickenin', I can tell ye; seemed fer all the world like crows hangin' around to devour a dead critter.

«Well, in the very height of it all Uncle 'Liphe' come back from the dead! Seems like he had to be on hand to have one more jab at his feller-critters. It come about this way. I stepped into the kitchen to git somethin', and there he stood a-peerin' into one o' the kittles to see what they was goin' to be fer dinner—hen-hussyin' as usual, jest as nat'ral as you please. I was so took back I give a squeal and come nigh fallin' over, but he turned round, he did, and called me a fool, or words to that effect, and that brought me round, fer I begun to feel 's if he had n't never died. If he 'd said somethin' pious, now, I should 'a' be'n frightened out o' my wits, fer I 'd 'a' be'n sure he was a ghost; but I knowed they would n't no sperit use no sech language as Uncle 'Liphe' made a practice o' doin'.

«Jest at this p'int they come to words in the settin'-room, fer it so happened that Obidiar's wife ketched them folks at their doin's, and she let out on 'em. It 's well known that when a passel o' women-folks gits their tempers up, they 'll make the winders shake, and so they did now. When it come over Uncle 'Liphe' what was a-goin' on, he looked 's well pleased as I ever see him, and he stood there a spell a-listenin'. They had it hot and heavy in t' other room, and they let out on each other to beat all; Obidiar's wife accusin' them relations o' stealin', and they accusin' her o' hustlin' off the ol' man wethout hardly givin' him time to git cold, so her man d come into the property sooner. Uncle 'Liphe' took it all in, which wa'n't hard, fer you could 'a' heard them women to the barn, and then he put along into the settin'-room. Well, you better believe them relations o' hisn was took back when they laid eyes on him. They lef' off a-rummagin' and a-squabblin' mighty sudden, I can tell you; and when they got over their scare they begun a-talkin' fair, and a-fawnin' on the ol' man fit to turn your stomic'. But he made short work on 'em. He sot there in his chair, after he 'd took somethin' warm to drink, and he told 'em he 'd come back to see how they performed. Then he ups and makes 'em empty out their bags and their passels, right before his eyes, and then he clears 'em out in short order. Next he falls upon Obidiar's wife fer hustlin' him off 's she did, and he brings her up purty sharp, I can tell ye. She stuck and hung to git him to let her stay, and she told all the lies that she could muster up on sech short notice, but they wa'n't never no use in lyin' to Uncle 'Liphe'. You might jest as well save yourself the trouble,

fer he see through things to beat anythin'. They wa'n't no way out on 't: she had to go, and Obidiar weth her, but he did n't never count, fer he was led by her in all he did and said.

«By this the doctor come, fer we 'd sent fer him; and he looked tur'ble foolish when he see 'Uncle 'Lishe' a-settin' there as waspish as ever, spite o' his havin' given it out so certain 't he was dead. The ol' man give him a taste o' his tongue, and sent him about his business. I looked fer my turn to come next, but beyond callin' on me a blasted fool, and other sech expressions as had come as nat'ral to me by now as my own name, he did n't let out on me at all. Inst'id o' that, he sent fer a lawyer and a jestice, and he tore up his ol' will and burned it, and he made a deed o' the hull place to me; he would n't hear to no more wills, fer he said them relations o' hisn would dispute 'em, and try to make it out he wa'n't alive and in his right mind, spite o' the fact that they was all-fired certain he was, jedgin' by the way they made tracks fer home.

«'There,' he says, when all was done, 'I hain't a bosom but what you 'll marry that air smooth-spoken, long-favored, mean-actin' Hiram Hardin', spite o' all I 've done fer you. You always was a fool, Mari', and I can prove it. If you wa'n't a fool, how did it come you stood by and see them women a-makin' off weth the things you be'n a-handlin' this nine year, and never raised a finger to help yourself to nothin'? That was the simplest piece o' work I ever heard tell on.'

«Then the ol' man went to bed, and died peaceful, after lingerin' on a spell. He did n't ask fer no rum-shed to be put up over him this time, and we made sure he was dead before we laid him away. But it was long before I could git over lookin' to see him peerin' into the kettles every time I come into the kitchen.

«Hiram and me got married in the end, and I think like enough we be'n as big a couple o' old fools as ever stirred this part o' the country; but we lost so much time when we was young that we was obliged to make the most of our chances if we looked to git our share of happiness in this world.»

Elizabeth Eggleston Seelye.

DRAWN BY WALDE DOWLES.

«THERE HE STOOD A-PEERIN' INTO ONE O' THE KITTLES.»

THE BLIND GIRL.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FROM THE PROVENÇAL OF ROUMANILLE,
AFTER LITERAL TRANSLATION BY MRS. CATHARINE A. JANVIER.

IT was the day whereon a Virgin Mother mild
In Bethlehem bore
Unto this sinful world a little helpless Child.
He shivered sore,
For only on some straw spread upon the cold earth
The Blest One lay,
Whileas the angels who had hailed his holy birth
Sped swift away

To tell the joyful news to shepherds, who thereon
Came to the place—
Women and men—in eager haste to gaze upon
That wondrous face.
But one of them, the mother of a poor blind child,
Was last to go,
For that her little suffering daughter, weeping wild,
Implored her so.

«Why wilt thou, mother dear, that I stay here alone
Among the sheep?
Whilst thou art cherishing that holy Little One
Thy child will weep.»
«Soul of my soul,» the mother said, «thy piteous tears
Melt all my heart;
But if thou wilt with patience, quieting thy fears,
Let me depart,

«To-morrow, when the pleasant twilight cometh, we
Shall meet again,
And I will tell thee all that I shall hear and see—
Glad thou 'lt be then!
Willingly would I take thee, dearest, if but so
Thou 'dst see his face,
Although the way is long and cold and hard to go
To that blest place.»

«I know that to the grave alone through darkness drear
My way must be.
Oh lovely golden face! Oh Godlike Babe most dear
I may not see!
But are eyes needed to believe and to adore,
My mother? Oh,
I still could touch his little hand, if nothing more,
Might I but go!»

Down at the mother's knees she prayed and wept, until
The mother's heart
Was cloven, and she answered, «Have thou then thy will;
My life thou art!»
And when they to the manger came, and the child knelt,
With love and awe,
As on her thrilling heart his little hand she felt,
Her Lord she saw!

Margaret Vandegrift.

SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

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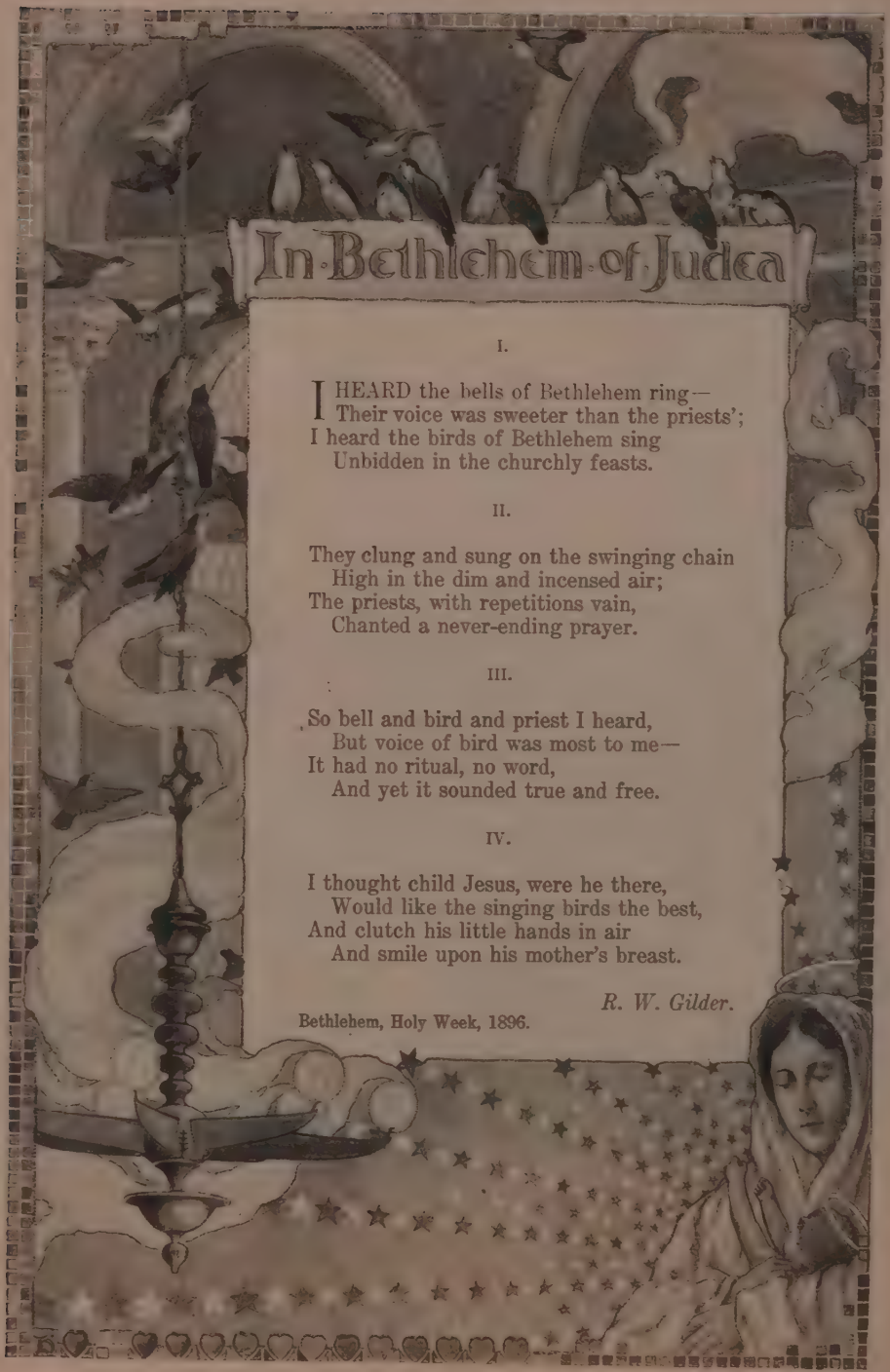


In Bethlehem of Judea

I.

I HEARD the bells of Bethlehem ring—
Their voice was sweeter than the priests';
I heard the birds of Bethlehem sing
Unbidden in the churchly feasts.

II.

They clung and sung on the swinging chain
High in the dim and incensed air;
The priests, with repetitions vain,
Chanted a never-ending prayer.

III.

So bell and bird and priest I heard,
But voice of bird was most to me—
It had no ritual, no word,
And yet it sounded true and free.

IV.

I thought child Jesus, were he there,
Would like the singing birds the best,
And clutch his little hands in air
And smile upon his mother's breast.

R. W. Gilder.

Bethlehem, Holy Week, 1896.

THE CHRISTMAS KALENDS OF PROVENCE.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER,

SÒCI DÒU FELIBRIGE,

Author of «An Embassy to Provence,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS LOEB.

FANCY you 've journeyed down the Rhône,
Fancy you 've passed Vienne, Valence,
Fancy you 've skirted Avignon—
And so are come *en pleine* Provence.

Fancy a mistral cutting keen
Across the sunlit wintry fields,
Fancy brown vines, and olives green,
And blustered, swaying cypress shields.

Fancy a widely opened door,
Fancy an eager outstretched hand,
Fancy—nor need you ask for more—
A heart-sped welcome to our land.

Fancy the peal of Christmas chimes,
Fancy that some long-buried year
Is born again of ancient times—
And in Provence take Christmas cheer.

I.

IN my own case, this journey and this welcome were not fancies but realities. I had come to keep Christmas with my friend M. de Vièlmur according to the traditional Provençal rites and ceremonies in his own entirely Provençal home: an ancient dwelling which stands high up on the westward slope of the Alpilles, overlooking Arles and Tarascon and within sight of Avignon, near the Rhône margin of Provence.

The Vidame—such is M. de Vièlmur's ancient title, derived originally not from a minor overlord but directly from the sovereign counts of Provence—is an old-school country gentleman who is amiably at odds with modern times. While tolerant of those who have yielded to the new order, he himself is a great stickler for the preservation of antique forms and ceremonies; sometimes, indeed, pushing his fancies to lengths that fairly would lay him open to the charge of whimsicality, were not even the most extravagant of his crotchets touched and mellowed by his natural goodness of heart.

The château of Vièlmur has remained so intimately a part of the middle ages that the subtle essence of that romantic period still pervades it, and gives to all that goes on there a quaintly archaic tone. The donjon, a prodigiously strong square tower dating from the twelfth century, partly is surrounded by a dwelling in the florid style of two hundred years back, the architectural flippancies of which have been so tousled by time and weather as to give it the look of an old beau caught unawares by age and grizzled in the midst of his affected youth.

In the rear of these oddly coupled structures is a farm-house with a dependent rambling collection of farm-buildings, the whole inclosing a large open court to which access is had by a vaulted passageway that on occasion may be closed by a double set of ancient iron-clamped doors. As the few exterior windows of the farm-house are grated heavily, and as from each of the rear corners of the square there projects a crusty tourelle from which a raking fire could be kept up along the walls, the place has quite the air of a testy little fortress—and a fortress it was meant to be when it was built three hundred years ago (the date, 1561, is carved on the keystone of the arched entrance) in the time of the religious wars.

But now the iron-clamped doors stand open on rusty hinges, and the courtyard has that look of placid cheerfulness which goes with the varied peaceful activities of farm labor and farm life. Chickens and ducks wander about it chattering complacently, an aged goat of a melancholy humor stands usually in one corner lost in misanthropic thought, and a great flock of extraordinarily tame pigeons flutters back and forth between the stone dovecote rising in a square tower above the farm-house and the farm well.

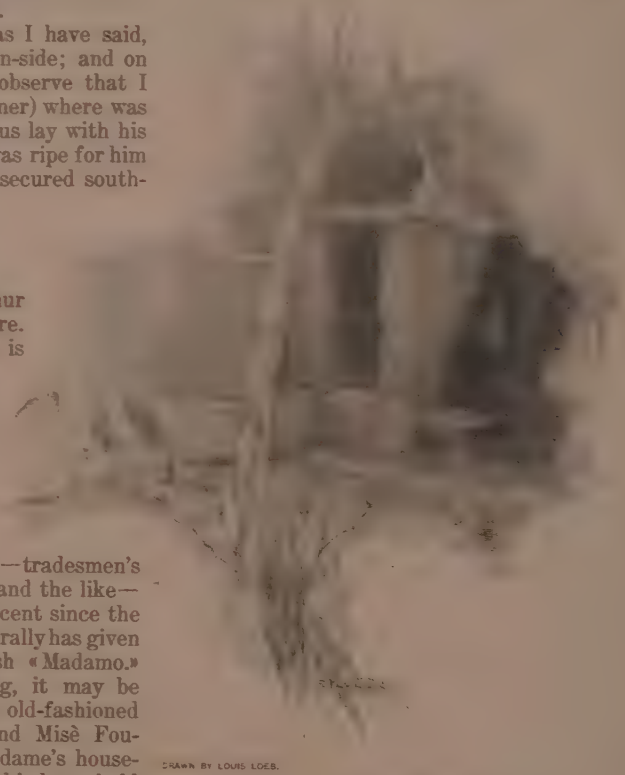
This well—inclosed in a stone building surmounted by a very ancient crucifix—is in the center of the courtyard, and it also is the center of a little domestic world. To its curb come the farm animals three times daily; while as frequently, though less regularly, most of

the members of the two households come there too; and there do the humans—notably, I have observed, if they be of different sexes—find it convenient to rest for a while together and take a dish of friendly talk. From the low-toned chattering and the soft laughter that I have heard now and then of an evening I have inferred that these nominally chance encounters are not confined wholly to the day.

The château stands, as I have said, well up on the mountain-side; and on the very spot (I must observe that I am here quoting its owner) where was the camp in which Marius lay with his legions until the time was ripe for him to strike the blow that secured southern Gaul to Rome.

II.

In the dominion of Vièlmur there is an inner empire. Nominally, the Vidame is the reigning sovereign; but the power behind his throne is Misè Fougueiroun. The term «Misè» is an old-fashioned Provençal title of respect for women of the little bourgeoisie—tradesmen's and shopkeepers' wives and the like—that has become obsolescent since the Revolution and very generally has given place to the fine-ladyish «Madamo.» With a little stretching, it may be rendered by our English old-fashioned title of «Mistress»; and Misè Fougueiroun, who is the Vidame's housekeeper, is mistress over his household in a truly masterful way.



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

AT THE WELL.

This personage is a little round woman, still plumply pleasing, although she is rising sixty, who is arrayed always with an exquisite neatness in the dress—the sober black and white of the elder women, not the gay colors worn by the young girls—of the Pays d'Arles; and although shortness and plumpness are at odds with majesty of deportment she has, at least, the peremptory manner of one long accustomed to command.

By my obviously sincere admiration of the château and its surroundings, and by a discreet word or two implying a more personal admiration,—a tribute which no woman of the Pays d'Arles ever is too old to accept graciously as her due,—I was so fortunate as to win Misè Fougueiroun's favor at the outset; a fact of which I was apprised on the evening of my arrival—it was at dinner, and the housekeeper herself had brought in a bottle of precious Château-neuf-du-Pape—by the cordiality with which she joined forces with the Vidame in reprobating my belated coming to the château. Actually, I was near a fortnight behind the time named in my invitation, which had stated expressly that Christmas began in Provence on the feast of Saint Barbara, and that I was expected not later than that day—December 4.

«Monsieur should have been here,» said the housekeeper with decision, «when we planted the blessed Saint Barbara's grain. And now it is grown a full span. Monsieur will not see Christmas at all!»

But my apologetic explanation that I never even had heard of Saint Barbara's grain only made my case the more deplorable.

«Mai!» exclaimed Misè Fougueiroun, in the tone of one who faces suddenly a real calamity. «Can it be that there are no

Christians in Monsieur's America? Is it possible that down there they do not keep the Christmas feast at all?»

To cover my confusion, the Vidame intervened with an explanation which made America appear in a less heathenish light. «The planting of Saint Barbara's grain,» he said, «is a custom that I think is peculiar to the south of France. In almost every household in Provence, and over in Languedoc too, on Saint Barbara's day the women fill two, sometimes three, plates with wheat or lentils, which they set afloat in water and then stand in the warm ashes of the fireplace or on a sunny window-ledge to germinate. This is done in order to foretell the harvest of the coming year, for as Saint Barbara's grain grows well or ill so will the harvest of the coming year be good or bad; and also that there may be on the table when the Great Supper is served on Christmas eve—that is to say, on the feast of the winter solstice—green growing grain in symbol or in earnest of the harvest of the new year that then begins.

«The association of the Trinitarian Saint Barbara with this custom,» the Vidame continued, «I fear is a bit of makeshift. Were three plates of grain the rule, something of a case would be made out in her favor. But the rule, so far as one can be found, is for only two. The custom must be of pagan origin, and therefore dates from far back of the time when Saint Barbara lived in her three-windowed tower at Heliopolis. Probably her name was tagged to it because of old these votive and prophetic grain-fields were sown on what in Christian times became her dedicated day. But whatever light-mannered goddess may have been their patroness then, she is their patroness now; and from their sowing we date the beginning of our Christmas feast.»

It was obvious that this explanation of the custom went much too far for Misè Fougueiroun. At the mention of its foundation in paganism she sniffed audibly, and upon the Vidame's reference to the light-mannered goddess she drew her ample skirts primly about her and left the room.

The Vidame smiled. «I have scandalized Misè, and to-morrow I shall have to listen to a lecture,» he said; and in a moment continued: «It is not easy to make our Provençaux realize how closely we are linked to older peoples and to older times. The very name for Christmas in Provençal, Calèndo, tells how this Christian festival lives on from the Roman festival of the winter solstice, the January Kalends; and the beliefs and customs which go with its celebration still more plainly mark its origin.»

III.

In the early morning a lively clatter rising from the farm-yard came through my open window, along with the sunshine and the crisp freshness of the morning air.

In the courtyard there was more than the ordinary morning commotion of farm life, and the buzz of talk going on at the well and the racing and shouting of a parcel of children all had in it a touch of eagerness and expectancy. While I still was drinking my coffee—in the excellence and delicate service of which I recognized the friendly hand of Misè Fougueiroun—there came a knock at my door, and, upon my answer, the Vidame entered, looking so elate and wearing so blithe an air that he easily might have been mistaken for a frolicsome middle-aged sunbeam.

«Hurry! Hurry!» he cried, while still shaking both my hands. «This is a day of days—we are going now to bring home the *cacho-fiò*, the Yule log! Put on a pair of heavy shoes—the walking is rough on the mountain-side. But be quick, and come down the moment that you are ready. Now I must be off. There is a world for me to do.»

When I went down-stairs, five minutes later, I found him standing in the hall by the open doorway. «Come along!» he cried. «They all are waiting for us at the Mazet,» and he hurried me down the steps to the terrace and so around to the rear of the château, talking away eagerly as we walked.

«It is a most important matter,» he said, «this bringing home of the *cacho-fiò*. The whole family must take part in it. The head of the family—the grandfather, the father, or the eldest son—must cut the tree; all the others must share in carrying home the log that is to make the Christmas fire. And the tree must be a fruit-bearing tree. With us it usually is an almond or an olive. The olive especially is sacred. Our people, getting their faith from their Greek ancestors, believe that lightning never strikes it. But an apple-tree or a pear-tree will serve the purpose, and up in the Alp region they burn the acorn-bearing oak. What we shall do to-day is an echo of Druidical ceremonial—of the time when the Druid priests cut the Yule oak and with their golden sickles reaped the sacred mistletoe; but old Jan here, who is so stiff for preserving ancient customs, does not know that this custom, like many others that he stands for, is the survival of a rite.»

While the Vidame was speaking we had

turned from the terrace and were nearing the Mazet—which diminutive of the Provençal word *mas*, meaning farm-house, is applied to the farm establishment at Vièlmur partly in friendliness and partly in indication of its dependence upon the great house, the château. At the arched entrance we found the farm family awaiting us: Old Jan, the steward of the estate, and his wife Elizo; Marius, their elder son, a man over forty, who is the active manager of affairs; their younger son Esperit, and their daughter Nanoun; and the wife of Marius, Janetoun, to whose skirts a small child was clinging while three or four larger children scampered about her in a whir of excitement over the imminent event by which Christmas really would be ushered in.

When my presentation had been accomplished we set off across the home vineyard, and thence upward through the olive-orchards, to the high region on the mountain-side where grew the almond-tree which the Vidame and his steward in counsel together had selected for the Christmas sacrifice.

Nanoun, a strapping red-cheeked, black-haired bounce of twenty, ran back into the Mazet as we started, and joined us again, while we were crossing the vineyard, bringing with her a gentle-faced fair girl of her own age, who came shyly. The Vidame, calling her Magali, had a cordial word for this newcomer, and nudged me to bid me mark how promptly Esperit was by her side. «It is as good as settled,» he whispered. «They have been lovers since they were children. Magali is the daughter of Elizo's foster-sister, who died when the child was born. Then Elizo brought her home to the Mazet, and there she has lived her whole life long. Esperit is waiting only until he shall be established in the world to speak the word. And the scamp is in a hurry. Actually, he is pestering me to put him at the head of the Lower Farm!»

The Vidame gave this last piece of information in a tone of severity; but there was a twinkle in his kind old eyes as he spoke which led me to infer that Master Esperit's chances for the stewardship of the Lower Farm were anything but desperate, and I noticed that from time to time he cast very friendly glances toward these young lovers, as our little procession, mounting the successive terraces, went through the olive-orchards along the hillside upward.

Presently we were grouped around the devoted almond-tree, a gnarled old personage, of a great age and girth, having that pathetic look of sorrowful dignity which I find always in superannuated trees, and now and then in people of gentle natures who are conscious that their days of usefulness are gone.

Even the children were quiet as old Jan took his place beside the tree, and there was a touch of solemnity in his manner as he swung his heavy ax and gave the first strong blow, that sent a shiver through all the branches, as though the tree realized that death had overtaken it at last. When he had slashed a dozen times into the trunk, making a deep gash in the pale red wood beneath the brown bark, he handed the ax to Marius, and stood watching silently with the rest of us while his son finished the work that he had begun. In a few minutes the tree tottered, and then fell with a growling death-cry, as its brittle old branches crashed upon the ground.

Whatever there had been of unconscious reverence in the silence that attended the felling was at an end. As the tree came down everybody shouted. Instantly the children were swarming all over it. In a moment our little company burst into the flood of loud and lively talk that is inseparable in Provence from gay occasions, and that is ill held in check even at funerals and in church. They are the merriest people in the world, the Provençaux.

IV.

MARIUS completed his work by cutting through the trunk again, making a noble cacho-fiò near five feet long—big enough to burn, according to the Provençal rule, from Christmas eve until the evening of New Year's day.

We returned homeward, moving in a mildly triumphal procession that I felt to be a little tinctured with ceremonial practices come down from forgotten times. Old Jan and Marius marching in front, Esperit and the sturdy Nanoun marching behind, carried between them the Yule log slung to shoulder-poles.

Our procession took on grand proportions, I should explain, because our Yule log was of extraordinary size. But always the Yule log is brought home in triumph. If it is small, it is carried on the shoulder of the father or the eldest son; if of a goodly size, these two carry it together; or a young husband and wife may bear it between them—as we actually saw a thick branch of our almond borne away that afternoon while their children caracole around them or lend little helping hands.

Being come to the Mazet, the log was stood

on end in the courtyard in readiness to be taken thence to the fireplace on Christmas eve. I fancied that the men handled it with a certain reverence; and the Vidame assured me that such actually was the case. Already, being fully destined for the Christmas rite, it had become in a way sacred; and along with its sanctity, according to the popular belief, it had acquired a power which enabled it sharply to resent anything that smacked of sacrilegious affront.

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

BRINGING HOME THE «CACHO-FIÒ» (YULE LOG).

On the other hand, when treated reverently and burned with fitting rites, the Yule log brings upon all the household a blessing; and when it has been consumed even its ashes are potent for good.

The home-bringing ceremony being thus ended, we walked back to the château together—startling Esperit and Magali standing hand in hand, lover-like, in the archway; and when we were come to the terrace, and were seated snugly in a sunny corner, the Vidame told me of a very stately Yule log gift that was made anciently in Aix—and very likely elsewhere also—in feudal times.

In Aix it was the custom, when the counts of Provence still lived and ruled there, for the magistrates of the city each year at Christmas-tide to carry in solemn procession a huge cacho-fiò to the palace of their sovereign; and there formally to present to him—or, in his absence, to the grand seneschal on his behalf—this their free-will and good-will offering. And when the ceremony of presentation was ended the city fathers were served with a collation at the count's charges, and were given the opportunity to pledge him loyally in his own good wine.

Knowing Aix well, I was able to fill in the outlines of the Vidame's bare statement of fact, and also to give it a background. What a joy the procession must have been to see! The gray-bearded magistrates, in their velvet caps and robes, wearing their golden chains of office; the great log, swung to shoulder-poles and borne by leathern-jerkined henchmen; surely drummers and fifers, for such a ceremonial would have been impossibly incomplete in Provence without a *tambourin* and *galoubet;* doubtless a brace of ceremonial trumpeters; and a seemly guard in front and rear of steel-capped and steel-jacketed halberdiers. All these marching gallantly through the narrow, yet stately, Aix streets; with comfortable burghers and well-rounded matrons in the doorways looking on, and pretty faces peeping from upper windows and going all a-blushing because of the overbold glances of the men-at-arms! And then fancy the presentation in the great hall of the castle; and the gay feasting; and the merry wagging of gray-bearded chins as the magistrates cried all together, «To the health of the count!» and tossed their wine!

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

«TO THE HEALTH OF THE COUNT!»

V.

As Christmas day drew near I observed that Misè Fougueiroun walked thoughtfully and seemed to be oppressed by heavy cares. It was the same just then with all the housewives of the region; for the chief ceremonial event of Christmas in Provence is the *Gros Soupa* that is eaten upon Christmas eve, and of even greater culinary importance is the dinner that is eaten upon Christmas day—wherefore does every woman brood and labor that her achievement of these meals may realize her high ideal. Especially does the preparation of the Great Supper compel exhaustive thought. Being of a vigil, the supper necessarily is «lean,» and custom has fixed unalterably the principal dishes of which it must be composed. Thus limited straitly, the making of it becomes a struggle of genius against material conditions.

Because of the Vidame's desolate bachelorhood, the kindly custom long ago was established that he and all his household every year should eat their Great Supper with the farm family at the Mazet—an arrangement that did not work well until Misè Fougueiroun and Elizo (after some years of spirited squabbling) came to the agreement that the former should be permitted to prepare the delicate sweets served for dessert at that repast. Of these the most important is *nougat*, without which Christmas would be as barren in Provence as Christmas would be in England without plum-pudding or in America without mince-pies.

But it was the making of the Christmas dinner that mainly occupied Misè Fougueiroun's mind—a feast pure and simple, governed by the one jolly law that it shall be the very best dinner of the whole year. What may be termed its by-laws are that the principal dish shall be a roast turkey, and that nougat and *poumpo* shall figure at the dessert. Why poumpo is held in high esteem by the Provençaux I am not prepared to say. It seemed to me a cake of only a humdrum quality; but even Misè Fougueiroun spoke of it in a sincerely admiring and chop-smacking way.

Ordinarily the Provençal Christmas turkey is roasted with a stuffing of chestnuts, or of sausage-meat and black olives; but the high cooks of Provence also roast him stuffed with truffles, making so superb a dish that Brillat-Savarin has singled it out for praise.

Of the minor dishes served at the Christmas dinner it is needless to speak. There was nothing ceremonial about them; nothing remarkable except their excellence and their profusion. Indeed, the distinctiveness of a Provençal Christmas—unless the New-Year ceremonial be considered as a part of it—ends on Christmas eve with the midnight mass.

VI.

BUT in spite of their eager natural love for all good things eatable, the Provençaux also are poets, and along with the cooking, another matter was in train that was wholly of a poetic cast. This was the making of the *crèche*, a representation with odd little figures and accessories of the personages and scene of the Nativity, the whole at once so naïve and so tender as to be possible only among a people blessed with rare sweetness and rare simplicity of soul.

In a way, the crèche takes in Provence the place of the Christmas tree, of which Northern institution nothing is known here; but it is closer to the heart of Christmas than the tree, being touched with a little of the tender beauty of the event which it represents in so quaint a guise. Its invention is ascribed to Saint Francis of Assisi. The chronicle of his order tells that this seraphic man, having first obtained the permission of the holy see, represented the principal scenes of the Nativity in a stable, and that in the stable so transformed he celebrated mass and preached to the people. All this is wholly in keeping with the character of Saint Francis; and certainly the crèche had its origin in Italy in his period, and in the same conditions which formed his graciously fanciful soul. Its introduction into Provence is said to have been in the time of John XXII, the second of the Avignon popes, who came to the pontificate in the year 1316, and by the fathers of the Oratory of Marseille: from which center it rapidly spread abroad through the land until it became a necessary feature of the Christmas festival both in churches and in homes.

Obviously, the crèche is an offshoot from the miracle-plays and mysteries which had their beginning a full two centuries earlier. These also survive vigorously in Provence in the «Pastouralo,» an acted representation of the Nativity that is given each year during the Christmas season by amateurs or professionals in every city and town and in almost every village.

In the farm-houses, and in the dwellings of the middle class, the crèche is placed always in the living-room, and so becomes an intimate part of the family life. On a table set in a corner is represented a rocky hillside rising in terraces tufted with moss and grass and

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

THE BLIND GIRL.

(SEE PAGES 262 AND 283.)

little trees, and broken by foot-paths and a winding road. This structure is very like a Provençal hillside, but it is supposed to represent the rocky region around Bethlehem, and it is dusted with flour to represent snow. At its base, on the left, embowered in laurel or in holly, is a wooden or pasteboard representation of the inn; and beside the inn is the stable: an open shed in which are grouped little figures representing the several personages of the Nativity. In the center is the Christ-child, either in a cradle or lying on a truss of straw; seated beside him is the Virgin; Saint Joseph stands near, holding in his hand the mystic lily; with their heads bent down over the Child are the ox and the ass —for those good animals helped with their breath through that cold night to keep him warm. In the foreground are the two *ravi*— a man and a woman in awed ecstasy, with upraised arms—and the adoring shepherds. To these are added on Epiphany the figures of the Magi—the kings, as they are called always in French and in Provençal—with their train of attendants, and the camels on which they have brought their gifts. Angels (pendent from the farm-house ceiling) float in the air above the stable. Higher is the star, from which a ray (a golden thread) descends to the Christ-child's hand. Over all, in a glory of clouds, is the figure of Jehovah attended by a white dove.

These are the essentials of the crèche, and in the beginning, no doubt, these made the whole of it. But for nearly six centuries the delicate imagination of the Provençal poets and the cruder, but still poetic, fancy of the Provençal people have been enlarging upon the simple original—with the result that two-score or more figures often are found in the crèche of to-day.

Either drawing from the quaintly beautiful medieval legends of the birth and childhood of Jesus, or directly from their own quaintly simple souls, the poets from early times have been making Christmas songs— noëls, or *nouvè* as they are called in Provençal—in which new subordinate characters have been created in a spirit of frank realism, and these have materialized in new figures surrounding the crèche. At the same time the fancy of the people, working with a still more naïve directness along the lines of associated ideas, has been making the most curiously incongruous and anachronistic additions to the group.

To the first order belong such creations as the blind man, led by a child, coming to be healed of his blindness by the Infant's touch; or that of the young mother hurrying to offer her breast to the New-born (in accordance with the beautiful custom still in force in Provence), that its own mother may rest a little before she begins to suckle it; or that of the other mother bringing the cradle of which her own baby has been dispossessed, because of her compassion for the poor woman at the inn whose Child is lying on a truss of straw.

But the popular additions, begotten of association of ideas, are far more numerous and also are far more curious. The hilltop, close under the floating figure of Jehovah, has been crowned with a windmill, because windmills abounded anciently on the hilltops of Provence; and to the mill, naturally, has been added a miller who is riding down the road on an ass with a sack of flour across his saddle-bow that he is carrying as a gift to the Holy Family. The adoring shepherds have been given flocks of sheep, and on the hillside more shepherds and more sheep have been put for company. The sheep, in association with the ox and the ass, have brought in their train a whole troop of domestic animals—including geese and turkeys and chickens and a cock on the roof of the stable; and in the train of the camels has come the extraordinary addition of lions, bears, leopards, elephants, ostriches, and even crocodiles! The Provençaux being from of old mighty hunters (the tradition has found its classic embodiment in Tartarin), and hillsides being appropriate to hunting, the figure of a fowler with a gun at his shoulder has been introduced; and as it is well, even in the case of a Provençal sportsman, to point a gun at a definite object, the fowler usually is so placed as to aim at the cock on the stable roof. He is a modern, yet not very recent, addition, the fowler, as is shown by the fact that he carries a flint-lock fowling-piece. Drumming and fifing being absolute essentials to every sort of Provençal festivity, a conspicuous figure always is found playing on a tambourin and galoubet. Itinerant knife-grinders are an old institution here, and in some obscure way— possibly because of their thievish propensities—are associated intimately with the devil; and so there is either a knife-grinder simple, or a devil with a knife-grinder's wheel. Of old it was the custom for the women to carry distaffs and to spin out thread as they went to and from the fields or along the roads (just as the women nowadays knit as they walk), and therefore a spinning-woman always is of the company. Because child-stealing was not uncommon

here formerly, and because Gipsies still are plentiful, there are three Gipsies lurking about the inn all ready to steal the Christ-child away. As the innkeeper naturally would come out to investigate the cause of the commotion in his stable-yard, he is found with the others, lantern in hand. And, finally, there is a group of women bearing as gifts to the Christ-child the essentials of the Christmas feast: codfish, chickens, *carde*, ropes of garlic, eggs, and the great Christmas cakes, poumpo and *fougasso*.

Many other figures may be, and often are, added to the group, of which one of the most delightful is the Turk who makes a solacing present of his pipe to Saint Joseph. But all of these which I have named have come to be now quite as necessary to a properly made crèche as are the few which are taken direct from the Bible narrative; and the congregation surely is one of the quaintest that ever poetry and simplicity together devised.

VII.

On the morning of the day preceding Christ-[illegible] a lurking, yet ill-repressed, excitement [illegible]aded the château and all its dependen-[illegible]. In the case of the Vidame and Misè [illegible]iroun the excitement did not even [illegible] plazed forth so openly that they were [illegible] of comets—bustling violently [illegible]ur universe and dragging into their [illegible] wakes, away from normal orbits, the [illegible] planetary system of the household and [illegible]naply intrusive stars.

Although the morning still was young, work on the estate had ended for the day, and about the door of the kitchen more than a score of laborers were gathered.

Misè Fougueiroun—a plump embodiment of Benevolence—stood beside a table on which was a great heap of her own fougasso, and big baskets filled with dried figs and almonds and celery, and a genial battalion of bottles standing guard over all. One by one the vassals were called up—there was a strong flavor of feudalism in it all—and to each, while the Vidame wished him a «Bòni fèsto!» the housekeeper gave his Christmas portion: a fougasso, a double handful each of figs and almonds, a stalk of celery, and a bottle of *vin cue*, the cordial that is used for the libation of the Yule log and for the solemn Yule cup; and each, as he received his portion, made his little speech of friendly thanks—in several cases most gracefully turned—and then was off in a hurry for his home.

VIII.

As we passed the Mazet in our afternoon walk we stopped to greet the new arrivals there, come to make the family gathering complete: two more married children, with a flock of their own little ones, and Elizo's father and mother—a bowed little rosy-cheeked old woman and a bowed lean old man, both well above eighty years. There was a lively passage of friendly greetings between them all and the Vidame; and it was quite delightful to see how the bowed little old woman kindled and bridled when the Vidame gallantly protested that she grew younger and handsomer every year.

A tall ladder stood against the Mazet, and the children were engaged in hanging tiny wheat-sheaves along the eaves—the Christmas portion of the birds.

IX.

Our march, out through the rear door of the château and across the courtyard to the Mazet, was processional. All the household went with us. The Vidame gallantly gave his arm to Misè Fougueiroun; I followed with her first officer, a saucebox named Mouneto, so plumply provoking and charming in her Arlesian dress that I will not say what did or did not happen in the darkness as we passed the well! A little in our rear followed the house servants, even to the least; and in the Mazet already were gathered, with the family, the few work-people of the estate who had not gone to their own homes. For the Great Supper is a patriarchal feast, to which in Christian fellowship come the master and the master's family and all of their servitors and dependents on equal terms.

A broad stream of light came out through the open doorway of the farm-house, and with it a great clatter and buzz of talk, that increased tenfold as we entered, and a cry of «Bòni fèsto!» came from the whole company at once. As for the Vidame, he so radiated cordiality that he seemed to be the veritable spirit of Christmas (incarnate at the age of sixty, and at that period of the present century when stocks and frilled shirts were worn), and his joyful old legs were near to dancing as he went among the company with warm-hearted greetings and outstretched hands.

X.

The crèche, around which the children were gathered in a swarm, was built up in one

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

MAGALI.

(SEE PAGE 281.)

corner, and our coming was the signal for the first of the ceremonies, the lighting of the crèche candles, to begin. In this all the children had a part, making rather a scramble of it; for there was rivalry as to which of them should light the most, and in a moment a constellation of little flames covered the Bethlehem hillside and brought into bright prominence the Holy Family and its strange attendant host of quite impossible people and beasts and birds.

The laying of the Yule log followed—a ceremony so grave that it has all the dignity of, and really is, a religious rite. The buzz of talk died away into silence as Elizo's father, the oldest man, took by the hand and led out into the courtyard where the log was lying his great-grandson, the little Tounin, the youngest child: it being the rule that the nominal bearers of the cacho-fiò to the hearth shall be the oldest and the youngest of the family—the one personifying the year that is dying, the other the year new-born. Sometimes, and this is the prettiest rendering of the custom, the two are an old, old man and a baby carried in its mother's arms, while between them the real bearers of the burden walk.

In our case the log actually was carried by Marius and Esperit; but the tottering old man clasped its forward end with his thin, feeble hands, and its hinder end was clasped by the plump, feeble hands of the tottering child. Thus, the four together, they brought it in through the doorway and carried it thrice around the room, circling the supper-table and the lighted candles; and then, reverently, it was laid before the fireplace, that still sometimes is called in Provençal the *lar*.

There was a pause, while the old man filled out a cup of vin cue, and a solemn hush fell upon the company, and all heads were bowed, as he poured three libations upon the log, saying with the last: «In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost!» and then cried with all the vigor that he could infuse into his thin and quavering old voice:

Cacho-fiò,
Bouto-fiò!
Alègre! Alègre!
Dièu nous alègre!
Calèndo vèn! Tout bèn vèn!
Dièu nous fague la gràci de vèire l'an que vèn,
E se noun sian pas mai, que noun fuguen pas mens!

Yule log,
Catch fire!
Joy! Joy!
God gives joy!
Christmas comes! All good comes!
May God give us grace to see the coming year,
And if we are not more, may we not be less!

As he ended his invocation he crossed himself, as did all the rest; and a great glad shout was raised of «Alègre! Alègre!» as Marius and Esperit, first casting some fagots of vine-branches on the bed of glowing coals, placed the Yule log upon the fire. Instantly the vines blazed up, flooding the room with brightness; and as the Yule log glowed and reddened everybody cried:

Cacho-fiò,
Bouto-fiò!
Alègre! Alègre!

again and again—as though the whole of them together of a sudden had gone merry-mad!

In the midst of this triumphant rejoicing the bowl from which the libation had been poured was filled afresh with vin cue, and was passed from hand to hand and lip to lip,—beginning with the little Tounin, and so upward in order of seniority until it came last of all to the old man,—and from it each drank to the new fire of the new year.

One of my Aix friends, the poet Joachim Gasquet, has described to me the Christmas-eve customs which were observed in his own home: the Gasquet bakery, in the Rue de la Cépède, that has been handed down from father to son through so many hundreds of years that even its owners cannot tell certainly whether it was in the fourteenth or the fifteenth century that their family legend of good baking had its rise.

In the Gasquet family it was the custom to eat the Great Supper in the oven-room: because that was the heart, the sanctuary, of the house; the place consecrated by the toil which gave the family its livelihood. On the supper-table there was always a wax figure of the infant Christ, and this was carried just before midnight to the living-room, off from the shop, in one corner of which the crèche was set up. It was the little Joachim whose right it was, because he was the youngest, the purest, to carry the figure. A formal procession was made. He walked at its head, a little chap with long curling golden hair, between his two grandfathers; the rest followed in the order of their age and rank: his two grandmothers, his father and mother, Monsieur Auguste (a dashing blade of a young baker then) with the maid-servant, and the apprentices last of all. A single candle was carried by one of his grandfathers into the dark room—the illumination of which, that

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT.

night, could come only from the new fire kindled before the crèche. Precisely at midnight—at the moment when all the clocks of Aix striking together let loose the Christmas chimes—the child laid the holy figure in the manger, and then the candles instantly were set ablaze.

Sometimes there would be a thrilling pause of half a minute or more while they waited for the bells: the child, with the image in his hands, standing before the crèche in the little circle of light; the others grouped behind him, and for the most part lost in dark shadow cast by the single candle held low down; those

nearest to the crèche holding matches ready to strike so that all the candles might be lighted at once when the moment came. And then all the bells together would send their voices out over the city heavenward; and his mother would say softly, «Now, my little son!» and the room would flash into brightness suddenly—as though a glory radiated from the upon the fireplace, and replaced the pots and pans for a final heating upon the coals.

The long table had been set before our arrival and was in perfect readiness, covered with a fine white linen cloth, sacredly reserved for use at high festivals, that fairly sparkled in the blaze of light cast by the overhanging petroleum lamp. Yet the two ceremonial

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

«ELIZO'S OLD FATHER.»

Christ-child lying there in the manger between the ox and the ass.

XI.

WHILE our Yule-log ceremonial was in progress, the good Elizo and Janetoun, upon whom the responsibility of the supper rested, evidently were a prey to anxious thoughts. They whispered together, and cast uneasy glances toward the chimney, into the broad corners of which the various cooking-vessels had been moved to make way for the cacho-fiò; and barely had the cup of benediction passed their lips when they precipitated themselves candles, one at each end of the table, also were lighted.

Beside these candles were the harvest harbingers, the plates on which was growing Saint Barbara's grain, so vigorous and so freshly green that old Jan rubbed his hands together comfortably as he said to the Vidame, «Ah, we need have no fears for the harvest that is coming in this blessed year!» In the center of the table, its browned crust slashed with a cross, was the great loaf of Christmas bread, *pan Calendau;* on which was a bunch of holly tied with the white pith of rushes—the «marrow» of the rush, that is held to be an emblem of strength. Old Jan,

the master of the house, cut the loaf into as many portions as there were persons present, with one double portion over to be given to some poor one in charity—«the portion of the good God.» It is of a miraculous nature, this blessed bread: the sailors of Provence carry morsels of it with them on their voyages, and by strewing its crumbs upon the troubled waters stay the tempests of the sea.

For the rest, the table had down its middle a line of dishes—many of them old faïence of Moustiers, the mere sight of which would have thrilled a collector's heart—heaped with the nougat and the other sweets over the making of which our housekeeper and her lieutenants so soulfully had toiled. And on the table in the corner were fruits and nuts and wines.

Grace always is said before the Great Supper—a simple formula ending with the prayer of the Yule log that if another year there are no more, there may be no less. It is the custom that this blessing shall be asked by the youngest child of the family who can speak the words—a pretty usage which sometimes makes the blessing go very queerly indeed. Our little Tounin came to the front again in this matter, exhibiting an air of grave responsibility which showed that he had been well drilled; and it was with quite a saintly look on his little face that he folded his hands together and said very earnestly: «God bless all that we are going to eat, and if we are no less next year, may we be no more!» at which everybody looked at Janetoun and laughed.

In our seating a due order of precedence was observed. Old Jan, the head of the family, presided, with the Vidame and myself on his right and with Elizo's father and mother on his left; and thence the company went downward by age and station to the foot of the table, where were grouped the servants from the château and the workmen on the farm. But no other distinction was made. All were served alike and all drank together as equals when the toasts were called. The servers were Elizo and Janetoun, with Nanoun and Magali for assistants; and these four, although they took their places at the table when each course had been brought on, had rather a Passover time of it: for they ate, as it were, with their loins girded and with full or empty dishes imminent to their hands.

As I have said, the Great Supper must be «lean,» and is restricted to certain dishes which in no circumstances can be changed; but rich leanness is possible in a country where olive-oil takes the place of animal fat in cooking, and where the accumulated skill of ages presides over the kitchen fire. The principal dish is the *raïto*—a ragout made of delicately fried fish served in a sauce flavored with wine and capers—whereof the tradition goes back around twenty-five hundred years, to the time when the Phocæan housewives brought with them to Massalia (the Marseille of to-day) the happy mystery of its making from their Grecian homes. But this excellent dish was not lost to Greece because it was gained by Gaul: bearing the same name, and made in the same fashion, it is eaten by the Greeks of the present day. It usually is made of dried codfish in Provence, where the cod is held in high esteem; but is most delicately toothsome when made of eels.

The second course of the Great Supper also is fish, which may be of any sort and served in any way—in our case it was a perch-like variety of dainty pan-fish, fresh from the Rhône. A third course of fish sometimes is served, but the third course usually is snails cooked in a rich brown sauce strongly flavored with garlic. The Provençal snails, which feed in a *gourmet* fashion upon vine-leaves, are peculiarly delicious, and there was a murmur of delight from our company as the four women brought to the table four big dishes full of them; and for a while there was only the sound of eager munching, mixed with the clatter on china of the empty shells. To extract them we had the strong thorns, three or four inches long, of the wild acacia; and on these the little brown morsels were carried to the avid mouths and eaten with a bit of bread sopped in the sauce; and then the shell was subjected to a vigorous sucking, that not a drop of the sauce lingering within it should be lost.

To the snails succeeded another dish essentially Provençal, carde. The carde is a giant thistle that grows to a height of five or six feet, and is so luxuriantly magnificent both in leaf and in flower that it deserves a place among ornamental plants. The edible portion is the stem—blanched like celery, which it much resembles, by being earthed up—cooked with a white sauce flavored with garlic. The garlic, however, is a mistake, since it overpowers the delicate taste of the carde; but garlic is the overlord of all things eatable in Provence. I was glad when we passed on to the celery, with which the first section of the supper came to an end.

The second section was such an explosion of sweets as might fly into space should a comet collide with a confectioner's shop—nougat, fougasso, a great poumpo, compotes, candied fruits, and a whole nightmare herd of rich cakes on which persons not blessed

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

THE ANGEL AND THE SHEPHERD.

(SEE PAGE 283.)

with the most powerful organs of digestion surely would go galloping to the country of dreadful dreams. Of the dessert of nuts and fruit the notable features were grapes and winter melons.

With the serious part of the supper we drank the ordinary small wine diluted with water; but with the dessert was paraded a gallant company of dusty bottles containing ancient vintages which through many ripening years had been growing richer by feeding upon their own excellence in the wine-room of the Mazet or the cellar of the château.

XII.

BUT the material element of the Great Supper is its least part. What entitles it to the augmenting adjective is its soul—that subtle essence of peace and amity for which the word Christmas is a synonym in all Christian lands. It is the rule of these family gatherings at Christmas-time in Provence that the heartburnings and rancors which may have sprung up during the year then shall be cut down; and even if sometimes they quickly grow again, as no doubt they do now and then, it makes for happiness that they shall be thus banished from the peace-feast of the year. When the serious part of the supper had been disposed of and the mere palate-tickling period of the dessert had come, I was much interested in observing that the talk, mainly carried on by the elders, was turned with an obviously deliberate purpose upon family history, and especially upon the doings of those who in the past had brought honor upon the family name.

The chief ancestral glory of the family of the Mazet is its close blood-relationship with the gallant André Etienne, that drummer of the fifty-first demi-brigade of the Army of Italy who is commemorated on the frieze of the Panthéon, and who is known and honored as the « Tambour d'Arcole » all over France. It was delightful to listen to old Jan's telling of the brave story: how this André, their own kinsman, swam the stream under the enemy's fire at Arcola with his drum on his back and then drummed his fellow-soldiers on to victory; how Bonaparte awarded him the drumsticks of honor, and later, when the Legion of Honor was founded, gave him the cross; how they carved him in stone, drumming the charge, up there on the front of the Panthéon in Paris itself; how Mistral, the great poet of Provence, had made a poem about him that had been printed in a book; and how, only two years ago, they set up his marble statue in Cadenet, the little town, not far from Avignon, where he was born!

Old Jan was not content with merely telling this story—like a true Provençal he acted it: swinging a supposititious drum upon his back, jumping into an imaginary river and swimming it with his head in the air, swinging his drum back into place again, and then —*zóu!*—starting off at the head of the fifty-first demi-brigade with such a rousing play of drumsticks that I protest we fairly heard the rattle of them, along with the spatter of Austrian musketry in the face of which André Etienne beat that gallant *pas de charge!*

It set me all a-thrilling; and still more did it thrill those other listeners who were of the Arcola hero's very blood and bone. They clapped their hands and they shouted. They laughed with delight. And the fighting spirit of Gaul was so stirred within them that at a word. I verily believe they would have been for marching in a body across thé southeastern frontier!

Elizo's old father was rather out of the running in this matter. It was not by any relative of his that the drumsticks of honor had been won; and his thoughts, after wandering a little, evidently settled down upon the strictly personal fact that his thin old legs were cold. Rising slowly from the table, he carried his plate to the fireplace, and when he had arranged some live coals in one of the sconces of the waist-high andirons he rested the plate above them on the iron rim; and so stood there, eating contentedly, while the warmth from the glowing Yule log entered gratefully into his lean old body and stirred to a brisker pulsing the blood in his meager veins. But his interest in what was going forward revived again—his legs being, also, by that time well warmed—when his own praises were sounded by his daughter in the story of how he stopped the runaway horse on the very brink of the precipice at Les Baux; and how his wife all the while sat steady beside him in the cart, cool and silent and showing no sign of fear.

When Elizo had finished this story she whispered a word to Magali and Nanoun that sent them laughing out of the room; and presently Magali came back again arrayed in the identical dress which had been worn by the heroine of the adventure—who had perked and plumed herself not a little while her daughter told about it—when the runaway horse so nearly had galloped her off the Baux rock into eternity. It was the Provençal costume, with full sleeves and flaring cap, of sixty years back; but a little gayer than the

strict Arles dress of that period, because her mother was not of Arles, but of Beaucaire. It was not so graceful, especially in the headdress, as the costume of the present day; nor nearly so becoming—as Magali showed by looking a dozen years older after putting it on. But Magali, even with a dozen years added, could not but be charming.

By long experience, gained on many such occasions, the Vidame knew that the culminating point of the supper would be reached when the family drummer swam the river and headed the French charge at Arcola. Therefore had he reserved until a later period, when the excitement incident to the revival of that honorable bit of family history should have subsided, a joy-giving bombshell of his own that he had all ready to explode. An American or an Englishman never could have fired it without something in the way of speechmaking; but the Vidame was of a shy temper, and speechmaking was not in his line. When the chatter caused by Magali's costuming had lulled a little, and there came a momentary pause in the talk, he merely reached diagonally across the table and touched glasses with Esperit and said simply: «To your good health, Monsieur the Superintendent of the Lower Farm!»

It was done so quietly that for some seconds no one realized that the Vidame's toast brought happiness to all the household, and to two of its members a lifelong joy. Esperit, even, had his glass almost to his lips before he understood to what he was drinking; and then his understanding came through the finer nature of Magali, who gave a quick, deep sob as she buried her face in the buxom Nanoun's bosom and encircled that astonished young person's neck with her arms. Esperit went pale at that; but the hand did not tremble in which he held his still raised glass, nor did his voice quaver as he said with a deep earnestness: «To the good health of Monsieur le Vidame, with the thanks of two very happy hearts!»—and so drained his wine.

A great danger puts no more strain upon the nerves of a man of good fiber than does a great joy; and it seemed to me that Esperit's absolute steadiness, under this sudden fire of happiness, showed him to be made of as fine and as manly stuff as went to the making of his kinsman who beat the pas de charge up the slope at Arcola at the head of the fifty-first demi-brigade.

But nothing less than the turbulence of the whole battle of Arcola—not to say of that whole triumphant campaign in Italy—will suffice for a comparison with the tumult that arose about our supper-table when the meaning of the Vidame's toast fairly was grasped by the company at large. I do not think that I could express in words, nor by any less elaborate method of illustration than a kinetoscope, the state of excitement into which a Provençal will fly over a matter of absolutely no importance at all; how he will burst forth into a very whirlwind of words and gestures about some trifle that an ordinary human being would dispose of without the quiver of an eye. And as our matter was one so truly moving that a very Dutchman through all his phlegm would have been stirred by it, such a tornado was set a-going as would have put a mere hurricane of the tropics to open shame.

Naturally, the disturbance was central over Esperit and Magali and the Vidame. The latter—his kind old face shining like the sun of an Easter morning—gave back with a good will on Magali's cheeks her kisses of gratitude, and exchanged embraces and kisses with the elder women, and went through such an ordeal of violent handshaking that I trembled for the integrity of his arms. But as for the young people, whom everybody embraced over and over again with a terrible energy—that they came through it all with whole ribs is as near to being a miracle as anything that has happened in modern times!

Gradually the storm subsided, though not without some fierce after-gusts, and at last worked itself off harmlessly in song, as we returned to the ritual of the evening and took to the singing of noëls—the Christmas canticles which are sung between the ending of the Great Supper and the beginning of the midnight mass.

XIII.

THE Provençal noëls—being some real, or some imagined, incident of the Nativity told in verse set to a gay or tender air—are the crèche translated into song. The simplest of them are direct renderings of the Bible narrative. Our own Christmas hymn, «While Shepherds Watched their Flocks by Night,» is precisely of this order; and, indeed, is of the very period when flourished the greatest of the Provençal noël-writers; for the poet laureate Nahum Tate, whose laurel this hymn keeps green, was born in the year 1652 and had begun his mildly poetic career while Saboly still was alive.

But most of the noëls—*nouvè* they are called in Provençal—are purely imaginative:

quaintly innocent stories created by the poets, or taken from those apocryphal scriptures in which the simple-minded faithful of patristic times built up a warmly colored legend of the Virgin's life and of the birth and childhood of her Son. Sometimes, even, the writers stray away entirely from a religious base and produce mere roistering catches or topical songs.

The Provençaux have been writing noëls for more than four hundred years. One of the oldest belongs to the first half of the fifteenth century and is ascribed to Raymond Féraud; the latest are of our own day—by Roumanille, Crousillat, Mistral, Girard, Gras, and a score more. But only a few have been written to live. The memory of many once famous noël-writers is preserved now either mainly or wholly by a single song.

The one assured immortal among these musical mortalities is Nicolas Saboly,[1] who was born in Monteux, close by Avignon, in the year 1614; who for the greater part of his life was chapel-master and organist of the Avignon church of St. Pierre; who died in the year 1675; and who was buried in the choir of the church which for so long he had filled with his own heaven-sweet harmonies.

Saboly's music has a «go» and a melodic quality suggestive of the work of Sir Arthur Sullivan; but it has a more tender, a fresher, a purer note, even more sparkle, than ever Sullivan has achieved. In his gay airs the attack is instant, brilliant, overpowering,—like a glad outburst of sweet bells, like the joyous laughter of a child,—and everything goes with a dash and a swing. But while he thus loved to harmonize a laugh, he also could strike a note of infinite tenderness. In his pathetic noëls he drops into thrillingly plaintive minors which fairly drag one's heart out—echoes or survivals, possibly (for this poignant melody is not uncommon in old Provençal music), of the passionately longing love-songs with which Saracen knights once went a-serenading beneath castle windows here in Provence.

Nor is his verse, of its curious kind, less excellent than his music. By turns, as the humor takes him, his noëls are sermons, or delicate religious fancies, or sharp-pointed satires, or whimsical studies of country-side life. One whole series of seven is a history of the Nativity (surely the quaintest and the gayest and the tenderest oratorio that ever was written!) in which, in music and in words, he is at his very best. Above all, his noëls are local.

This naïve local twist is not peculiar to Saboly. With very few exceptions all Provençal noëls are packed full of the same delightful anachronisms. It is to Provençal shepherds that the herald angel appears; it is Provençaux who compose the *bregado*, the pilgrim company, that starts for Bethlehem; and Bethlehem is a village always within easy walking-distance here in Provence. Yet is it not wholly simplicity that has brought about this shifting of the scene of the Nativity from the hill-country of Judea to the hill-country of southeastern France. The life and the look of the two lands have much in common: and most impressively will their common character be felt by one who walks here by night beneath the stars.

XIV.

It was with Saboly's «Hòu, de l'houstau!» that our singing began. It is one of the series in his history of the Nativity and is the most popular of all his noëls: a dialogue between Saint Joseph and the Bethlehem innkeeper, that opens with a sweet and plaintive long-drawn note of supplication as Saint Joseph timorously calls:

O-o-oh, there, the house! Master! Mistress!
Varlet! Maid! Is *no* one there?

And then it continues with humble entreaties for shelter for himself and his wife, who is very near her time; to which the host replies with rough refusals for a while, but in the end grants grudgingly a corner of his stable in which the wayfarers may lie for the night.

Esperit and Magali sang this responsively; Magali taking Saint Joseph's part—in which, in all the noëls, is a strain of feminine sweetness and gentleness. Then Marius and Esperit, in the same fashion, sang the famous «C'est le bon lever,» a dialogue between an angel and a shepherd, in which the angel, as becomes so exalted a personage, speaks French, while the shepherd speaks Provençal.

«It 's high time to get up, sweet shepherd,» the angel begins; and goes on to tell that «in Bethlehem, quite near this place,» the Saviour of the world has been born of a virgin.

«Perhaps you take me for a common peasant,» the shepherd answers, «talking to me like that! I am poor, but I 'd have you to know that I come of good stock. In old times my great-great-grandfather was mayor

[1] The admirable edition of Saboly's noëls, text and music, published at Avignon in the year 1856 by François Seguin, is to be reissued for this present Christmas by the same publisher in definitive form. It can be obtained through the Librairie Roumanille, Avignon.

of our village! And who are you, anyway, fine sir! Are you a Jew or a Dutchman? Your jargon makes me laugh. A virgin mother! A child god! No, never were such things heard!»

But when the angel reiterates his strange statement the shepherd's interest is aroused. He declares that he will go at once and steal this miraculous child; and he quite takes the angel into his confidence—as though standing close to his elbow and speaking as friend to friend. In the end, of course, he is convinced of the miracle, and says that he «will get the ass and set forth» to join the worshipers about the manger at Bethlehem.

There are many of these noëls in dialogue; and most of them are touched with this same quality of easy familiarity with sacred subjects, and abound in turns of broad humor, which render them not a little startling from our nicer point of view. But they never are coarse, and their simplicity saves them from being irreverent; nor is there, I am sure, the least thought of irreverence on the part of those by whom they are sung. I noticed, though, that these lively numbers were the ones which most hit the fancy of the men; while the women as plainly showed their liking for those of a finer spirit in which the dominant qualities were pathos and grace.

Of this latter class is Roumanille's rarely beautiful noël, «The Blind Girl» («La Chato Avuglo»),[1] that Magali sang with a tenderness which set the women to crying openly, and which made the older men cough a little and look suspiciously red about the eyes. Of all the modern noëls it has come closest to and has taken the strongest hold upon the popular heart—this pathetic story of the child «blind from her birth,» who pleads with her mother that she also may go with the rest to Bethlehem, urging that though she cannot see the «lovely golden face» she still may touch the Christ-child's hand.

And when, all thrilling, to the stable she was come
She placed the little hand of Jesus on her heart—
And saw him whom she touched!

I am persuaded, so thoroughly did they all enjoy their own caroling, that the singing of noëls would have gone on until broad daylight had it not been for the intervention of the midnight mass. But the mass of Christmas eve—or, rather, of Christmas morning—is a matter not only of pleasure, but of obligation. Even those upon whom churchly requirements at other times rest lightly rarely fail to attend it; and to the faithful it is the most touchingly beautiful, as Easter is the most joyous, church festival of the year.

By eleven o'clock, therefore, we were under way for our walk of a mile or so down the long slope of the hillside to the village.

Presently some one started a very sweet and plaintive noël, fairly heart-wringing in its tender beseeching and soft lament, yet with a consoling undernote to which it constantly returned. I think, but I am not sure, that it was Roumanille's noël telling of the widowed mother who carried the cradle of her own baby to the Virgin, that the Christ-child might not lie on straw.[2] One by one the other voices took up the strain, until in a full chorus the sorrowingly compassionate melody went thrilling through the moonlit silence of the night.

And so, singing, we walked by the white way onward, hearing as we neared the town the songs of other companies coming up, as ours was, from outlying farms. And when they and we had passed in through the gateways—where the townsfolk of old lashed out against their robber infidel and robber Christian enemies—all the black, little narrow streets were filled with an undertone of murmuring voices and an overtone of clear, sweet song.

XV.

On the little Grande Place the crowd was packed densely. There the several streams of humanity pouring into the town met and mingled, and thence in a strong current flowed onward into the church. Coming from the blackness without,—for the tall houses surrounding the Grande Place cut off the moonlight and made it a little pocket of darkness,—it was with a shock of splendor that we encountered the brightness within. All the side-altars were blazing with candles, and as the service went on, and the high altar also flamed up, the whole building was filled with a soft radiance—save that strange luminous shadows lingered in the lofty vaulting of the nave.

After the high altar, the most brilliant spot was the altar of Saint Joseph, in the west transept; beside which was a magnificent crèche, the figures half life-size, beautifully modeled and richly clothed. But there was nothing whimsical about this crèche: the group might have been, and very possibly had been, composed after a well-painted «Nativity» by some artist of the late Renaissance.

The mass was the customary office; but at

[1] See page 262.

[2] See page 181.

the offertory it was interrupted by a ceremony that gave it suddenly an entirely medieval cast, of which I felt more fully the beauty, and the strangeness in our time, because the Vidame sedulously had guarded against my having knowledge of it in advance. This was nothing less than a living rendering of the adoration of the shepherds, done with a simplicity to make one fancy the figures in Ghirlandajo's picture were alive again and stirred by the very spirit that animated them when they were set on canvas four hundred years ago.

By some means only a little short of a miracle, a way was opened through the dense crowd along the center of the nave from the door to the altar, and up this way with their offerings real shepherds came—the quaintest procession that anywhere I have ever seen. In the lead were four musicians, playing upon the tambourin, the galoubet, the very small cymbals called *palets*, and the bagpipe-like *carlamuso;* and then, two by two, came ten shepherds wearing the long, brown, full cloaks, weather-stained and patched and mended, which seem always to have come down through many generations and which never by any chance are new; carrying tucked beneath their arms their battered felt hats browned, like their cloaks, by long warfare with sun and rain; holding in one hand a lighted candle and in the other a staff. The two leaders, dispensing with staves and candles, bore garlanded baskets; one filled with fruit—melons, pears, apples, and grapes—and in the other a pair of doves, which with sharp, quick motions turned their heads from side to side as they gazed wonderingly on their strange surroundings with their bright, beautiful eyes.

Following came the main offering—a spotless lamb. Most originally, and in a way poetically, was this offering made. Drawn by a mild-faced ewe, whose fleece had been washed to a wonder of whiteness and who was decked out with bright-colored ribbons in a way to unhinge with vanity her sheepish mind, was a little two-wheeled cart—all garlanded with laurel and holly, and bedizened with knots of ribbon and pink paper roses and glittering little objects such as are hung on Christmas trees in other lands. Lying in the cart placidly, not bound and not in the least frightened, was the dazzlingly white lamb, decked like the ewe with knots of ribbon and wearing about its neck a red collar brilliant to behold. Now and then the ewe would turn to look at it, and in response to one of these wistful maternal glances the little creature stood up shakily on its unduly long legs and gave an anxious baa. But when a shepherd bent over and stroked it gently, it was reassured; lying down contentedly again in its queer little car of triumph, and thereafter through the ceremony remaining still.

Behind the car came ten more shepherds, and in their wake a long double line of country-folk, each with a lighted candle in hand. There is difficulty, indeed, in keeping this part of the demonstration within bounds, because it is esteemed an honor and a privilege to walk in the procession of the offered lamb.

Slowly this strange company moved toward the altar, where the ministering priest awaited its coming; and at the altar steps the bearers of the fruit and the doves separated, so that the little cart might come between them and their offering be made complete, while the other shepherds formed a semicircle in the rear. The music was stilled, and the priest accepted and set upon the altar the baskets; and then extended the paten that the shepherds, kneeling, might kiss it in token of their offering of the lamb. This completed the ceremony. The tambourin and galoubet and palets and carlamuso all together struck up again, and the shepherds and the lamb's car passed down the nave between the files of candle-bearers and so out through the door.

Within the last sixty years or so this naïve ceremony has fallen more and more into disuse. But it still occasionally is revived—as at Barbentane in 1868, and Rognonas in 1894, and repeatedly within the last decade in the sheep-raising parish of Maussane—by a curé who is at one with his flock in a love for the customs of ancient times. Its origin assuredly goes back far into antiquity; so very far, indeed, that the airs played by the musicians in the procession seem by comparison quite of our own time: yet tradition ascribes the composition of these airs to the good King René, whose happy rule over Provence ended more than four centuries ago.

XVI.

WHEN the stir caused by the coming and going of the shepherds had subsided, the mass went on, with no change from the usual observance, until the sacrament was administered, save that there was a vigorous singing of noëls. It was congregational singing of a very enthusiastic sort,—indeed, nothing short of gagging every one of them could have kept those song-loving Provençaux still,—but it was led by the choir, and choristers

took the solo parts. The most notable number was the famous noël in which the crowing of a cock alternates with the note of a nightingale: each verse beginning with a [illegible] and then rattling along to the gayest of gay airs. The nightingale was not a brilliant success; but the cock-crowing was so realistic that at its first outburst I thought that a genuine barnyard gallant was up in the organ-loft. I learned later that this was a musical *tour de force* for which the organist was famed. A buzz of delight filled the church after each cock-crowing volley; and I fancy that I was alone in finding anything odd in so jaunty a performance within sacred walls. The viewpoint in regard to such matters is of race and education. The Provençaux, who are born laughing, are not necessarily irreverent because even in sacred places they sometimes are frankly gay.

Assuredly, there was no lack of seemly decorum when the moment came for the administration of the sacrament, which rite on Christmas eve is reserved to the women, the men communing on Christmas day. The women who were to partake—nearly all who were present—wore the Provençal costume, but of dark color. Most of them were in mourning, save for the white capuche or hood, and the scrap of white which peers above the ribbon confining the knotted hair. But before going up to the altar each placed upon her head a white gauze veil, so long and so ample that her whole person was enveloped in its soft folds, and the women were so many, and their action was with such sudden unanimity, that in a moment a delicate mist seemed to have fallen and spread its silvery whiteness over all the throng.

Singly and by twos and threes these pale-gleaming figures moved toward the altar, until more than a hundred of them were crowded together before the sanctuary rail. Nearest to the rail, being privileged to communicate before the rest, stood a row of black-robed sisters—teachers in the parish school—whose somber habits made a vigorous line of black against the flame of the altar, everywhere aflame with candles, and by contrast gave to all that sweep of luminous misty whiteness a spectral effect softer and more strange. And within the rail the rich vestments of the officiating priests, and the rich cloths of the altar, all in a flood of light, added a warm color-note of gorgeous hues.

Slowly the rite went on. Twenty at a time the women, kneeling, ranged themselves at the rail, rising to give room to others when they had partaken, and so returning to their seats. For a full half-hour these pale, ghostly figures were moving ghost-like about the church, while the white-veiled throng before the altar gradually diminished until at last it disappeared, fading from sight a little at a time, softly, as dream-visions of things departed melt away.

Presently came the benediction, and all together we streamed out from the brightness of the church into the wintry darkness, being by that time well into Christmas morning, and the moon gone down. But when we had left behind us the black streets of the little town, and were come out into the open country, the star-haze suffered to light us as we went onward by the windings of the spectral white road, for the stars shine very gloriously in Provence.

We elders kept together staidly, as became the gravity of our years; but the young people, save two of them, drowned us ahead and took again with a will to singing noëls; and from afar we heard through the night stillness, sweetly, silver voice-ringing companies singing these glad Christmas songs. Lingering behind us, following slowly, came Bayard and Magali, to whom that Christmas-tide had brought a glorious happiness. They did not join in the joy-songs, but still I hear them talking. The stillness is still.

And peace and good-will were with us as we went along the white way homeward beneath the Christmas morning stars.

Thomas A. Janvier.

DOUBT.

I.

THOU Christ, my soul is hurt and bruised,
While wanton fate assaults me with
Brass of the weary and confused,—
Then, and myself, and all I doubt.

II.

And must I back to darkness go
Because I cannot say that creed?
I know not what I mean; I know
Only that these are what I need.

R.

ONE MAN WHO WAS CONTENT.

OU, a young man, have asked me, an old man, to tell you something of my private life, because you think that I may thus assist your understanding of life in general. You say that I have had a great public career, honorable as well as influential and prolonged, and that I have lived in this without family ties or intimate social habitudes, yet seeming to possess a contented spirit. Has my contentment, you inquire, been but the natural, predicable result of the labors and successes which the eye of the world has seen, or has it sprung from another source? Has it been identical with happiness? Do I think, indeed, that true happiness is within men's reach; and if it is, what is the true secret of its acquisition?

As best I can, I shall try to answer your questions. That is, I shall try to paint my own portrait, believing that the record of any life, even if briefly given, must contain the germs of instructiveness. But I beg you not to draw too many general inferences from a single sequence of facts and feelings. When we say many men, we mean many temperaments no less than many minds. Each temperament puts its own interpretation and its own valuation upon the thing we call success, and aspires to its own ideal of contentment, of happiness; and therefore the philosophies formulated, tested, and approved by any one man may have small value for another, except as prompting the development of a creed of a very different kind.

I.

WHEN I was a lad there were two things which I felt I should require of life, and as I grew older I knew that they were indeed the things which I should try to obtain from life. I desired the love of a woman, and I desired the power to sway the thoughts and deeds of men.

I already possessed health, vigor, and good looks, an excellent social standing, and much money. I valued them all, but mainly as means toward the compassing of my chief aims, and no lesser aims divided my aspirations. I had traveled enough to blunt the edge of curiosity and to open my mind for the comprehension of our own and other lands, and I was willing to travel no more. Idleness wearied me, and pleasure, in the vulgar sense, did not appeal to me. Knowledge of all sorts seemed desirable, of course, but as a help along my path, not as its goal. And literature, music, art, converse with agreeable men and charming women—these I prized as I prized sleep, as inestimable sources of refreshment. But even if any by-paths had seemed more attractive than chanced to be the case, I should have been willing to concentrate and to limit myself, and to deny myself in many directions, if only I might attain the twin summits which were the Delectable Mounts of my imagination.

These, however, were not the mole-hills which bear their names in the imagination of most mortals. Many men take wives, find them useful and pleasing, never regret their choice, and call themselves happy at home; and many achieve conspicuous station, are counted influential and even powerful, and feel satisfied abroad. But I wanted, in my outer life, to stand on the very top of whichsoever ladder I might choose to climb, with no man standing higher. And in my inner life I wanted to sound the deepest seas of human emotion; I wanted to be justified in feeling, no matter what I might hear or read of the potency and joy of love, «This I have experienced, and it did not vanish like a morning cloud; this, the most that any man has known of love, I too have known, and not as a dream, but as a truth and a fact.»

Among the many paths which may lead toward public influence I chose the political path, and as its best beginning I selected the practice of the law. I had a good opening in my native town (one of the most important towns in an important State), and made diligent use of all its opportunities. I won the confidence of my fellow-townsmen and the notice of a much wider circle, and before I was thirty I had achieved political place and a prominence which seemed to guarantee political progress of a rapid and creditable kind. And then I met the woman who became my wife.

Of course I had not been able to work toward her discovery as I had worked toward the accomplishment of my other aim in life. For the chance to find her I had been obliged to rely upon the graciousness of fate. Yet I had felt that here, too, at least in passive ways, I might give fate assistance. I had kept the image of the woman whom I should love, and the hope of its incarnation, always fresh and clear in my mind, and had held myself safe from all entanglements which might prevent my claiming her when she should appear, or make my perception of her advent less than instantaneously vivid. But, at the same time, I had never allowed myself to picture, as the woman whom I must have, a woman who must be of this or that particular type, physically, mentally, emotionally, or even morally. Somewhere, I believed, there lived a woman who had been planned and made and meant for me, and some day I should find her and know her, own her, and be content in her possession. But I had seen too much of men's loves and marriages, as compared with their schemes for love and marriage, to think that any one may predict what kind of woman will eventually take him captive; and I did not wish to prepare a disappointment for myself, or a need to reconstruct a shattered ideal. So I did not venture to affirm that the woman of my love must be well born, or beautiful, or very amiable, or very intellectual. I did not ask myself whether she should be intensely or but delicately responsive to my passion. And I did not insist to myself that she must be ignorant of life's dangers, or even so wholly innocent of life's plausible mistakes that our one-sided and hypocritical conventionalities would grant her right to be called unimpeachably virtuous. How was I to know with what special qualities of person, mind, or soul might be bound up the spirit which should prove to be my spirit's mate? How was I to guess through what pleasant paths of quietude, ease, and virtue, or along what fiery ways of temptation and misfortune, fate might see fit to conduct this spirit ere we should be allowed to meet? I believed that, in the essence of her nature, the woman of my love would be good, as goodness is defined by the wise gods in heaven, and by truly wise men and women upon earth. If, in addition, she should have a past without mistakes, it would be well. But it would also be well if she should have a past to be redeemed; my knowledge of this fact would be only a part of the price I should be willing to pay for the best blessing that life could bring me.

As I have said, I found the woman for whom I was waiting. I married her, and I was content. It matters not who she was. It matters not what she was. If I should try to describe her, I could make no one understand; and if I could, I would not take the trouble. None are living now who knew her. She belongs to the past—to the grave and to me. It is enough that she was made for me, and I for her, and that we found each other and were content.

After my marriage my outward activities went on almost as before. There was room enough in my life, I thought, for two great and satisfying things—for love and work, for emotion and ambition. I believed that I was savoring them to the full, and I wanted nothing else. Every moment that I could spare from my work I devoted to my wife; every thought that I could tear away from my love I bestowed on my career; and I was entirely happy. The present gave me all that I asked of it, and the future seemed convincingly to promise all that I hoped from it. I had actually achieved full success, I thought, in one direction, and I saw it shining before me in the other; and so I said to myself, «Some men have failed in life, but not I; and I have wanted more than most men desire.»

II.

THEN, at the end of a year, there came a sudden shock, a crisis, and a radical change of existence. My wife was very ill; for a while her recovery seemed hopeless, and I stood in the center of a black and reeling world, conscious of little and sure of nothing except an enormous agony which wrenched and tore and sickened every fiber of my body as well as of my soul. After a time a little light dawned, the earth grew steadier beneath my feet, and once again I could see, although as in a glass darkly, that there were other men in the world besides myself, other things besides my pain. In the reaction I thought that the shining of the perfect day was to come again. But it was not so. I was told:

«She will live, and she may live for many years. But all will depend upon you—upon what you do with her, and what you do for her. Here she cannot remain. Her former existence she cannot resume. She must be taken away from cities and their physical strains, and from active lives and their mental strains. For a time, and probably until the end, she must live where nature can minister to her body and soul, and where love can give

all its strength to the tendance of her mind and heart; where she will be watched and fostered like a delicate vine; and, above all, where she will have nothing to think about but the mere fact of pleasurable living: no hopes, or cares, or responsibilities, personal or vicarious; nothing new to expect, and therefore nothing to fear beyond the wholly inescapable accidents of mortality. It is not merely that her frame is exquisitely frail. Her reason hangs by a thread, and only absolute peace, physical and mental, can preserve it for her and for you.»

At first I understood no more than the blessed fact that I might save her. But soon I began to realize that this saving would mean the cutting away of one half of my own existence. Yet, of course, I did not stop to choose; I did not even think of choosing. There was only one thing to do—to begin the task of rescue. I found a new home in a distant part of the country, where nature was beautiful and soothing, and where there sounded no reverberation from the struggles of mankind. There we began our new life, and there I wrestled with myself to put the old behind me, with its fullness of satisfaction and its richer fullness of promise.

I wrestled with myself, but not to find mere resignation. This has never seemed to me a virtue. To say «I am resigned» is to acknowledge defeat at the hands of life, to accept it, and in passive endurance to give up the fight for happiness. A brave soul cannot do this, because it would be ashamed; and a wise soul cannot, because it feels that, as it must continue in the world, simple common sense commands it to gather all of good that the world may still present. To dwell in resignation is to look forward with nothing more than patience. But the brave man, the wise man, holds to his birthright of hope, and looks forward to a time when, although he does not yet understand the way, in some sure way he will reconquer and reëstablish contentment. He does not accept defeat at the hands of life; he merely accepts the fact that one of his weapons has been wrested from him. He does not sink into a resigned surrender, but rises to a determined renunciation, and sharpens the blades of the weapons which he still retains. He resolves to readjust himself to life's new denials and demands. If needs must, he will curtail his ambitions or change them entirely, but he will not consent to live unpricked by any spur. He will conceive of happiness in a different shape, but will not agree to its elimination. If his old existence is shattered he will mold a scheme for a new one, and will mold himself over into a new creature fitted to draw contentment from it. He will not be dominated by fate. He will say to fate: «Take away what you choose, and still I shall not be denuded; do your worst, and still I shall not be defeated; still I shall be successful, for still I shall find something to desire which I shall be able to secure.»

These were the things that I said to myself in our new home, out under the warm stars at night, and looking from my window at the cool blue dawning of the day. And gradually I did what I thought that a man should do: I reconquered contentment. I put my past quite out of my mind, with all that it implied for the future in regard to a public career. I formed a new present and a new future with the elements of existence that were left me, and again I was happy, in a different and, you may say, in a narrower manner, yet really happy again. That which had been one of my two aims in life—the development and enjoyment of a deep affection—was now my only aim. But now I felt that it might suffice to fill the whole horizon of my life, for the menacing hand of death had emphasized its value; and for such fragments of time and thought as it could not absorb I found a novel use.

I determined to see what pleasure and profit could be drawn from mental exercise, pursued for its own sole sake. I framed this resolve with a clear conscience, knowing that practical work for the benefit of others was no longer possible; and with a lively hope, remembering how many men in all ages of the world had acted upon a like resolve with infinite gratification. Out in our wilderness books were of course my only helpers; but in them I sought for guides to philosophic thought, for clues to the understanding of human life, alike in its broadly historical and its intimately personal phases, and for springs of more purely esthetic enjoyment.

Soon these new aspirations and resources became established ambitions and satisfying habits; my days grew full, and my soul regained the sense that it possessed what it desired. Then I discovered that, if we fight any battle well, victory may have an unanticipated richness. I discovered that a new chance to gain the power for which I once had longed might be born of my very determination to abandon its pursuit. I found myself looking forward again to a day when I might influence the minds of men, not, as I once had hoped, through spoken words and overt acts, but through books which should make manifest the lessons I was learning

from experience, and from the novel exercise of my powers of abstract thought.

First among the lessons which experience taught me came a knowledge of the difference between things that we have lost—lost through our own fault or weakness—and those that have merely been taken from us; between things that have turned to dust in our grasp and those that we have merely been compelled to lay away in the dust of that grave which is called renunciation. To let slip what we prize, or to find that it disappoints us—this is failure; and the memory of failure must sadden, even if it does not blacken, every day we have still to live. But to have what we prize taken away by fate, and to feel that, if we could have retained it always, it would never have disappointed us—this is not failure. It is only deprivation. And though deprivation must sadden the days which follow it closely, it need not blacken them, and it need not even sadden the days of a farther future. Nay, it irradiates these as soon as we learn to picture our life, not as it would have been if we could have kept our ravished treasures, but as it would have been if we had never possessed them. The past is as much a part of our lives as the present or the future, and in one way it is the very best part, for fate can lay no blighting finger upon it. When we realize this, then the joy of having had grows more to us day by day. Those who have had, and have been deprived, are fools or weaklings if they think of themselves as the true types of sorrow. Fate's cruelest work is not the pain of deprivation, but the consciousness that this pain has been escaped because of a life-long poverty. In a sense Rachel must always go mourning for her children; but unless she is deplorably feeble in spirit, she does not bestow upon herself the same deep pity that she gives to women who have never borne a child. And as in a Rachel's later life may dwell, radiant and comforting, proud memories of her stalwart sons, so eventually the high ambitions of my early years took their place in mine. They had been slain, but through no fault of my own. I believed that they would never have disappointed me if they had been allowed to live; and therefore I still could say that, even in this direction, fate had not defrauded or denuded me.

This was one truth that I perceived in our new home—the beautiful truth that *having had* means *having* until the end of our days. And as my time and thoughts were more and more absorbed by the great passion which still played a living part in my existence, a second great truth was as distinctly learned. I saw that only by giving ourselves up wholly to one powerful feeling can its profoundest depths be sounded; I saw that I had made a great mistake when I thought, in our old home, that I knew the woman whom I loved, and lived in close communion with her, and fully grasped the meaning of mutual affection. Now, day by day and month by month, her health improved, and my fear that she might be taken from me vanished away. The threatened mental trouble had had a purely physical cause, and as her body strengthened, her mind grew calm and steady, and in our days of constant intellectual exercise progressed step by step with mine. Community in action, in interests, thoughts, emotions, could not be closer between man and woman, between any soul and any other soul, than it now became between my wife and me in our peaceful, our isolated yet populous twin solitude. And as this community (not to be achieved except in such a solitude) deepened and broadened, grew more intense, and at the same time more delicate and subtile, so it was, concordantly, with the love upon which at first it had been founded. From the first I had thought this a perfect love, but now I recognized a change—not as from a river-bed scantily filled to one that was fully filled, but as from a river brimming with pure water when it was small to the same stream spreading out and growing more profound, and keeping full to the edge meanwhile, until it became a king among the streams of the earth. Then I realized that, in truth, there could never have been time and room enough in my life, or in any life, for the tender, constant nourishing which alone can ripen the richest harvest of human love, and for the strenuous pursuit of any active outside aim. By the sacrifice of my coming success in a public career I had bought, and in the only possible way, complete success of that other sort which from the first I had counted equally desirable.

III.

For seven years we lived on thus in our new home, until I almost forgot that I had ever been a man of a different kind, leading a life of a different temper; until the day when, without an hour of warning, without a word or a cry of farewell, the woman I loved was taken from me. The world did not again grow black to my vision and unsteady beneath my feet. It grew silent, still, and pallid, every feature of it clearly visible, but without meaning, value, or life—a world of stone, in the

center of which I sat, a figure of stone. The suddenness and the hopelessness of this second shock left me paralyzed. Only, I had still the power to know that I was paralyzed, and to feel the horror of it, and mingled with this a dreadful fear of the greater horror of the time when my nerves and sinews should again begin to perform their work. I sat as though weighed upon by a weight of a million tons; and I held my breath, conscious that if I tried to move it would bring me a keener sense of the burden. I sat as in a dream, and a dream of agony unendurable; I knew that the dream was fact, and that the agony had to be endured; but I tried, by keeping passive, dumb, and rigid, to preserve as long as I could the semi-semblance of unreality.

Whether, in this paralyzed, icy, shuddering mood which came over me when I saw that the woman I loved was dead, I suffered more or suffered less than in the mood of hot and blinding terror which had enwrapped me, seven years before, when I was told that she would die, this I cannot say. Who is to compare and appraise the extremes of different tortures, as of burnings by fire and of tearings with surgeons' tools? Hope, of course, had been intermixed with fear in the first tormenting, while in the second there was nothing but despair. Yet I do not know which was worse, the sudden plunging from hope into terror, or the deadly persistence of blank desperation. Who, indeed, can decide which is more awful—a hell of intermittent flames, or one that is sheathed in steadily grinding ice? No man. Not even the man who has gone down for a time into the heart of the one and the other.

Just how soon I cannot remember, but slowly I came up out of hell, through the anguish of awakening sensibility, into a living world, yet a world of arctic solitude. And once again I went out under the stars of night and into the dawnings of days, to take needful counsel with myself.

It was the same struggle once again, harder, bitterer, grimmer, and now to be fought out alone, yet the same in kind. Not to be cowardly and not to be reasonless—this seemed again the great commandment; to refuse to be defeated, and to refuse to let aught that remained of good in the world slip through a nerveless hand. And the great help seemed again the vitality of remembrance, the fact that what we have once possessed is our own for ever and ever. For eight years I had possessed a woman whom I loved with a fullness to which few lovers can ever have attained. Should I, therefore, through all my future years feel myself more miserable than men who had never loved? Was I more lonely to-day than they? If all the years of my life had been as the years of theirs, should I to-day be sitting in the ashes of despair? And if not, why should I consent to dwell among them in that actual to-day which was glorified by the radiance of the words, *Lo, I have had?* Lonely I was indeed, yet I could look back into chambers of intimate companionship unimaginable by the average human heart. Surely the windows of these chambers would always stand open; their light would always continue to shine from behind me along my darkened path; and that path might again be made to lead through valleys of renunciation out upon uplands where the sun of contentment should rise once more.

These are the thoughts upon which I pondered in my second and far more terrible need, when not merely one half of my life, but much more than one half of my very self, seemed to have been lopped away. I laid them diligently to my torn and fainting soul, I strengthened myself upon them, and I began to act as they bade me. Of course I went forth into the active world again. As before, I would have no commerce with resignation, with passive patience. I wanted to learn again to renounce and then again to achieve, to possess. I wanted to fill again, as fully as I could, the vacant spaces in my mind and soul, not to sit alone and learn to endure the prospect of my vacant heart. I summoned back my old ambitions, my old desires for a great public career; and they came, grayly, unalluringly at first, but soon with an increasing charm of genuine interest and hope. I went forth into the world again, back to my native State. Not again to my native town—that I could not have borne. But I believed that, even after seven years, in the capital of my State, where I had sat for a while in the legislative body, there would still be some to remember me, to welcome me, and to help me to a new place and a new chance.

This proved to be the truth, and I threw myself again into legal and political life. I worked with extraordinary diligence, for I had an extraordinary task before me. I had a void to fill such as few men can even faintly picture. I knew that I should never reach the frame of mind which is called forgetting, and not for an instant did I wish to reach it: that would have meant assisting fate to denude and defraud me. But neither did I wish remembrance to surge forever uppermost in my mind: that would have meant assisting

fate to conquer me. And only by working with all the force of all my faculties during all the hours that I did not need for sleep and for vigorous bodily exercise, could I keep the blood of my wounded heart from flooding and drowning the brain upon which alone I could now rely to win me back the sense that it was worth my while to be alive.

But this sense did come back to me. The ambition which I had encouraged as a possible panacea became a palatable food, and then an intoxicating draught; and the labor it prescribed crowded out of my thoughts all envy of other men, all need for other occupations, all desire for what are called amusements—everything except a deep and solid fund of memories, to which I turned a hundred times a day with pride, with comfort, yes, and with actual joy, and of which I was always proudly, joyfully conscious, even when my definite thoughts were concerned with alien things. Again I prospered, became well known and well esteemed, and was chosen for public place and honor. And step by step I passed from the council-chambers of my city and my State into those of the nation's capital.

You know what my record in this capital has been. You know the conspicuous part I played throughout the War of the Rebellion and the distracted years that followed; and you know how, in later, quieter, but not less critical years, my influence has deepened and expanded. Many believe that at one time I aspired to higher chairs and titles than those which I have held so long: but this is not true; my ambition was then fully satisfied. I was content to possess the substance of power, and cared nothing for its signs. I preferred great usefulness to the exalted station which may often limit personal endeavor, and valued personal freedom more than the high prerogatives which must often express the will of other men. And these feelings have never changed. No man in my party has, for as long a time, been as influential as I. None has owed his influence more entirely to his personal qualities, his individual force. None, I believe, has exerted it in more beneficent ways. And thus, as mine has been the party in power and place, no man has stood higher than I upon the ladder which very long ago I resolved to climb.

Did this success make me happy again? Yes; if happiness means the feeling that life is well worth having; if it means contentment with life, gratitude for life, an eager desire that, just as it stands, life may be prolonged. Bitter and but dimly hopeful days I knew during many months after the death of my wife, and sad and isolated hours I have often counted since. Indeed, ever and always since her death I have lived alone. Yet my soul has not been lonely, because it has perpetually communed with satisfying recollections. For many years there has not been a night when I have gone to my bed unthankful for the day's experience set against the shining background of a vanished but still living past; and there have been few mornings when I have awakened feeling less than glad that a new day was breaking. I have enjoyed the doing of my work in all its phases. And I have rested from it in the cheering sense that it has been important work well done, that more of it will always be waiting to be done, and that back in the past, safe beyond peradventure, lies garnered that other rare success, that other inestimable joy, for which in my youth my soul cried out.

IV.

When I reflect upon this strenuous part of my life, I see that the lessons it has taught me are the same that I had already learned in my seven years of dual solitude. It has reiterated the hard yet bracing truths that if we would be strong we must concentrate our strength, and that our full development may sometimes be attained only through the elimination of some precious element from our lives. But it has also accentuated the beautiful, the consoling truth that things eliminated are not things destroyed. With a wife at my side whose love I wished to retain and enjoy, I could never have thrown myself into a public career with the energy which, I now perceive, was needed to insure me high success. Nor, again, could I have compassed this energy had I never possessed my wife; the full development of all my powers required the anguish of deprivation, leaving behind it a huge void which I could not permit to remain unfilled. On the other hand, such intensities of solitary labor would not have been endurable ungilded by the memory of the companionship I had once enjoyed. And, of course, my power to rule the minds and deeds of men has been largely the result of the years of enforced seclusion which enlightened and disciplined my own mind, and gave me control of the written and the spoken word. The books about life which I then foresaw have never been produced; but their substance has gone into my personal activity, and through this into the thinking and doing of many thousands of my fellows.

You may say that other men, although urged by less insistent goads than I, and forced less sternly to a concentration of their strength, have equaled or surpassed me in achievement. But I think this merely means that, with a fiercer pressure of some sort, they might have gone still farther and done still better. All success is reducible to terms of power, and there is no limit to possible power. No man has ever had so much that we cannot imagine him as having more. And, I believe, most men who have paid lightly for their share of power would have acquired a larger share if, in one way or another, fate had asked as heavy a price from them as from me. I feel that I have indeed been successful, not because I have done all that with my chances a man might do, but because I have done absolutely all that with my abilities was possible to me.

This, then, is the source of my contented spirit—the feeling that all my sufferings, all my struggles, have been worth while. And this is the source of my happiness—the sense that I have really lived the life of a man; that I have wanted and obtained, aspired and realized, possessed and enjoyed, fought with my special fate and gained the victory. Some men, I am aware, may be of a different temper; I am only trying to paint myself. All I wish is to explain that the bitterest possible hour for me would have been an hour which convinced me that I had never possessed, never achieved, and that now it was too late to hope.

Does all this imply that I can look back upon my days and say that, as fate decreed them for me, so I would have decreed them for myself if with open eyes I could have determined their course? Naturally, my soul protested and revolted while the two great crises of my life were passing. But afterward? During my seven years of satisfied affection, could I honestly have affirmed that I was glad my early scheme of existence had been shattered? Or would I have turned back eagerly to that scheme if I had felt it again consistent with the welfare of the woman whom I loved? And during my later years would I have abandoned my career of public usefulness to regain this woman? Or could I say that I was truly content that she had died?

Sometimes I have asked these questions of myself. But the only answer has been an immense feeling of relief that to questions such as they we are never obliged to frame replies. And from this feeling of relief has sprung the knowledge that, after all, the best features of human life are those commonly declared to be its worst. We rebel because we are supplied with the materials from which we must develop success and evolve contentment—because the brute clay of existence and the helpful straw are alike apportioned to us, and in measures which, from day to day, we cannot foresee; and we lament because, once our bricks are made, it is impossible to improve them. But even thus, and even when our dole of straw is very small, we are still far better off than we should be in a world where we were bidden to select, as well as utilize, both the clay and the straw. Curse as we may the force called fate, it is the only force which could make our impotence effective. If we could look forward and control our opportunities, or if we could look backward and believe that anything might have been which actually has not been, then, indeed, the unborn might be afraid of birth.

Yes, rebel and lament as we may, the best elements in our lives are the protecting invisibility of the future and the justifying inevitableness of the past. It is really because of these that almost all men can endure to live. And I, for one, am content to have lived, I am glad to have lived, even though it has been with often aching hands beneath a burning sky; for I have molded many bricks and have built them into beautiful and serviceable walls. I envy no man who has sat unbruised in one of the world's dimmer, cooler, idler corners, waiting for death to show him some justification for his record of empty days.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

ABASHED.

STRAIGHT at the noonday summer sun
I dared to gaze unflinching as an eagle might;
Then sudden ceased, my powers undone:
With down-dropt eyelids and in shame,
I fancied the Eternal Flame
Of Justice thus my sinful soul should pierce and blight.

Clifford Westmore Lake.

«THEM OLD CHEERY WORDS.»

PAP he allus ust to say,
«Chris'mus comes but onc't a year!»
Liked to hear him that-a-way,
In his old split-bottomed cheer
By the fireplace here at night—
Wood all in, and room all bright,
Warm and snug, and folks all here:
«Chris'mus comes but onc't a year!»

Me and Lize, and Warr'n and Jess
And Eldory home fer two
Weeks' vacation; and, I guess,
Old folks tickled through and through,
Same as we was,—«Home onc't more
Fer another Chris'mus—shore!»
Pap 'u'd say, and tilt his cheer,
«Chris'mus comes but onc't a year!»

Mostly pap was ap' to be
Ser'ous in his «daily walk,»
As he called it; giner'ly
Was no hand to joke er talk.
Fac's is, pap had never be'n
Rugged-like at all—and then
Three years in the army had
Hepped to break him purty bad.

Never flinched, but frost and snow
Hurt his wound in winter. But
You bet mother knowed it, though:
Watched his feet, and made him putt
On his flannen; and his knee,
Where it never healed up, he
Claimed was «well now—mighty near—
Chris'mus comes but onc't a year!»

«Chris'mus comes but onc't a year!»
Pap 'u'd say, and snap his eyes.
Row o' apples sputter'n' here
Round the hearth, and me and Lize
Crackin' hicker'-nuts; and Warr'n
And Eldory parchin' corn;
And whole raft o' young folks here.
«Chris'mus comes but onc't a year!»

Mother tuk most comfert in
Jest a-heppin' pap. She 'd fill
His pipe fer him, er his tin
O' hard cider; er set still
And read fer him out the pile
O' newspapers putt on file
Whilse he was with Sherman. (She
Knowed the whole war history!)

Sometimes he 'd git het up some.
«Boys,» he 'd say, «and you girls, too,
Chris'mus is about to come;
So, as you 've a right to do,
Celebrate it! Lots has died,
Same as Him they crucified,
That you might be happy here.
Chris'mus comes but onc't a year!»

. . . .

Missed his voice last Chris'mus—missed
Them old cheery words, you know.
Mother helt up tel she 'd kissed
All of us—then had to go
And break down! And I laughs: «Here!
‹Chris'mus comes but onc't a year!›»
«Them 's his very words,» sobbed she,
«When he asked to marry me.»

«Chris'mus comes but onc't a year!»
«Chris'mus comes but onc't a year!»
Over, over, still I hear,
«Chris'mus comes but onc't a year!»
Yit, like him, I 'm goin' to smile
And keep cheerful all the while;
Allus Chris'mus there—and here
«Chris'mus comes but onc't a year!»

James Whitcomb Riley.

FOR VALUE RECEIVED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «STORIES OF THE FOOT-HILLS,» ETC.

A SOFT yellow haze lay over the San Jacinto plain, deepening into purple where the mountains lifted themselves against the horizon. Nancy Watson stood in her cabin door, and held her bony, moistened finger out into the tepid air.

«I believe there 's a little breath of wind from the southeast, Robert,» she said, with a desperate hopefulness; «but the air does n't feel rainy.»

«Oh, I guess the rains 'll come along all right; they gener'ly do.» The man's voice was husky and weak. «Anyway, the barley 'll hold its own quite a while yet.»

«Oh, yes; quite a long while,» acquiesced his wife, with an eager, artificial stress on the adjective. «I don't care much if the harvest is n't earlier 'n usual; I want you to pick up your strength.» She turned into the room, a strained smile twitching her weather-stained face. She was glad Robert's bed was in the farthest corner away from the window. The barley-field that stretched about the little redwood cabin was a pale yellowish green, deeper in the depressions, and fading almost into brown on the hillocks. There had been heavy showers late in October, and the early-sown grain had sprouted. It was past the middle of November now, and the sky was of that serene, cloudless California blue which is like a perpetual smiling denial of any possibility of rain.

«Is the barley turning yellow any?» queried the sick man, feebly.

Nancy hesitated.

«Oh, not to speak of,» she faltered, swallowing hard.

Her husband was used to that gulping sob in her voice when she stood in the door. There was a little grave on the edge of the barley-field. He had put a bit of woven-wire fence about it to keep out the rabbits, and Nancy had planted some geraniums inside the small inclosure. There were some of the fiery blos-

soms in an old oyster-can at the head of the little mound, lifting their brilliant smile toward the unfeeling blue of the sky.

«There 's pretty certain to be late rains, anyway,» the man went on hoarsely. «Leech would let us have more seed if it was n't for the mortgage.» His voice broke into a strained whisper on the last word.

Nancy crossed the room, and laid her knotted hand on his forehead.

«You hain't got any fever to-day,» she said irrelevantly.

«Oh, no; I 'm gettin' on fine; I 'll be up in a day or two. The mortgage 'll be due next month, Nancy,» he went on, looking down at his thin gray hands on the worn coverlet; «I calc'lated they 'd hold off till harvest if the crop was comin' on all right.» He glanced up at her anxiously.

The woman's careworn face worked in a cruel, convulsive effort at self-control.

«It ain't right, Robert!» she broke out fiercely. «You 've paid more 'n the place is worth now; if they take it for what 's back, it ain't right!»

Her husband looked at her with pleading in his sunken eyes. He felt himself too weak for principles, hardly strong enough to cope with facts.

«But they ain't to blame,» he urged; «they lent me the money to pay Thomson. It was straight cash; I guess it 's all right.»

«There 's wrong somewhere,» persisted the woman, hurling her abstract justice recklessly in the face of the evidence. «If the place is worth more, you 've made it so workin' when you was n't able. If they take it now, I 'll feel like burnin' down the house and choppin' out every tree you 've planted!»

The man turned wearily on his pillow. His wife could see the gaunt lines of his unshaven neck. She put her hand to her aching throat and looked at him helplessly; then she turned and went back to the door. The barley *was* turning yellow. She looked toward the little grave on the edge of the field. More than the place was worth, she had said. What was it worth? Suppose they should take it. She drew her high shoulders forward and shivered in the warm air. The anger in her hard-featured face wrought itself into fixed lines. She recrossed the room, and sat down on the edge of the bed.

«How much is the mortgage, Robert?» she asked calmly. The sick man gave a sighing breath of relief, and drew a worn account-book from under his pillow.

«It 'll be $287.65, interest an' all, when it 's due,» he said, consulting his cramped figures. Each knew the amount perfectly well, but the feint of asking and telling eased them both.

«I 'm going down to San Diego to see them about it,» said Nancy; «I can't explain things in writing. There 's the money for the children's shoes; if the rains hold off they can go barefoot till Christmas. Mother can keep Lizzie out of school, and I guess Bobbie and Frank can 'tend to things outside.»

A four-year-old boy came around the house wailing out a grief that seemed to abate suddenly at sight of his mother. Nancy picked him up and held him in her lap while she took a splinter from the tip of his little grimy outstretched finger; then she hugged him almost fiercely, and set him on the door-step.

«What 's the matter with gramma's baby?» called an anxious voice from the kitchen.

«Oh, nothing, mother; he got a sliver in his finger; I just took it out.»

«He 's father's little soldier,» said Robert, huskily; «he ain't a-goin' to cry about a little thing like that.»

The little soldier sat on the door-step, striving to get his sobs under military discipline and contemplating his tiny finger ruefully.

An old woman came through the room with a white cloth in her hand.

«Gramma 'll tie it up for him,» she said soothingly, sitting down on the step, and tearing off a bandage wide enough for a broken limb. The patient heaved a deep sigh of content as the unwieldiness of the wounded member increased, and held his fat little fingers wide apart to accommodate the superfluity of rag.

«There, now,» said the old woman, rubbing his soft little gingham back fondly; «gramma 'll go and show him the turkeys.»

The two disappeared around the corner of the house, and the man and woman came drearily back to their conference.

«If you go, Nancy,» said Robert, essaying a wan smile, «I hope you 'll be careful what you say to 'em; you must remember they don't *think* they 're to blame.»

«I won't promise anything at all,» asserted Nancy, hitching her angular shoulders; «more 'n likely, I 'll tell 'em just what I think. I ain't afraid of hurtin' their feelin's, for they hain't got any. I think money 's a good deal like your skin: it keeps you from feelin' things that make you smart dreadfully when you get it knocked off.»

Robert smiled feebly, and rubbed his moist, yielding hand across his wife's misshapen knuckles.

«Well, then, you had n't ought to be hard on 'em, Nancy; it 's no more 'n natural to want to save your skin,» he said, closing his eyes wearily.

«ROBERT WATSON?»

The teller of the Merchants' and Fruitgrowers' Bank looked through the bars of his gilded cage, and repeated the name reflectively. He did not notice the eager look of the woman who confronted him, but he did wonder a little that she had failed to brush the thick dust of travel from the shoulders of her rusty cape.

The teller was a slender, immaculate young man, whose hair arose in an alert brush from his forehead, which was high and seemed to have been polished by the same process that had given such a faultless and aggressive gloss to his linen.

He turned on his spry little heel and stepped to the back of the inclosure, where he took a handful of long, narrow papers from a leather case, and ran over them hastily. Nancy did not think it possible that he could be reading them; the setting in his ring made a little streak of light as his fingers flew. She watched him with tense earnestness; it seemed to her that the beating of her heart shook the polished counter she leaned against. She hid her cotton-gloved hands under her cape for fear he would see how they trembled.

The teller returned the papers to their case, and consulted a stout, short-visaged man, whose lips and brow drew themselves together in an effort of recollection.

The two men stood near enough to hear Nancy's voice. She pressed her weather-beaten face close to the gilded bars.

«I 'm Mrs. Watson. I came down to see you about it; my husband 's been poorly and could n't come. We 'd like to get a little more time; we 've had bad luck with the barley so far, but we think we can make it another season.»

The men gave her a bland, impersonal attention.

«Yes?» inquired the teller, with tentative sympathy, running his pencil through his upright hair, and tapping his forefinger with it nervously. «I believe that 's one of Bartlett's personal matters,» he said in an undertone.

The older man nodded, slowly at first, and then with increasing affirmation.

«You 're right,» he said, untying the knot in his face, and turning away.

The teller came back to his place.

«Mr. Bartlett, the cashier, has charge of that matter, Mrs. Watson. He has not been down for two or three days: one of his children is very sick. I 'll make a note of it, however, and draw his attention to it when he comes in.» He wrote a few lines hurriedly on a bit of paper, and impaled it on an already overcrowded spindle.

«Can you tell me where he lives?» asked Nancy.

The young man hesitated.

«I don't believe I would go to the house; they say it 's something contagious—»

«I 'm not afraid,» interrupted Nancy, grimly.

The teller wrote an address, and slipped it toward her with a nimble motion, keeping his hand outstretched for the next comer, and smiling at him over Nancy's dusty shoulder.

The woman turned away, suddenly aware that she had been blocking the wheels of commerce, and made her way through the knot of men that had gathered behind her. Outside she could feel the sea in the air, and at the end of the street she caught a glimpse of a level blue plain with no purple mountains on its horizon.

Someway, the mortgage had grown smaller; no one seemed to care about it but herself. She had felt vaguely that they would be expecting her and have themselves steeled against her request. On the way from the station she had thought that people were looking at her curiously as the woman from «up toward Pinacate» who was about to lose her home on a mortgage. She had even felt that some of them knew of the little wire-fenced grave on the edge of the barley-field.

She showed the card to a boy at the corner, who pointed out the street and told her to watch for the number over the door.

«It is n't very far; 'bout four blocks up on the right-hand side. Yuh kin take the street-car fer a nickel, er yuh kin walk fi' cents cheaper,» he volunteered, whereupon an older boy kicked him affectionately, and advised him in a nauseated tone to «come off.»

Nancy walked along the smooth cement pavement, looking anxiously at the houses behind their sentinel palms. The vagaries of Western architecture conveyed no impression but that of splendor to her uncritical eye. The house whose number corresponded to the one on her card was less pretentious than some of the others, but the difference was lost upon her in the general sense of grandeur.

She went up the steps and rang the bell, with the same stifling clutch on her throat

that she had felt in the bank. There was a little pause, and then the door opened, and Nancy saw a fragile, girl-like woman with a tear-stained face standing before her.

«Does Mr. Bartlett live here?» faltered the visitor, her chin trembling.

The young creature leaned forward like a flower wilting on its stem, and buried her face on Nancy's dusty shoulder.

«Oh, I 'm so glad to see you,» she sobbed; «I thought no one ever *would* come. I did n't know before that people were so afraid of scarlet fever. They have taken my baby away for fear he would take it. Do you know anything about it? Please come right in where she is, and tell me what you think.»

Nancy had put her gaunt arm around the girl's waist, and was patting her quivering shoulder with one cotton-gloved hand. Two red spots had come on her high cheek-bones, and her lips were working. She let herself be led across the hall into an adjoining room, where a yellow-haired child lay restless and fever-stricken. A young man with a haggard face came forward and greeted her eagerly. «Now, Flora,» he said, smoothing his wife's disordered hair, «you don't need to worry any more; we shall get on now. I 'm sure she 's a little better to-day; don't you think so?» He appealed to Nancy, wistfully.

«Yes; I think she is,» said Nancy, stoutly, moving her head in awkward defiance of her own words.

«There, Flora, that 's just what the doctor said,» pleaded the husband.

The young wife clung to the older woman desperately.

«Oh, do you think so?» she faltered. «You know, I never *could* stand it. She 's all—well, of course there 's the baby—but—oh—you see—you know—I never could bear it!» She broke down again, sobbing, with her arms about Nancy's neck.

«Yes, you can bear it,» said Nancy. «You can bear it if you have to, but you ain't a-goin' to have to—she 's a-goin' to get well. An' you 've got your man; you ought to recollect that»—she stifled a sob—«he seems well an' hearty.»

The young wife raised her head and looked at her husband with tearful scorn. He met her gaze meekly, with that ready self-effacement which husbands seem to feel in the presence of maternity.

«Have you two poor things been here all alone?» asked Nancy.

«Yes,» sobbed the girl-wife, this time on her husband's shoulder; «everybody was afraid,—we could n't get any one,—and I don't know anything. You 're the first woman I 've seen since—oh, it 's been *so* long!»

«Well, you 're all nervous and worn out and half starved,» announced Nancy, untying her bonnet-strings. «I 've had sickness, but I 've never been this bad off. Now, you just take care of the little girl, and I 'll take care of you.»

It was a caretaking like the sudden stilling of the tempest that came to the little household. The father and mother would not have said that the rest and order that pervaded the house, and finally crept into the room where the sick child lay, came from a homely woman with an ill-fitting dress and hard, knotted hands. To them she seemed the impersonation of beauty and peace on earth.

That night Nancy wrote to her husband. The letter was not very explicit, but limited expression seems to have its compensations. There are comparatively few misunderstandings among the animals that do not write at all. To Robert the letter seemed entirely satisfactory. This is what she wrote:

> I have not had much time to see about the Morgage. One of their children is very sick and I will have to stay a few days. If the cough medisine gives out tell mother the directions is up by the Clock. I hope you are able to set up. Write and tell me how the Barley holds on. Tell the children to be good. Your loving wife,
>
> NANCY WATSON.

«Nancy was always a great hand around where there 's sickness,» Robert commented to his mother-in-law. «I hope she won't hurry home if she 's needed.»

He wrote her to that effect the next day, very proud of his ability to sit up, and urging her not to shorten her stay on his account. «Ime beter and the Barly is holding its own,» he said, and Nancy found it ample.

«This Mrs. Watson you have is a treasure,» said the doctor to young Bartlett; «where did you find her?»

«Find her? I thought you sent her,» answered Bartlett, in a daze.

«No; I could n't find any one; I was at my wit's end.»

The two men stared at each other blankly.

«Well, it does n't matter where she came from,» said the doctor, «so she stays. She 's a whole relief corps and benevolent society in one.»

Young Bartlett spoke to Nancy about it the first time they were alone.

«Who sent you to us, Mrs. Watson?» he asked.

Nancy turned and looked out of the window.

«Nobody sent me—I just came.»

Then she faced about.

«I don't want to deceive nobody. I come down from Pinacate to see you about some—some business. They told me at the bank that you was up at the house, so I come up. When I found how it was, I thought I 'd better stay—that 's all.»

«From Pinacate—about some business?» queried the puzzled listener.

«Yes; I did n't mean to say anything to you; I don't want to bother you about it when you 're in trouble an' all wore out. I told them down at the bank; they 'll tell you when you go down.» And with this the young man was obliged to be content.

It was nearly two weeks before the child was out of danger. Then Nancy said she must go home. The young mother kissed her tenderly when they parted.

«I 'm so sorry you can't stay and see the baby,» she said, with sweet young selfishness; «they 're going to bring him home very soon now. He 's *so* cute! Archie dear, go to the door with Mrs. Watson, and remember—» She raised her eyebrows significantly, and waited to see that her husband understood before she turned away.

The young man followed Nancy to the hall.

«How much do I owe—» He stopped, with a queer choking sensation in his throat.

Nancy's face flushed.

«I always want to be neighborly when there 's sickness,» she said; «'most anybody does. I hope you 'll get on all right now. Good-by.»

She held out her work-hardened hand, and the young man caught it in his warm, prosperous grasp. They looked into each other's eyes an instant, not the mortgager and the mortgagee, but the woman and the man.

«Good-by, Mrs. Watson. I can never—» The words died huskily in his throat.

«Papa,» called a weak, fretful little voice.

Nancy hitched her old cape about her high shoulders.

«Good-by,» she repeated, and turned away.

ROBERT leaned across the kitchen table, and held a legal document near the lamp.

«It 's marked ‹Satisfaction of mortgage› on the outside,» he said in a puzzled voice; «and it must be our mortgage, for it tells all about it inside; but it says,»—he unfolded the paper, and read from it in his slow, husky whisper,—«‹The debt—secured thereby—having been fully paid—satisfied—and discharged.› I don't see what it means.»

Nancy rested her elbows on the table, and looked across at him anxiously.

«It must be a mistake, Robert. I never said anything to them except that we 'd like to have more time.»

He went over the paper again carefully.

«It reads very plain,» he said. Then he fixed his sunken eyes on her thoughtfully. «Do you suppose, Nancy, it could be on account of what you done?»

«Me!» The woman stared at him in astonishment.

Suddenly Robert turned his eyes toward the ceiling, with a new light in his thin face.

«Listen!» he exclaimed breathlessly, «it 's raining!»

There was a swift patter of heralding drops, and then a steady, rhythmical drumming on the shake roof. The man smiled, with that ineffable delight in the music which no one really knows but the tiller of the soil.

Nancy opened the kitchen door and looked out into the night.

«Yes,» she said, keeping something out of her voice; «the wind 's strong from the southeast, and it 's raining steady.»

Nancy Watson always felt a little lonesome when it rained. She had never mentioned it, but she could not help wishing there was a shelter over the little grave on the edge of the barley-field.

Margaret Collier Graham.

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THE BLOSSOM OF THE SOUL.

THOU half-unfolded flower
With fragrance-laden heart,
What is the secret power
That doth thy petals part?
What gave thee most thy hue—
The sunshine, or the dew?

Thou wonder-wakened soul!
As Dawn doth steal on Night
On thee soft Love hath stole.
Thine eye, that blooms with light,
What makes its charm so new—
Its sunshine, or its dew?

Robert Underwood Johnson.

OUR GREAT PACIFIC COMMONWEALTH.

A STUDY OF ULTIMATE CALIFORNIA.

ALIFORNIA is widely celebrated, but little known. Its unique climate and productions, and the dramatic incidents of its early history, have been deeply impressed upon the popular imagination wherever the name of the republic is spoken. These circumstances have given it rank among the most famous of American States, yet its problems and its future are inscrutable enigmas to all who have not studied the subject at close range, and to many who have. The anomaly that one of the States most talked of should be one of the least understood is not difficult to explain.

In the first place, California is known not by what millions of people have seen, but by what millions have read. Europe is better known by contact to Americans than California. A prominent American author recently «discovered» California, and filled the newspapers with the interesting and suggestive impressions it had made upon his mind. He had been to Europe twenty times, and to the Pacific coast once, which is once oftener than many other distinguished travelers of the Eastern seaboard. Still further, the Anglo-Saxon race is dealing with new conditions in California. Coming from dense forests, from a land of heavy rainfall, and from a temperate climate where winters are long and stern, it settled in treeless deserts, in a land of slight and peculiar rainfall, and under a sky that never knows the winter. Finally, California is in its infancy, having recently celebrated its forty-sixth birthday as an American commonwealth. Born in a paroxysm of speculation,—one of the wildest the world has seen,—it has outlived a trying experience of lesser economic epilepsy, and come to the threshold of its true career strengthened and purified by the extraordinary process. In less than half a century several far-reaching changes have swept through the industrial and social life of the State, swiftly altering the conditions of labor and of business. Even for those living in the midst of these events, it has been difficult to read their significance and estimate their influence on the ultimate character of the place and people. What wonder, then, that to the outside world California has meantime appeared like a jumble of gold, palms, and oranges, of gilded millionaires and hopeless paupers, of enviable farmers living luxuriously on small sections of paradise, and of servile alien laborers herded in stifling tenements? Such are the conflicting aspects of the Golden State to those who view it from afar. What are the facts?

THE SPECULATING FARMER.

THE great farmer of California is the successor of the gold-hunter. Both were speculators of the thoroughbred type; both looked with contempt upon the matter of making a living, and dreamed only of making a fortune. Of homes and institutions they were neither architects nor builders, for they sought only to take the wealth from the soil and spend it elsewhere. The miner leaves nothing to commemorate the place where he has gathered gold save crumbling hovels and empty tin cans. The five-thousand-acre wheat-farmer leaves no monument beyond fields of repulsive stubble and the shanties of his «hoboes.» These social forces belong rather more to barbarism than to civilization.

The rise of horticulture brought no material change in these conditions. As with the miner and wheat-farmer, so with the fruit-grower the aim was to get rich quickly, and the method was speculation. Certain districts were devoted almost exclusively to prunes, others to wine-grapes, others to raisins, and yet others to oranges. Fruit-land rose to almost fabulous prices, and was readily bought by those who had been taught to believe that they could realize profits ranging from one hundred to one thousand dollars per acre for certain crops. Exceptional instances justified this prediction, and everybody seemed to prefer to found expectations upon these instances rather than upon average returns. It is not difficult to understand why a man who counts upon an income of five to ten thousand dollars from ten acres, or double that amount from twenty acres, should turn his back upon common things, and devote his land exclusively to the crops which promise such gilded profits.

WHEN PROSPERITY IS A BLIGHT.

THIS was the general policy, and it conferred great prosperity upon some classes, particularly the Chinese and Italian market-gardeners, who raised food for the orchard-

farmers to eat. There were years, however, when the fruit of trees and vines brought very large returns. Wherever the policy of single crops is pursued, whether it be wheat, corn, or cotton, raisins, prunes, or oranges, there are occasional years of well-nigh riotous prosperity. But such years are frequently more disastrous in their results than sober periods of depression. They feed the flame of speculation and raise false industrial ideals. Under the spell of such times, the people depart still further from the safe path of self-sufficient agriculture, buying more land to devote to the favorite crop, expanding their living expenses, and running into debt. When this spirit becomes the breath of industry no human laws can avert disaster. A true industrial system is like a noble river fed by eternal snows: it never floods its banks with an excessive flow, and never sinks below its normal stage. It ebbs and flows with the regular tides of the great commercial ocean to which it is tributary, but alike at high water and at low it bears the ships of men upon its tranquil bosom.

THE CIVILIZING POWER OF IRRIGATION.

THE evolutionary process of the last twenty years has wrought out some very valuable lessons for the future of California. It has demonstrated that irrigation is essential to the highest standard of civilization. The census of 1890 revealed the fact that two thirds of the gain in rural population stood to the credit of eight counties where irrigation prevailed. The counties which rely upon rainfall had about reached a standstill or scored a loss. The people have always been divided on the question as to whether irrigation is necessary. Those who oppose urge that it breeds malaria and injures the quality of the fruit. Those who favor insist that it is essential to the most scientific agriculture, and to the maintenance of dense population. The last twenty years have answered the question forever. The answer consists of a comparison between the south and the north. The one was born of the irrigation canal; the other of the mining-camp and the wheat-ranch. The one is characterized by a high civilization; the other by a low one.

THE HOLLAND OF THE SOUTH.

WHAT Holland was to the life of Europe in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, southern California is to the life of the Pacific coast at the end of the nineteenth century. The industrial impulse which the men of the Netherlands caught from their conquest of the sea, the men of the southern valleys caught from their conquest of the desert. «Curbing the ocean and overflowing rivers with their dikes,» says one of the closest students of Dutch history, «they came to love the soil, their own creation, and to till it with patient, almost tender care.» So they became the fathers of scientific farming in Europe. They wrought a marvelous revolution in the methods of cultivating the soil. «When Catherine of Aragon wished for a salad, she was compelled to send for it across the Channel by a special messenger.» The civilization founded upon this wonderful agriculture maintained its high character through the whole range of their economic life. The habits of skilful industry which grew from the intensely cultivated soil conferred the same prosperity when adapted to the workshop and the store. The thread of coöperation spun from their common labor on the dikes ran through the entire industrial fabric of the crowded little nation. The influence of neighborly association involved in the conditions of existence on farms of petty size colored and shaped their social life. As it was in Holland, so it is in southern California.

The men of the southern valleys made the small farm unit supreme. With marvelous patience and intelligence they worked out the highest methods of watering and tilling the soil known to the world. Tempering their speculative instincts with love of home, they developed towns and surroundings of rare beauty and comfort, and made them centers of high social and intellectual life. To compare these conditions with those which prevail in the great wheat- and cattle-ranches of the north, where labor is mostly servile, and where beauty has never laid its hand upon the home or dooryard, is like comparing Holland to Paraguay. Although the south has by no means escaped the evils of the single crop, it has vindicated irrigation and the small farm, and the extraordinary social possibilities inherent in both. These are the valuable lessons which may be set against the failures and disappointments of the last two decades.

CALIFORNIA'S FUTURE MILLIONS.

WITH a population estimated by Governor Budd in 1896 at less than one million and a quarter, California has a territory nearly as large as that of France. It is inferior to France neither in climate, soil, natural resources, nor sea-coast, and its capacity for sustaining a dense population is fully as great as that of the European republic. The latter

supports more than thirty-eight millions. If, then, the comparatively few inhabitants of the California of to-day are not equally prosperous, it is because they have failed to make the best use of their opportunities. With the same rate of increase in the next century as in that of the immediate past, the United States will contain in 1996 a total population of over five hundred and eighty millions. Nothing is more certain than that California must receive its full share of these future millions. It seems hardly less certain that they will realize there the highest destiny of the race. But how?

Notwithstanding the supreme attractions of its rural life, more than seventy-seven per cent. of California's total increase in the last decade covered by the national census settled in towns and cities. As a result, the urban life of this far, new State is as badly congested as that of the old communities of the East. But the possibilities of agriculture, of manufacture, and of mining are relatively untouched. Ultimate California remains to be fashioned from these undeveloped materials. The tendencies of future growth are revealed by the teaching of the past, and not less by its failures than by its successes—not less by the fury of old speculations than by the calm current of these saner times. The future tides of population in the Golden State must first spend their energy upon the soil. It is the creation of a new and ampler civilization that is involved, and agriculture must be its foundation. But if those now engaged in cultivating the soil can scarcely maintain themselves, what hope is there for new recruits in the industry? The question is natural, but the answer is conclusive. There is no hope for them if they engage in speculation, but there is an absolute guaranty of a living and a competence, to be enjoyed under the most satisfying and ennobling social conditions, if they work upon sound industrial lines. These lines are clearly disclosed by the light of past experience.

THE SETTLER'S OPPORTUNITY.

THREE classes of products should enter into the calculations of the new settler in California: the things he consumes; the things California now imports from Eastern States and foreign countries; the things which Eastern communities consume, but can never hope to produce, and of which California possesses virtually a monopoly. In the first list is almost everything which would appear in an elaborate dinner menu, from the course of olives to the course of oranges, nuts, and raisins, and excluding only the coffee. This policy of self-sustenance has been ignored to a startling degree in the mad struggle for riches, but the coming millions of farmers can be sure of a luxurious living only by stooping to collect it from the soil.

MILLIONS FOR NEEDLESS IMPORTS.

IN the second list are many of the commonest articles of consumption, which California might readily produce at home, but for which it sends millions of dollars abroad each year. The imports of pork and its products range as high as eight or ten millions each year. Condensed milk is not only a very important article of consumption in mining-camps and great ranches, but is largely shipped abroad for the Asiatic trade. It is brought across the continent from New Jersey. California also sends beyond its borders from twenty to twenty-five millions annually for the item of sugar, which should not only be produced in sufficient quantities to supply consumption, but for export as well. It is a curious fact that many of the finest fruit preserves sold in San Francisco bear French and Italian labels, and that the supply of canned sweet corn comes mostly from Maine. Essential oils made from the peelings of citrus fruits are also imported. It is not uncommon to find orange marmalade which has been prepared in Rochester, New York, the oranges having been shipped eastward, and the manufactured product westward, at a cost of two transcontinental freights. Imports are by no means confined to things which require capital and machinery for their manufacture. Chickens, turkeys, and eggs are largely brought from outside. A single commission-house in San Francisco imports five hundred thousand chickens every year. Thus a good many thousands of the new settlers can profitably be employed in feeding much of the present population of the State, which includes a large proportion of those who are speculating on wheat and fruit, sheep, cattle, and hogs.

PRODUCTS FOR EXPORT.

HAVING made perfectly sure of his living, and disposed of his surplus for cash in the home market, the settler still has left a promising field in the list of things which nine tenths of the American people consume but cannot produce. Among these products are oranges, lemons, and limes. Florida competition in this line has been temporarily destroyed, if not permanently injured. Mexico is, perhaps, a rising competitor; but there is little reason

to fear that California cannot hold its own against all foreign producers. Even more promising is the olive culture; for while the orange is an article of luxury, the olive must ultimately become here as elsewhere an important article of food. Californians are just beginning to pickle the ripe olives. The difference between a green olive and a ripe one is precisely the difference between a green and a ripe apple. In Spain the people subsist largely on olives, but not on green ones. All who have eaten the ripe fruit which is now being pickled in California will agree that it is conservative to say that when the American public become acquainted with this product, its consumption will be enormously increased. This will be true, because in its new form the olive is as nutritious as it is palatable, and the people will learn to depend upon it as an article of diet. In the production of deciduous fruits, such as peaches, apricots, cherries, and nectarines, California has much competition, and is to have much more in the future. There are irrigated valleys throughout the Pacific Northwest, the intermountain region, and the now undeveloped Southwest, which are beginning to produce marvelous fruits of this kind. The same is true of olives, almonds, and walnuts in a much more restricted way. The California wine industry is promising to-day, and the culture of grapes for this purpose profitable. Planters who depend for their entire income upon the cultivation of these export crops will necessarily suffer all the evils of speculative farming, but those who have founded their industry upon the plan of self-sufficiency will always have a surplus income from this third source, and in years of high prices it will be large. It is thus that the agricultural basis of California will be indefinitely broadened in order to sustain future millions.

THE FACTORY AND THE MINE.

Upon this foundation manufactures, mining, and an enlarged commerce will rest. The first cannot be long delayed. California will not permanently endure the enormous waste involved in shipping its wool and hides across the continent to Eastern mills, tanneries, and workshops, and in shipping back again the manufactured cloth and shoes. The factories must inevitably grow up near the raw material and the consumers. Expediency and the economy of nature alike demand it. This important part of California's civilization remains almost wholly to be developed. Its growth will open new avenues for employment and new outlets for the products of the soil.

The mining industry is also in its youth. To use a common phrase, but a true one, «the surface of the ground has only been scratched.» Old methods have been outlived, and the conditions of the industry are changing in vital ways; but the work of taking gold and silver, copper, lead, and iron, from the foot-hills and mountains of California has only been begun. The day of the individual miner, working with his pan in the gravel bed of the stream, is mostly past. The conditions of hydraulic mining were materially altered by legislation because of the injury done by polluting the rivers and filling their channels; but quartz-mining is in a state of rapid development, and is destined to assume prodigious proportions. It will add untold millions to the wealth of the community, increasing the demand for labor, and widening the markets of the farmer.

THE FUTURE INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION.

Nature has unquestionably provided the foundation of a marvelous industrial life in which millions of people will finally participate. To-day these resources are undeveloped. There is but one force that can awaken the sleeping potentialities into a manifold and fruitful life. That force is human labor. Looking down the years of the future, it is possible to predict, with the accuracy of mathematics, that human labor will coin from these vacant valleys and rugged mountain-sides billions upon billions of money. The wealth to be so created will build many beautiful homes, capitalize banks, factories, and railroads, and send great steamships across the Pacific to foreign shores. To whom shall these things belong when labor has made them from the materials which nature provided? Upon the answer to that question hang the destinies of California.

The seed of the California of the past was in the little group of feverish gold-hunters who camped by Sutter's mill in 1849. It bore the gaudy weed of speculation, with its bitter harvest of misfortune and discontent for the many, accentuated only by the superfluous riches which it gave to the few. The seed of the California of the future is in the irrigation canals owned and administered by small landed proprietors; in the fruit-exchanges which are supplanting the commission system and securing to the producer the rewards of his labor; in the coöperative creameries and canning-factories which, in the face of deficient capital and unfair competition, are

slowly fighting their way to the sure ground of abiding prosperity; in the multitudinous and uniformly successful manufacturing and mercantile associations which Mormon genius has planted in the valleys of Utah; in the banks, insurance companies, and loan and building societies which, all over the Union and all over the world, have vindicated the possibilities of associated man.

SOIL FOR NEW INSTITUTIONS.

INDUSTRIAL organization is the only shield against the evil possibilities of concentrated wealth. In a settled country, where the roots of old institutions are deeply planted, and where vested interests have fastened upon all the sources of natural wealth, the application of this principle is surrounded by serious difficulties. But in a country where, in a comparative sense, all remains to be made, there is a fair field for its development. Such is the fortunate situation of California and of nearly one half of the continent to-day. It is mostly a blank page which awaits the makers of history. Its institutions are to be formulated, founded, and realized by the men of the future. Without raising a hostile hand against a vested right or privilege, without enacting a single new law, and without doing violence to any rational sentiment, the millions that are yet to occupy the fairest portion of the national domain may win precious victories for humanity.

Those who come to till the soil may own the numerous small industries which consume and concentrate their crude products either by setting aside a portion of their original investment, or by dedicating a part of their subsequent income to the purpose. This has been done on a great scale in Utah and in some foreign countries, and is being done in a small way in various parts of the West. They can go further under the same principle, and establish industries less closely related to the soil. The problem of distributing their products even to the remotest markets is already in process of rapid solution. Only the possession of the iron highway by private capital now balks their perfect triumph, and even the railway system may some day be made subservient to the interests of production. The mines are mostly within the reach of the organized community; they are located on public lands. They require only well-directed labor to bring them to a stage where they readily command either capital or credit sufficient to obtain the necessary machinery. The labor that does the work requires to be fed only with that which grows from the soil. The properly organized community would furnish both the labor and the sustenance. Thus the earnings of mines, like the rewards of the farm and factory, would be distributed among those whose labor created them.

All this has been done, and will be done in a much larger way, without resort to socialism or any other daring scheme of revolutionary character. It involves but two principles —the joint-stock company and the New England town meeting. These are applicable, if not to great aggregations of people, at least to small communities. The system which they represent rests upon individual independence. The society which they serve finds its unit in the family and the home. There is a point beyond which the individual cannot go without associating his labor with that of others, either as wage-earner or share-owner. Under the system now growing up in the West, the stock company, composed of many petty capitalists, takes the place of the employer. It is a legitimate and natural economic development, and perhaps the most hopeful one of recent times.

THE FIELD FOR GROWTH.

IT is interesting to consider what portions of California will receive the bulk of the future population. The coast region presents a frontage of over one thousand miles to the sea. Though narrowly hemmed in by mountains, it contains many fertile agricultural valleys which have long been occupied. The chief industries are dairying, stock-raising, and general farming, with some mining; in a few districts, notably the Santa Clara Valley, fruit-raising has assumed large proportions. While the coast region will inevitably enjoy a gradual increase of population, we must look elsewhere to find a field which invites the immigration of millions, and offers hopeful ground for the growth of new institutions.

What is popularly known as southern California is a narrowly restricted district reaching eastward from Los Angeles for about one hundred miles, and southward to San Diego. Like the coast region, its character is fixed, though on widely different lines. Its population is already comparatively dense, and its future growth will be measured by the water-supply for irrigation, the limitations of which seem already in sight. It is an impressive fact that the seven counties of the south received sixty-one per cent. of the whole increase of rural population between 1880 and 1890. This marvelous showing was chiefly due to the su-

perior public spirit of the locality, and to the attractive institutions which grew out of it. But its very success in the past places limitations upon the country as a field for future expansion. Land values have risen high, and the water-supply has become almost as precious as gold. A curious development of colonization in this locality is a new community to which desirable families are admitted upon condition that they will expend not less than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars each for improvements. It is reassuring to reflect, however, that the millionaire colonists can accomplish little more with their abundant capital than humbler settlers may do with their united labor. The sun, the sky, the earth, and the waters will be as kind to one class as to the other. While it should not be inferred that none but the very rich can settle in the south, it is perfectly true that this charming district is not within the field of the largest future developments.

Where, then, is the field to accommodate the hosts who will come when the population of California begins to approximate that of France? It lies principally in four great and distinct bodies, which may be named, in the order of their importance, as follows: the Sacramento Valley, stretching north from the Bay of San Francisco to the feet of snowy Shasta; the San Joaquin Valley, reaching south from the great bay to the place where the two mountain-ranges meet at the pass of Tehachapi; the intermountain valleys on the eastern slope of the Sierra, extending over the boundary into Nevada; and the Colorado Desert, in the extreme southeastern part of the State, on the borders of Mexico.

THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY.

THE first of these, the valley of the Sacramento, received an addition of only two thousand to its rural population, out of a total of nearly ninety-seven thousand for the State, between 1880 and 1890. The fault lay neither with the soil nor the climate, which are equal to those of any part of California, but with economic conditions. The country is held in vast estates, principally devoted to the cultivation of grain, which has been a losing industry for several years. Where horticulture has been adopted it has frequently been done upon a great scale. The vast orchards and vineyards of Mrs. Stanford, of General Bidwell, and of A. T. Hatch are striking instances of this tendency. When General N. P. Chipman, himself a distinguished resident of the Sacramento Valley, called attention to the startling revelations contained in the census figures, the matter was widely dicussed, but with little result. The public spirit which has given the southern counties their splendid place in the life of the Pacific coast is distinctly lacking in the north. The truth is that it cannot be cultivated on wheat-fields or in mining-camps. It comes with irrigation, with the subdivision of the land into thousands of diminutive holdings, with a citizenship composed of a multitude of small proprietors.

These conditions are exactly reversed in the northern valley, with pitiful results. The same forces would make the same civilization in both localities, for the physical foundation is practically identical. The southern valley lies open to the sea, the breezes from which mercifully temper the summer heat. In other respects, the advantages are all on the side of the Sacramento. It is far greater in area; its water-supplies are both more abundant and more reliable; its surrounding advantages, notably in the way of mines and timber, are much superior. Finally, it possesses the inestimable blessing of a mighty river, navigable for a distance of two hundred miles, and capable of being much improved. This is a factor of the highest import. It furnishes cheap transportation by boat, and materially lessens railroad charges. Furthermore, it gives the valley a comprehensive system of drainage from Shasta to the sea. The wonderful mineral riches of this locality will be rapidly developed. They are by no means confined to gold, for what promises to be one of the greatest copper-mines in the world has recently been opened in Shasta County, with the aid of British capitalists. It is from the foot-hills on the eastern side of the Sacramento Valley that the earliest oranges and lemons seek the market. They command high prices, and are mostly sold on the coast from San Francisco to British Columbia. It is in this imperial valley, and in the foot-hills and mountains which rise above it in splendid pictures on each side, that a large proportion of the future millions will find homes and prosperity.

THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

THE San Joaquin Valley is even larger, and in many respects resembles its northern sister. It is not as fortunate, however, in extent of water-supply, navigation facilities, or natural drainage. Here irrigation and the small farm had begun to make themselves felt, and the single county of Fresno gained more than five times as much in population

in the last census decade as the entire Sacramento Valley. Both irrigation and small farming have here been attended with misfortunes which have injured them in public esteem. Perhaps the earliest triumph of the new woman in this generation was that of Miss Austin and her three associates—all school-teachers of San Francisco—who founded the wonderful Fresno raisin industry. Investing their savings in a ranch, and then boldly venturing upon a culture in which few had faith, they demonstrated that raisins equal to those of Spain could be produced in the San Joaquin. They were rewarded with handsome profits, and later thousands of people shared in the benefits of their demonstration. But speculation and the fallacy of the single crop followed as natural consequences, bringing hard times, mortgages, and disappointment in their train. In the mean time unskilful irrigation without proper drainage wrought harm in various ways. All of these misfortunes are being overcome, but it is not easy for the great valley to undo the injury which its reputation has suffered in the last few years. Nevertheless, the country of the San Joaquin contains great possibilities, and will sustain a dense population. Its contiguous mountains are richly endowed with mines and great timber, as well as with the sublimest scenery.

THE FALL OF WHEAT A BLESSING.

THE valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin have been, and are yet, the grain-fields of the Pacific coast. Many of their residents have bemoaned the fall in the price of wheat as the greatest of calamities. The truth is that for California it is the first of blessings. The fall in wheat prices has broken the land monopoly which kept labor servile, and gave the most fruitful of countries to four-footed beasts rather than to men. Not until nearly all great ranches had been mortgaged to their full capacity, not until the failure of prices had made the debts intolerably burdensome and brought their owners face to face with disaster, was it possible to open the country for its best and highest uses. With the supremacy of wheat will go the shanty and the «hobo» laborer, to be followed in time by the Chinaman. In their places will come the home and the man who works for himself. Civilization will bloom where barbarism has blighted the land. There are localities where the cultivation of grain can be pursued, but the semi-tropical valleys of California were plainly intended for better things.

Irrigation, drainage, and cheap transportation are closely related as economic problems in the great interior valleys. William Hammond Hall, the former State engineer, has predicted that within fifty years the waters which rise in the mountains and meander through these valleys to the sea will all be utilized to moisten and fertilize the soil, and then be turned into canals, serving the double purpose of drainage and transportation. He claims that it is feasible, from an engineering standpoint, to construct such works, and to propel trains of freight-boats by electricity at a speed of six miles an hour. If this shall be done, the gain to the State will be beyond all calculation, provided the works be owned by the public. It is by no means an idle dream when considered in connection with ultimate California.

EAST OF THE SIERRA.

THE third field of future development is the desert country lying east of the Sierra Nevada. This is almost unknown to the outside world, and is reached only by lines of narrow-gage railway running northwest and southwest from Reno, Nevada. It lies in two large bodies, the more northerly of which is in Lassen and Modoc counties. This enjoys large water-supplies and fertile soil, with abundant resources of timber and mineral. The country is of a sage-brush character, and most of the land is still open to entry by citizens. The altitude ranges from four thousand feet upward, and the climate is distinctly that of the temperate zone. The more southern body east of the Sierras lies largely in Inyo County. Here the climate is milder, though temperate rather than semi-tropical. A large population will occupy these districts in the future.

THE COLORADO DESERT.

THE most famous of waste places in America, the Colorado Desert, is popularly regarded as an empire of hopeless sterility, the silence of which will never be broken by the voices of men. But the great desert is the life-work of the Colorado River. The scientific men of the University of Arizona have analyzed these waters, and found that the actual commercial value of the fertilizing matter which would be deposited upon each acre by irrigation amounts, in the course of a year, to $9.07. What, then, is the potential value of the land which this river has created in centuries? The products of the region include oranges and the dates of commerce. The place is more like Syria than any other part of the United

States, and the daring imagination may readily conceive that here a new Damascus will arise, more beautiful than that of old.

With the occupation of the Colorado Desert, and of the great peninsula which adjoins it, a powerful impulse will be given to agriculture, mining, and commerce in a vast region now little peopled. One of the inevitable consequences will be the rise of San Diego to the proportions of a large city —probably the largest in the southern part of the coast.

LAND OF THE COMMON PEOPLE.

THE future of California will be very different from its past. It has been the land of large things—of large estates, of large enterprises, of large fortunes. Under another form of government it would have developed a feudal system, with a landed aristocracy resting on a basis of servile labor. These were its plain tendencies years ago, when somebody coined the epigram, «California is the rich man's paradise and the poor man's hell.» But later developments have shown that whatever of paradise the Golden State can offer to the rich it will share, upon terms of marvelous equality, with the middle classes of American life. Over and above all other countries, it is destined to be the land of the common people. This is true because, owing to its peculiar climatic conditions, it requires less land to sustain a family in generous comfort. For the same reason cheaper clothing and shelter, as well as less fuel, suffice, while it is possible to realize more perfectly the ideal of producing what is consumed. Moreover, it is a natural field for the application of associative industry and the growth of the highest social conditions. Indeed, the country has distinctly failed as a land of big things, and achieved its best successes in the opposite direction. Its true and final greatness will consist of the aggregate of small things—of small estates, of small enterprises, of small fortunes. Progress toward this end is already well begun. It must go on until the last great estate is dismembered and the last alien serf is returned to the Orient. Upon the ruins of the old system a better civilization will arise. It will be the glory of the common people, to whose labor and genius it will owe its existence. Its outreaching and beneficent influence will be felt throughout the world.

William E. Smythe.

WHAT LANGUAGE DID CHRIST SPEAK?

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

IT is by no accident that Mrs. Agnes Smith Lewis, the author of the following article, has won the credit of having made one of the greatest biblical discoveries of the century. She had been a student of the Syriac language, and could talk Arabic and Greek. It was with the plan of getting access to the treasures of the monastery of St. Katherine that she went to Mount Sinai, where Tischendorf had found the magnificent Sinaitic manuscript of the Greek Bible, and where Professor Palmer had failed to complete his attempted catalogue of the library. Her ability to talk with the Greek monks in their own language, and her wonderful tact and generalship, secured their good will; and she was not slow in discovering, under a late and worthless monkish biography, the faded letters of an ancient Syriac text of the four gospels. The leaves were stuck together, but she separated them by the steam of a tea-kettle, and took four hundred photographs, which she brought to England, where they proved to be a peculiar and very old version of the gospels of extraordinary interest. She has since visited the monastery again, with her sister, Mrs. Gibson, who made a catalogue of the six hundred Arabic manuscripts, while she catalogued the two hundred Syriac manuscripts, and made other important discoveries. A volume published by her last year contains a translation of the famous manuscript which bears her name.

William Hayes Ward.

THIS subject has awakened considerable interest of late years, owing partly to the discoveries of ancient biblical manuscripts which have recently been made, and partly to a growing desire on the part of Christians to realize how truly the Son of God became man,

subject by virtue of his manhood to the same conditions of life, and to most of the same limitations, as ourselves. For, however many miracles he wrought, these were all for the benefit of others; and not once in the canonical gospels do we find it recorded that he used his divine creative energy to lessen the burden which his true manhood imposed upon him. It is not to be denied that we can appreciate the meaning of our Lord's gracious words as they reach us through an English translation; but that a translation often fails to give the exact force of the original is felt by every earnest student of Greek as soon as he begins to read the New Testament. Few of my readers are likely to fall into the mistake attributed to a Scotch minister of the last century, who introduced an apt quotation from the Psalms by, «As King David said in his own beautiful Saxon»; or to that other worthy who exclaimed in the heat of a theological argument, «Do ye mean to say that Paul spoke Greek?» Yet the question as to what was the mother-tongue of Jesus is not yet altogether settled, some holding that it must have been Greek, because three out of the four gospels are supposed to have been written in that language; and others that it was a Semitic tongue, probably Aramaic or Syriac, which was at that time the vernacular of Palestine.

We shall try to place before our readers some considerations which have induced the most learned biblical critics of our day to adopt the latter hypothesis. But we must preface it with a short account of the Syriac language, taken partly from the introduction to the first edition of my translation of the Syriac gospels from the palimpsest manuscript which I had the happiness of discovering in the Convent of St. Katherine on Mount Sinai in 1892, and partly from the works of the many writers who have lately discussed the subject in Great Britain, in France, and in Germany. Syriac, or more properly Christian Aramaic, was the first language into which the New Testament was translated; and as the Greek text itself was written by men who habitually thought in Syriac, the early versions in this tongue have a closer affinity with the original text than those of any other can possibly have, not excepting the Old Latin. Aramaic was once popularly supposed to be a corrupt form of Hebrew, but that is a mistake. It is a language quite as regularly formed, and with a grammar quite as distinct, as either Hebrew or Arabic. Almost our first record of its use is from the lips of Laban. In Gen. xxxi. 47 we read that when Laban and Jacob set up a heap of stones as a witness of the covenant between them, Jacob called it, in good Hebrew, Galeed, and Laban, in equally good Aramaic, Jegar-sahadutha. From this some have concluded that Aramaic was the vernacular of Mesopotamia, the cradle of Abraham's family, and that it was brought into Palestine by the captives who returned from Babylon. Others say that, while it has an undoubted affinity with the Semitic of Babylonian cuneiform inscriptions, it was the language of the kingdom of Syria, which flourished in the territory stretching between the Euphrates and the Lebanon from about B. C. 1600 to B. C. 600, and that it was through this channel that it made its way into Palestine.

It is not easy to ascertain when Hebrew ceased to be the language of the common people; but that it had so ceased in the period immediately before our Lord's advent there can be little doubt. The Talmud, which was written about that time, shows clearly that the rabbis were accustomed to speak to the common people in Aramaic. Many of the legal documents necessary to civil life, such as contracts of sale, receipts, marriage certificates, bills of divorcement, were drawn up in that language.[1] Even some of the prayers of the synagogue, such as were intended to be understood by women and children, were translated into this, the vulgar tongue.

Our difficulty of proving this is increased by the ambiguous sense in which the word «Hebrew» is used in the New Testament. Strictly speaking, it ought to be applied to that language only in which the Pentateuch was written; but it was used carelessly also for Aramaic, as being the language spoken by the Hebrews in contradistinction to the cosmopolitan tongue of the Greeks. The «great silence» which followed the very beginning of St. Paul's address to the people, as recorded in Acts xxi. 40, was assuredly not produced by the sound of classical Hebrew, but by the familiar accents to which the miscellaneous crowd were accustomed in everyday life. We do not mean to say that the language of the Torah and of the prophets was quite unknown to them all; they heard it solemnly read every Sabbath day in their synagogues, and they used it in the blessings which they invoked over their meals. But it is, to say the least, more than doubtful if they could have followed the extempore arguments addressed to them by St. Paul had he spoken to them in the sacred classical tongue.

[1] Arnold Meyer, «Jesu Muttersprache,» p. 39; Dalman, p. 12.

It is also clear from this narrative that the mob of Jerusalem would not have understood a discourse in Greek.

It is believed by students of the works of Philo and of Josephus, both of whom were contemporaries of our Lord, that by the phrases τῇ πατρίῳ γλώσσῃ and ἑβραΐζων these writers meant Aramaic.[1] Josephus wrote his «Jewish War» first of all in his native dialect, and he confesses to the labor and delay (ὄκνος καὶ μέλλησις) which he had when translating it into Greek.[2] If a highly educated man, as he was, experienced this difficulty, how very unlikely is it that the fishermen of Bethsaida and the peasants of Galilee would have followed the Sermon on the Mount if addressed to them in Greek! God does not multiply miracles needlessly, and we may be certain that there were no pre-Pentecostal facilities granted to the crowds which hung upon our Lord's lips, nor even to his immediate disciples. But before going further we must explain that the early Aramaic Christians adopted the name of Syrians bestowed on them by the Greeks because they, the Aramaia, did not wish to be confounded with the Armaia (the heathen). The country of Aram was henceforth known as Syria, and its language as the Syriac.

We are on surer ground when we come to the indications in the text of the gospels which point to these narratives having been produced in a Syriac rather than in a Greek or a Hebrew atmosphere.

We have, first of all, the various Aramaic phrases actually embodied in the Greek text as having been uttered by our Lord, such as «Ephphatha» («Be opened»), «Talitha, cumi» («Maiden, arise»), where the word *cumi* might be Hebrew or Syriac or Arabic, but where *talitha* is purely Syriac. And the last despairing cry of our Lord on the cross, «Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?» is not translated in the Sinaitic palimpsest, for the good reason that it is a natural part of the Syriac text.

Take next the names of persons and places in the New Testament. The Syriac word for «son» is *bar*, and so we have Bartholomew, Barabbas, Bar-Jesus, Bar-Jona, Barnabas, Bar-Timæus. Had Hebrew been the spoken tongue, these names would have run Ben-tholomew, Ben-Jesus, etc. We have also «Cepha» (a stone, feminine gender), «Boanerges,» *i. e.*, *Beni-rogaz* (sons of thunder), «Sapphira» (the beautiful), «Thoma» (the twin), «Martha» (the mistress), «Tabitha» (the gazelle), «Bethsaida» (house of fishing), «Nazareth» (watch), «Gethsemane» (an oil-press), «Golgotha» (place of a skull), «Aceldama» (the field of blood). It may as well be explained that the final syllable of most of these names, *a*, is a distinctively Syriac termination. The words «mammon» (Matt. vi. 24) and «raca» (Matt. v. 22) and «abba» are Syriac also.

Nor are other indications wanting that our Lord spoke in Syriac. Semitic peoples delight in puns and in assonances or jingles of words. We need not go far to prove this. The Koran derives much of its supposed sanctity from this cause alone. Babylonian royal decrees and Arabic legal documents are all enlivened by it; and in the Syriac version of our Lord's discourses it seems as if one word had sometimes suggested another. We give the following instances: John viii. 34—«He who committeth sin is the slave of sin.» Here the word for «commit» and the word for «slave» are both regular forms of the triliteral verb *'bad*. There is a similar play on the same word in Luke vii. 8: «I say to my slave, Do this, and he doeth it.»

Matthew xxvii. 6: *dmaya ennōn da dmā* (the price of blood).

In Matthew x. 12, 13 we have: «And when ye come into an house, give peace to it [that is, salute it]. And if the house be worthy, your peace shall rest upon it: and if not, your peace shall return unto you.» In the Greek text ἀσπάσασθε (salute) has no verbal relation to εἰρήνη (peace). We therefore conclude that our Lord gave this direction in a Semitic tongue, and used either the Hebrew *shalōm* or the Syriac *shalma*.

In Matthew xi. 17 Dr. Jahn has pointed out an assonance between the words *raqadtun* (danced) and *arqadtun* (lamented), while Dr. Nestle observes another in the *anichkun* (I will give you rest) of verse 28 and the *danich ana* (for I am meek) of verse 29.

The alliteration, *memoth tamōth*, of Mark vii. 10 can be reproduced in an English idiom, «die the death,» though it is absent from the Greek.

In John xii. 32, «And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me,» the word «lifted up» has the secondary sense of «be crucified.»

In John xx. 10 there is in the Greek text an expression, ἀπῆλθον . . . πρὸς ἑαυτούς, which is not classical, and may perhaps be a translation of the Syriac *ezal lahūn;* and in John xx. 19 the curious grammar of τῇ μιᾷ τῶν σαββάτων is at once explained by the Syriac *had beshaba*. These last two examples may have sprung from the evangelist's thoughts being habitually in Syriac.

[1] Meyer, «Jesu Muttersprache,» p. 40.
[2] «Bell. Jud.,» proem 1.

St. Paul may have been thinking in Aramaic when he wrote to the Romans (xiii. 8): «Owe no man any thing, but to love one another.» Here the word *hāb* (owe) is not the same as *habb* (love), but the sound is very similar. And in the Palestinian Syriac the words addressed by the risen Saviour to Mary Magdalene are so rhythmical that we feel as if they must be the very accents that fell from his lips: «Attatha, ma at bakia, leman at ba'ia?» («Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?») Perhaps the most interesting indications that our Lord's discourses were delivered in Syriac are, however, those passages where the Syriac text helps to clear up some apparent ambiguity in the Greek one. I give some instances from Dr. Arnold Meyer's very instructive work, «Jesu Muttersprache.» Let us hope that they may be only the first specimens from a field of research where the diligence of Syriac students will in the future be more amply rewarded.

The seeming discrepancy between the word δόξητε (think) of Matthew iii. 9 and ἄρξησθε (begin) of Luke iii. 8 disappears when we find that the Syriac word for «ye begin» is *tishrun*, and that for «ye think» might be *tesharrun*.

In Matthew xxiv. 51, says Dr. Meyer, διχοτομήσει (cut in pieces) is hardly a suitable punishment; certainly a Jewish householder would scarcely have treated his servants in such a fashion. And how could the servant afterward howl and gnash his teeth? But in the Sinaitic palimpsest, and in the Palestinian Syriac version, we find the verb *f'lag* used, which means both «to cut in pieces» or «to divide (*i. e.*, appoint) a portion.» If we elide the words αὐτὸν καὶ in the Greek—words which have perhaps been supplied by some too zealous editor—we get the simple and natural meaning, not that the servant was cut to pieces, but simply that his portion was appointed with the hypocrites, whoever these may signify. Take another of our Lord's hard sayings, Matthew viii. 22: «But Jesus said unto him, Follow me, and let the dead bury their dead.» Four of the Syriac versions, to wit, the Sinai palimpsest, the Peshito, the Palestinian Syriac, and the Philoxenian, have, «Let the buriers [*i. e.*, grave-diggers] bury their dead.» Dr. Meyer suggests that our Lord's meaning may have been, «Care not thou about the mortal part of thy father—a grave-digger will be found for *that*; but preach thou the kingdom of God; it is coming soon, and it suffers no delay.»

A suggestion about this very difficult passage is worth noting, by whom made we cannot tell. It is that the phrase «bury my father» simply meant that the young man wished, like other Jews, to live at home until his father died, and that there was no question about the latter's impending dissolution; that, in fact, he was using a common Jewish idiom.

We might give a few more instances in which textual critics think that the Syriac sheds light upon the Greek texts: but some of these questions are still under discussion, so we have limited ourselves to those only which appear to admit of the least doubt, and of which those who know neither Greek nor Syriac can understand the reasonable character.

The great Reformation of the sixteenth century was accompanied by a burning zeal to study the text of Scripture in the light of the languages in which its various books were written. Nay, we may even say that this zeal was a proximate cause of the intellectual and religious upheaval. Even strong partizans of the Church of Rome were fired with it, without being in the least aware where others would naturally be led. The nineteenth century has witnessed another period of enthusiasm for textual criticism, and many distinguished scholars in America and in Europe have spent years of labor in the comparison of ancient manuscripts, so as to discover if any corruptions have crept into the received text, and to know what the evangelists and the apostles really wrote. The spade of the archæologist may be expected to throw more light upon the Old Testament, while in regard to the New fresh materials for research are continually being brought to light. Not the least of these are the manuscripts of the various versions produced in the Syriac Church, the Curetonian, the Sinaitic palimpsest, the Peshito, the Palestinian, the Philoxenian, and the still undiscovered Syriac text of Tatian's «Diatessaron,» or harmony of the four gospels, composed between A. D. 160 and A. D. 170. Apart from the interesting variations which some of these versions show, they have the supreme value of being perfectly independent witnesses to the genuineness and accuracy of the oldest Greek manuscripts, with which they are in constant and substantial agreement.

One objection which has been urged against the probability of our Lord's discourses having been delivered in Syriac is this. We have the authority of tradition and the evidence of Papias (A. D. 110) as reported by Eusebius,[1] for believing that St. Matthew's gospel was originally written in Aramaic, but that the

[1] Eus., «H. E.,» iii., chap. 39, p. 16.

gospels of Mark, of Luke, and of John were written in Greek; and there is always some loss of force or of delicacy of expression in the very best translation. To this we reply that no shorthand writer took down the teachings of Jesus; they were written in the form we now have them, entirely from memory, years after his ascension. It is probable that the Sermon on the Mount, for instance, as recorded by St. Matthew, contains the gist of many separate discourses delivered at different times and to different audiences. Had the teachings of three years been preserved in their totality, the world itself would not have contained the books that would have been written.

Other objections have been urged upon my consideration by a Jewish friend. He says: «While we find that Hillel (B. C. 75-A. D. 5), who came from Babylon, spoke sometimes in Aramaic, his colleague Shammai spoke always in Hebrew. In ‹Jerushalmi Sotah,› 24*b*, we have reported a prophecy of Samuel Hakaton, which he predicted before his death (about 110 A. D.). It runs: ‹Simeon and Ishmael are destined for the sword, the people for a prey, and there will be many distresses.› He said it in the Aramaic language, and they knew not what he said. If we allow that Aramaic was the language of the people, then the whole of what we call the New Hebrew must have been an invention of the rabbis, a mere artificial language, which I can hardly believe.»

Of these arguments, the story about Samuel Hakaton seems to me the most forcible. It can, however, be explained away when we recollect that there were at least two dialects of Aramaic, the eastern and the western. Few writers in modern times, whether Jewish or Christian, who have examined the subject, have come to any other conclusion but that Aramaic was the language of Palestine during the first century of the Christian dispensation, and it would take many tales to outweigh the fact of those few of our Lord's sayings which are reported in that language. These objections, however, will serve to show the difficulties with which the subject is still beset.

Some of our readers there may be who find it difficult to understand why, since God has revealed to us his will in a book, or rather in a library of inspired books, as the Bible truly is, he has not at the same time given us an infallible text. How much labor would have been saved had we possessed the autographs of four evangelists! To this we answer that, had one such autograph existed, some branch of the Christian church, possibly every branch, ourselves included, would have made an idol of the writer's parchment, while neglecting its teaching altogether. We can only seek to comprehend the ways of Providence in one sphere by observing them in another. Man is the heir of all things; yet he is sent into the world to depend for food, clothing, and all the comforts and adornments of life, on his wits. How greatly is he thereby differentiated from the brutes! How immeasurably is the educated man, and especially the scientific investigator, raised above the savage simply as the result of his own efforts! Is it not possible that he who gave the Word of Life designs to quicken our interest in it by arousing afresh in each successive generation of Christians the desire to approach nearer to its sources, to remove the undergrowth of legend and tradition which has sometimes obstructed its free course, and that we are saved from the danger of finding it trite by the feeling that we possess a divine treasure which, though a gift, is not entirely independent of our own exertions for the measure in which it shall minister to our edification?

Agnes Smith Lewis.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Christmas Century.

THE CENTURY has the desire to greet its readers Christmas after Christmas with «Christmas numbers» that have not only some of the gaiety of the holiday, but [illegible] of its deeper meanings. How well this desire may have been accomplished this year it is for our readers themselves to determine; but we feel like making note of our own satisfaction in one Christmas «feature,» which seems to us to have about it more of the genuine flavor of the season than anything of the kind we have come upon this many a long day. Indeed, one's memory runs back [illegible] for a fit companion to the gay and tender pleasantries of Mr. Janvier's delightful paper on the «Christmas Kalends of Provence,» to which Mr. Loeb has fitted such fine and sympathetic pictures. In a sense, Keats has put the charm of Provence into one famous line:

> Dance and Provençal song and sunburnt mirth!

But the charm of this unique land is so many-sided,—in its history, its literature, its every landscape, its people, its customs, its temperament,—that, in fact, the story has not been fully told, and the books that have been written about it by native and foreign writers. Mr. Janvier's present contribution seems to us particularly vivid and successful. He recreates the atmosphere of a beautiful land and season; he makes us see and feel a foreign world, but one that is foreign only in its exterior aspects—a world of good feeling and happy, kindly living which is native and homelike to every human heart.

The Approach of a New Era.

THE rumor of an agreement on the subject of arbitration by the governments of Great Britain and the United States comes as a happy forerunner of the Christmas season, and thrills the hearts of all humane and Christian people with the impatient expectancy of a great and noble event. There is every reason to hope that, in contrast with the gloomy Christmas season of last year, the present Christian festival may be marked by a glorious and historic advance toward the practical attainment of an era of «peace on earth and good will to men.»

There could hardly be a more cogent proof of the popular demand for an amicable adjustment of international difficulties than the subsidence for a long period both of active interest in the Venezuelan affair, and of alarm over the outcome of that once absorbing controversy. It is easy to see from outcropping events that this was not popular indifference; rather, it was a strong conviction that, in the face of the overwhelming demand on both sides of the sea for a peaceable adjustment of the question,—and indeed for a system of peaceable adjustment of all such questions,—those charged with the diplomatic affairs of the two countries could not fail to rise to the extraordinary responsibility under which they have rested. In no narrow sense it may be said that the peace of the English-speaking world has been for the time in their hands. They have had it in their power to make the closing years of the century illustrious by a diviner interpretation of Christian brotherhood than has ever found expression in the diplomacy of the world. No greater fame could fall to the portion of any statesman than to have been effectively enlisted in this cause of humanity.

On the other hand, opposition from any quarter, though it might now seem extensive, could be only temporary. The record of the influential friends of arbitration is both long and important. In both lands the clergy, the educational institutions, the press, the commercial interests, the bar, the workingmen, and the chosen representatives of the people have expressed themselves in favor of this extension of the judicial system with a unanimity not disclosed on any other international question, and scarcely on any national question of the first rank. An official who seeks approval for supporting such a treaty has but to look about him to find it among the eminent of every profession. None have been more outspoken in its favor than the practitioners and expounders of the law. Some, including the distinguished Lord Chief Justice of England, have, indeed, suggested limitations of scope, but all have most warmly favored the principle of such an understanding. It would not be strange if there should be some difficulties in the adjustment of the system—some inherent ones, and some to be found as the scheme goes into practice; but these are the conditions of all progress, and may safely be intrusted to the highest legal skill and experience. The chief thing is to make a beginning on the basis of permanence. Injustice and embarrassment may for a time, or at times, result; but what is war but the most monstrous system of injustice and embarrassment? Civilization advances by the balancing of a reformatory system against an existing system. It is not until one is convinced of the national peril involved in the old method of distributing spoils of office that he becomes a civil-service reformer; it is not until one appreciates the lawlessness of literary piracy that he accepts a copyright law containing comparatively small defects. So, in the face of the settled conviction of England and America that war between the two countries should be taken out of the category of the *easily possible* and placed in that of the *barely possible*, it is unpatriotic, inhuman, unchristian to hesitate at trifles in the progress of the principle. It is not too much to say that the whole English-speaking world, whether religious or non-religious, without regard to opinion on the Venezuelan affair, is looking forward to

the establishment of a permanent tribunal, and will not only overlook any shortcomings of detail, but will be impatient of their influence in delaying the consummation desired.

Daniel Webster, in the only speech made during his visit to England which has been preserved,—that of July 18, 1839, before the National Agricultural Society at Oxford,—set forth in a notable passage the feeling that is at the basis of the present popular conviction on this subject. Mr. Webster said:

> With regard to whatsoever is important to the peace of the world, its prosperity, the progress of knowledge and of just opinions, the diffusion of the sacred light of Christianity, I know nothing more important to the promotion of those best interests of humanity, and the cause of the general peace, amity, and concord, than the good feeling subsisting between the Englishmen on this side of the Atlantic and the descendants of Englishmen on the other.
>
> Some little clouds have overhung our horizon. I trust they will soon pass away. I am sure that the age we live in does not expect that England and America are to have controversies carried to the extreme upon any occasion not of the last importance to national interests and honor.
>
> We live in an age when nations as well as individuals are subject to a moral responsibility. Neither government nor people — thank God for it! — can now trifle with the general sense of the civilized world; and I am sure that the civilized world would hold your country and my country to a very strict account if, without very plain and apparent reason deeply affecting the independence and great interests of the nation, any controversy between them should have other than an amicable issue.
>
> I will venture to say that each country has intelligence enough to understand all that belongs to its just rights, and is not deficient in means to maintain them; and if any controversy between England and America were to be pushed to the extreme of force, neither party would or could have any signal advantage over the other, except what it could find in the justness of its cause and the approbation of the world.

The progressive opinion of the world not only has reached, but has passed Mr. Webster's position, and the time has now come to embody that opinion in law.

Are Our Lawmakers Deteriorating?

STUDENTS of democracy in all parts of the world have been giving much attention during recent years to the quality of modern legislators. Not only in this country, but in all parliamentary countries, the work of legislation has been passing out of the hands of the kind of men who controlled it fifty years ago. It was formerly in the hands of men who were truly the representatives of the intelligence, morality, and property of the land; for their standing in their respective communities was of the best. In the early American State legislatures it was the country squire, the prosperous farmer, the leading man in the town, who was sent to the legislature. He legislated there for the best interests of the community which had sent him. Being a man of property himself, he guarded jealously the interests of property, and thus legislated in the interest of public order, wise economy, and the general welfare. From the cities leading business men and lawyers were sent, who, actuated by similar influences and motives, legislated in the same direction.

In course of time the rural constituencies have diminished in importance and changed in character. The cities have advanced to a predominating influence, and their political and nominating machinery has passed into the hands of men who too often represent the lowest, rather than the best, elements of the community. The professional politician, the man who gets his living out of politics, has penetrated everywhere. Instead of being a man who has won his way to prominence by success in business or agriculture or in a professional career, he is more likely to be a man who has failed in private life and has gone into politics as an easier way to get a living.

The consequence is that the work of legislation, in many instances, has passed out of the hands of the men who own the property which makes up the wealth of the State, and into the hands of those who have little or none of that wealth. In other words, those who have nothing are legislating for those who have all. It must be exceptional if men who have no property to be taxed are wise and discriminating about the ways in which taxes are levied. Too often a man who has no property of his own is eager to attack the property of other people, either with the hope of personal benefit, or with the belief that he can thus gain favor with the ignorant or the disorderly elements of the population.

But the man of property in a legislative body who is an obstacle to legislation in the obvious interest of the people is quite as objectionable as the adventurer who uses his legislative position for selfish or demagogic ends. In fact, the «successful man» is far from being the only one capable of legislating for the whole people. It is intelligence and character that are needed, be the legislator as rich as Crœsus or as poor as a church mouse.

The growing power of political machines and bosses has contributed materially to the decline in the quality of legislators. It has come to be more and more the practice each year for the boss or the political machine to select the men who are to be the party's candidates for the legislature. The first condition of such choice is that the man shall obey orders. As only men of inferior character will consent to accept this condition, the result is that few really capable legislators are chosen. A nomination is often given to a man who is in financial difficulties, with the expectation on his part that he can turn it to such profit as to rid himself of his burdens. In the large cities he often pays an «assessment» for the privilege of the nomination, and reaches the legislature with the expectation of recouping himself out of his opportunities as a lawmaker.

The consequences of this change in the quality of legislators are familiar to all observers. Not only have the men of business, of professional eminence, of high character, in all walks of life separated themselves from the work of making laws, but the interests which they would properly represent in the halls of legislation have in some cases adopted the practice of obtaining by purchase the legislation which they desire.

The remedy for this condition of affairs is obvious, and has been applied in many States. It has happened repeatedly that when a legislature became so bad that its doings were intolerable, its successor has contained men of a higher and more useful character. The people have recognized that the fault lay in their own indifference or negligence, and have exerted themselves to secure the nomination and election of better men. This can be done in every State if the people will arouse themselves to their duty in the matter. The great cities, with their ignorant and their depraved voters, are the most difficult fields in which to work; but there is not one of

these in which the honest and intelligent people cannot triumph by uniting and making the necessary effort. Popular government cannot be trusted to take care of itself. Respectable citizens cannot neglect their public duties, decline to take an active part in politics or to hold public office, and expect their government to be intelligent and honest. If they do not take charge of their public affairs, the other elements of the population will take charge of them, and, having obtained possession, will administer them in their own way.

The Flag — a Symbol or a Fetish?

MUCH has been said within recent years about the teaching of patriotism in the public schools of the United States. To the end that it might be encouraged, many of the schools have been provided with flags, and in a considerable number formal exercises take place from time to time, when the flag is paraded, saluted, and the pupils pledge allegiance to it. The sight is always impressive and gratifying.

Yet it may properly be asked whether there be not some danger lest the enthusiasm thus aroused expend itself upon the sign rather than upon the thing signified; that is to say, whether our patriotic endeavors may not, unless wisely directed, produce a sentimental attachment to an emblem instead of creating a type of civic life whereby the emblem is genuinely glorified. It is of the highest importance that our children and youth should be taught that the nation expects them to devote property and life, if need be, to her defense, and that they must regard the integrity of the state as their peculiar care. But the possible danger which lurks in teaching patriotism primarily by means of this beautiful symbol is that it encourages the pupil to look for an international rather than a domestic field wherein to display his devotion. When a Spanish mob, incensed by what it considers bitter provocation, tears the Stars and Stripes in pieces, or an Irish poet sings of «bastard freedom» and a «fustian flag,» he is duly roused. The flag seems to him to have been immediately and grossly insulted, and he resents the insult; but so long as it waves undisturbed by any hostile hand or mocking word, he is tempted to feel that it is safe, even though corruption, greed, and partizanship bear sway under its very shadow. He is so convinced that where the sign is deliberately dishonored the thing signified must be insulted as to take for granted the wholly different proposition that so long as the flag is outwardly respected the state must be secure.

Under scarce any form of government can this fallacy produce more lamentable results than in a great republic. It was long since wisely observed that «the danger to a small republic comes from without; to a great republic it comes from within.» Indeed, any one who rereads the «Knights» of Aristophanes must be struck with the cogent application of its sarcasm to latter-day politics. *Mutatis mutandis*, Cleon and the Sausage-seller are with us still, striving as best they may to outbid each other in the favor of Demos—making small account, to be sure, of what Demos really needs, but fertile in devices for pleasing his ear, tickling his palate, fostering his self-love, and befogging his judgment. Now, as then, too, each is prodigal of protestations that he and he alone is truly loyal to the good name of his master, and that if Demos will but put the household quite unreservedly into his keeping, he will give especial attention to its social dignity and influence among the neighbors. One remembers the eulogy upon Colonel Yell of Yellville, «that though it was true his books did not balance, none could doubt that his heart beat warmly for his native land.» It serves to remind us that the deeper a man's hands go into the public pocket, the louder may become his vociferations of devotion to the flag, and the fiercer his indignation against any who may insult it. Nothing, indeed, can suit his purposes better than to foster a worship of the sign so blind and fatuous as to brand as unpatriotic all inquiry into the reality signified.

The recent history of biblical research has afforded us an admirable example of the tendency of means to usurp the place of ends. The Bible contained so sacred and necessary a revelation that in their reverence for its high office men confounded the Book and the message. A notion spread abroad that all searching examination of the sacred volume was an implied insult to it. Simply as a volume, or a collection of literature, it became sacrosanct, and men who would have shrunk in horror from the suggestion of idolatry fell perilously little short of worshiping it. To treat it as one might treat any other intelligent and trustworthy literature savored of heresy. And it is only after a long struggle that the Church has come to see that wise and candid study, with the aid of the best appliances, is the truest expression of reverence for the essence of the message. In a somewhat different fashion the emblem of the cross has genuine significance, and is worthy of man's reverence only as it represents the spirit and mind of Christ. It may become the merest fetish that ever misled and blinded human souls.

It is a matter of commonest experience that the higher the moral quality of any emotion, sentiment, or theory of life, the more dangerous the husk of it is likely to prove when emptied of ethical content. There is a distinct tendency in some quarters to-day to treat everything as glorious which the flag can be made to cover, and to denounce as unpatriotic all critical inquiry into the real ethical conditions of national life. The mass of Americans have yet to realize that patriotism is less an impulse than a duty, and that the man who makes most searching inquisition into the failings and possible iniquities that mar our public life, pleading for simple, unambiguous public speech, and the sternest and most uncompromising integrity in public act, may prove to be a truer patriot than he whose love of country never goes beyond the flag, which he bespatters with tawdry adjectives, and degrades by meaninglessly flaunting it in the face of sister nations.

The sapient remark of Guyau that «defense against the attacks of barbarians from within is as essential to our democracies as defense against the foe from without,» has a profound significance for American citizens. What the rising generation needs in the way of civic training is an intelligent acquaintance with the economy of our governmental system; the awakening of an unselfish and never-ceasing devotion to the duties of citizenship; a clear discernment between truth and cant in political speech; and a conception of patriotism that shall be ethical as well as emotional. By all means let the flag be kept in the schools and honored there; but let re-

newed effort be made to teach the pupils that its glory is precisely commensurate with the true nobility of that national life which it symbolizes.

The Frontispiece.

DAGNAN-BOUVERET'S picture, «The Last Supper,» was perhaps the most notable of the paintings seen in this year's spring exhibition in Paris. In it a great religious theme is treated with all the skill of modern Parisian art, but with none of its sensationalism. The name of Dagnan-Bouveret, indeed, is a guaranty of serious intention no less than of high artistic accomplishment.

No copy has yet been put forth of the painting; but by arrangement with and through the courtesy of Boussod, Valadon & Co., we are able to present to the readers of THE CENTURY a copy of the study for the head of the central figure. This head of Christ, which thus appears as the frontispiece of the Christmas CENTURY, is an important addition to the imaginative presentations of this most sacred and most difficult of all subjects.

OPEN LETTERS

The Higher Education for Women.

MR. ROMANES has lately given utterance to the theory that women of unusual mental powers are deserving of heart-felt pity; that they are destined to be very unhappy themselves, and to be exceedingly obnoxious to all those of either sex who may have the misfortune to know them. As a matter of fact, we do not find that those women who have actually been distinguished for their mental powers have done anything to confirm this theory. They have every one had the perversity to lead remarkably happy lives, and to have bound to themselves by the strongest ties of friendship the greatest and best of their contemporaries. Mrs. Somerville had rare social powers, and she met with a rare degree of social success. Mme. Kovalévsky, the famous Russian mathematician, is described as exerting a remarkable fascination upon all who surrounded her, and children in particular, it is said, were very sensitive to her charms. Sophie Germain had a wide circle of friends, who all spoke with enthusiasm of the charm and grace of her conversation, of the self-forgetfulness and the modesty of her character. Maria Mitchell had the love and reverence of class after class of enthusiastic young girls, and whoever had once been her pupil remained her devoted friend for life.

But this theory of Mr. Romanes is one which does not need confirmation by facts. It is one of those theories which the strong intuitive powers of his sex can perceive to be true at a glance, and to which the dicta of experience are absolutely immaterial. The slower-going reasoning powers of women, not seeing this hypothesis borne out by the facts, cannot help asking by what theoretical arguments it is supported; but on this point Mr. Romanes does not offer any assistance. He fails to give us any reason why clear and straightforward habits of thinking, which are admitted to be an element of agreeableness in a man, should be of an opposite character in women. I admit that there is something rather attractive about the mental powers of children. I admit that frivolity and inconsequence have a certain charm in a fair young girl; she is so very charming that everything about her is seen in an enchanted light. But is it to be supposed that if a good, clear understanding were added to her other attractions, she would be any less the mistress of all hearts than she is now? I do not believe that intelligence is a blemish in a woman any more than I believe that gentleness and virtue are blemishes in men. It is not to be supposed that a good intellect will always insure a woman's being lovable; but at the same time, it should not be forgotten that there are disagreeable women even among the very weakest-minded. It is true that a small amount of cleverness, a degree of learning which does not rise above pedantry, may make a person of either sex unadapted to lending charm to human intercourse; but that large mental powers, generously cultivated by the best attainable means, have not the effect of making both men and women more valuable for friendship, and more charming for love, is a proposition so nonsensical that it would not seem possible for any fair-minded person to hold it. It is an opinion that can be accounted for only when it is entertained by those men whose overweening vanity makes it impossible for them to find happiness except in an atmosphere of feminine adulation.

Neither can it be supposed that the possession of a feeble intellect, or of one which has been allowed to grow up wholly in a state of nature, is an absolutely certain guaranty of a well-ordered house and of well-trained children. There was once a race, the name of which has not been preserved in history, whose women had very soft and flabby muscles. A lover of reform proposed to introduce bodily exercises among them, in order to develop in them a greater degree of strength. «No,» said some; «that would unfit her for her duties as wife and mother. It is only her weakness that causes her to love her children. Make her strong, and she will insist upon digging the cabbages, and milking the cows, and all our children will die of neglect in early infancy.» So the change was not introduced, and the surrounding nations, being equally favorably situated in other respects, and having stronger women, gradually gained upon this short-sighted race, until it was crowded out of existence. There can be no doubt that that nation which first adds the well-trained mental powers of its women to the sum total of its intelligence will add vastly to its power for dealing with all those difficult

questions which are pressing for solution. And there is no walk of life so uncomplicated that its problems cannot be better met, and hence the level of intelligence in citizenship be distinctly raised, by fitting out brains with knowledge, and with the mental force requisite for its application. There was a time when living was a simpler matter than it is now. Each generation was content to carry on its life as its fathers and mothers had done before it, and the pattern having once been set, it did not require much head to reproduce it. But the simplest kind of life cannot now be carried on by brains that are weak and flabby. No head of a household can sleep well at night unless she has knowledge enough to superintend her plumber. She cannot regulate her expenditures with easy conscience unless she can disentangle many far-reaching questions of political economy. She is forced to choose whether she will make her influence felt on questions of public and social reform, of temperance, of socialism,—on all the rocks on which our civilization is in danger of being shattered,—or whether she will join the ranks of those who are indifferent to the welfare of their kind. No one can form sound opinions in these days, and support them in such a way that they will carry weight, unless he has had his thinking powers hardened and tempered and sharpened by the very best processes that have yet been invented to that end.

The moral of my argument is very plain. Let women have the best education that can be given them. Permit them to make the most of their intellectual powers, however humble those powers may be. Because women excel men in virtue, they have not laid down the rule that men shall not be encouraged to practise the few small virtues that they are capable of. Preachers do not urge men to shun gentle manners, lest they should unsex themselves. Why not let each half of the human race cultivate whatever qualities it has, instead of crushing some of them altogether, because it is possible that they are too small already? Women have now entered the fields of organized charity, of prison reform, of management of schools. If they are bent upon occupying themselves with such grave concerns as these, why not put them in the way of getting that scientific knowledge without which they will do far more harm than good? Why not make it easy for every girl who has the right amount of ability for it to train her faculties as she thinks best? There are not many of either sex upon whom it is worth while to expend the higher education. For those women who deserve it we ask the best that can be had. Throw open to them the rich existing endowments which have long enough been lavished exclusively upon young men. Organize some method for picking out the clever girls from among those who cannot afford to go to college, and provide them with scholarships. Do not let the colleges reserved for women be crippled for lack of means. But above all, make them free of those postgraduate courses which are the flower of our great institutions of learning. Here and there will appear a woman of exceptional powers which it had been a pity if the world had lost. None will be injured by too much learning; all will be strengthened and ennobled, and we shall have fitted them, so far as in us lies, to leave behind them a world made better by their having lived in it.

Christine Ladd Franklin.

A Lock of Napoleon's Hair.

A RARE relic of the first Napoleon is in the possession of Mr. C. H. Bagley, of Abilene, Kansas. It is a lock of hair cut from the Emperor's head after he was dressed for burial on the island of St. Helena. Mr. Bagley is a native of the island, as were his ancestors for several generations. Mrs. Lowd, the nurse of Napoleon, was acquainted with the entire family and was a close friend of his mother. For fifteen years preceding the removal of the Emperor's body to France Mr. Bagley's father was the captain of the guard of the tomb. When the family, in 1860, left the island for America, Mrs. Lowd, as a farewell memento, gave to Mrs. Bagley half of the most precious of her possessions—this lock of hair. She said that on the night of the Emperor's lying in state she crept in to take a last farewell of the man she had nursed, and to whom she was much attached, both for his kindnesses to her and because of his position. She longed for a lock of his hair, and made a request of General Bertrand that she be allowed to clip a tiny strand. He acceded, and she did so. For forty years she had cherished it, and then gave half of it to her dearest friend; the remainder is in the possession of Mrs. Lowd's daughter, still on the island. Two years later Mrs. Bagley died, and the lock was handed down to her eldest son, the present owner, who was seventeen years old when he left the island, and has a distinct remembrance of the hale old nurse and of the farewell visit. She was about seventy years old at the time of his departure. The lock consists of twenty-four hairs, black-brown, with one that shows a tinge of gray. It is sealed up in a bottle and kept in a case, with a piece of the coffin, some velvet from the pall, plaster from the room in which the Emperor died, a bit of wood from the original willow-tree over the grave, and some mortar that held the granite on which the head of the coffin rested. Three grown children, who were present at the receiving of the lock, made affidavits to the truth of the statements recorded, and these are filed with the relics. There is no doubt of the authenticity of the lock of hair, and of the other interesting though less valuable relics. The hair is particularly notable, as it is probably the only bit of that which was mortal of the great Emperor now on this continent.

ABILENE, KANSAS. *Charles Moreau Harger.*

[Not the only. The writer in his youth was present when was opened probably one of the lockets containing Napoleon's hair which were distributed, by the Emperor's direction, at his death. A single hair was given to the writer; he tied a bit of silk thread about it and placed it for safe keeping in his watch; the watch was left with a watchmaker for repair. The next day he went back to the shop and asked if a small piece of thread had been found inside the watch. «Yes; I blew it out.» «Then you blew out a piece of Napoleon Bonaparte,» said the writer.—EDITOR.]

«The Century's» American Artists Series.

WALTER GAY. (SEE PAGE 263.)

MR. WALTER GAY was born in Boston, Massachusetts, forty years ago. When twenty years of age he left that city for Paris, where he entered as a student the atelier

of Bonnat. His first *envoi* to the Salon was three years later, since which time he has been a regular contributor to that exhibition. His honors are: honorable mention, Paris Salon, 1885; medal of the third class, 1888; medal of the second class and *hors concours*, 1889.

Mr. Gay is one of the few foreigners who have been fortunate enough to have a work bought by the French government for the Luxembourg, and his «Mass in Brittany» received many votes for the grand medal of honor in 1892.

Mr. Gay's pictures display in an eminent degree the faculty of infusing the picturesque into common things. The movements of the figures are apt and right; they are always doing something, and are not simply posed models. The chief distinction of his paintings lies in the diffused light and vibration of atmosphere. Their color, somewhat sad and cold, is admirably wedded to the subjects, which lean to the pathetic. Mr. Gay tends to the naturalistic, but his naturalism is always gracious.

W. Lewis Fraser.

Ronda.

A LETTER from L. W. Hopkinson states that she did not find the inhabitants of Ronda as «grisly and ghoulish» as Mrs. Pennell states in her account of «Midsummer in Southern Spain,» published in the September CENTURY. Our correspondent says that she and her mother visited Ronda twice in March, 1895—two women without courier or *valet de place*, and ignorant of the Spanish language. Although the town was swarming with young conscripts, they walked freely about the place, together and separately, without receiving molestation or ill-will from man, woman, or child. They found the «America» scrupulously clean, and with an English-speaking landlord.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

EM'LINE.

The «Settin' Out» at Big'low's.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

«YOU don't mean to tell *me* you never heard tell of a settin' out, do you? Well, it 's plain to be seen as you don't belong in these here parts, then. Why, settin' out 's a'most as common as courtin', an' everybody knows that 's been common ever since Adam 'n' Eve.

«Settin' out is when two fellers is dead gone on the same gal. That does happen awful frequent, you know; an' most likely they happens to meet at her house some night, both makin' a courtin'. Well, then, neither of them two fellers will go fust. They both sits an' talks, an' talks an' sits, an' each tries to tire the other out. The fust one to git tired an' go home is sot out, an' he don't never show up after that at that gal's house. That 's what settin' out is. An' a feller that comes foolin' round a gal after he 's been sot out, he gits sot down on hard by the gal, I kin tell you.

«Ever hear of the settin' out at Big'low's? No? Well, I thought everybody in the State had heard tell o' that. Go ahead an' smoke, an' I 'll tell it to you. I don't mind smoke; my old man nigh smokes me to death, an' I kind o' git used to it.

«You see, old Tom Big'low, that lives in the big house down acrost from Burr Oak school-house, he had a mighty purty gal. Her name was Em'line, an' she was the belle of these parts for sure. Lots of black hair, brown eyes, an' pinky skin, an' all that. An' a hustler, too. 'S fine a gal at a churn or at bakin' as I ever see. Everybody said Em'line would make a fine wife, an' all the young fellers was after her hard; but none of 'em was in it 'longside of Jim Doolan an' Hi' Morgan.

«It seemed mighty clear to all of us that them two held the inside track, an' it only needed a settin' out to see which one was to git Em'line.

«Course everybody knew Em'line rather favored a young feller down at the Corners, a story-writer or some sech thing as had come into these parts to look at us an' write us up into fool stories, which ought to be made shut of by law, goodness knows, they are so redic'lous, an' not a bit as we really are. But we all knew old Tom Big'low 'd never let Em'line throw herself away on no such trash; an' Em'line understood that pretty well, too. You see, old Tom Big'low is the richest man in the county, an' the meanest, an' he had

DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

«‹JIM AND HI' SOT THERE.›»

swore by goodness gracious that Em'line should n't marry nobody but either Jim Doolan or Hi' Morgan.

«Well, that was in the winter of '75, an' I was takin' care of the Big'low house like, helpin' Em'line, Missus Big'low bein' laid up with rheumatiz in her back. So one night there comes a jingle of sleigh-bells in the yard, an' in comes Jim Doolan. Old Tom makes him to home, an' Jim sits down by the fire opposite Em'line, an' begins to talk about the huskin' at his house, which was set for the next Thursday.

«Almost before he gits started talkin', there comes some more bells in the yard, an' in comes Hi' Morgan, an' he looks at Jim kind o' cross like, an' he takes the other chair by the fire, an' Em'line moves over between them, so 's to be nice an' impartial; an' there them two fellers sits scowlin', while old Tom brings in some cider an' apples an' sets 'em on the table.

«Well, I sees it 's goin' to be a settin' out, an' liable to last 'most till mornin'; so I takes up my knittin', an' says good night, an' goes up to my room, for I knew young folks don't like to have their courtin's spoiled by outsiders. An' in a little while I hear old Tom come up an' go into his room, an' I knew the settin' out had begun in earnest. An' so it had. Em'line told me all about it the next year.

«Fust, for a while Jim an' Hi' sot there an' just glared at each other like they saw a bull-snake, an' Em'line she sot there waitin' for one or the other to speak; but neither of them showed signs of beginnin', so at last Em'line ups an' says, ‹Dad has put some cider on the table, boys; mebby you 'd like some.›

«‹Thanks, I *would* like some,› they both says at once; so Em'line she pours out a glass an' hands it to Jim, bein' as he come fust. Then she fills it again an' gives it to Hi'; but he pushes it back, an' says as stiff as tacks, ‹If you please, Miss Em'line, I 'd rather not drink from *his* glass.›

«That makes Jim kind o' huffy, an' he says, ‹Perhaps you think I poisoned it, *Mr.* Morgan.›

«‹Well,› says Hi', ‹I know as you 'd like to, whether you done it or not; but I *am* a bit partic'ler who I drinks after.›

«Well, Em'line she sees they are goin' to quarrel all evenin', so she gits her sewin' (some fancy stuff, which I don't take no stock in, for my part), an' she starts to sewin'; an' them two fellers just sits quiet like an' scowls at each other, not either of 'em sayin' a word for fear the other would take him down.

«After about an hour this way Em'line begins to yawn pretty frequent, an' Jim says: ‹Mr. Morgan, I think perhaps Miss Em'line means to hint that she an' I would rather be alone. Perhaps you are thinkin' of goin' home.›

«‹Not at all,› says Hi'; ‹on the contrary, I 'm havin' a very nice time indeed, an' I mean to stay just as long as Miss Em'line will 'low me.› An' with that he settles himself back in his chair like he was goin' to stay all night, an' closes his eyes contented like; an' Jim puts a couple of sticks on the fire, an' then *he* fixes himself back in his chair an' closes his eyes like he was contented.

«Well, Em'line sits there sewin', 'n' them two fellers sits there waitin', an' the fire gits warm, an' the clock on the fire-mantel keeps up a steady tickin', an', fust thing they knows, both them fellers is sound asleep.

«That way it goes on till ten o'clock, an' 'leven o'clock, an' twelve o'clock, an' Jim an'-Hi' both snorin' to beat all. 'Bout half after twelve there is a little noise on the shutter, like a scratchin', an' Em'line gits up an' puts down her sewin', an' goes over to Jim an' shakes him gentle like. Jim he wakes up right away, an' so does Hi'. ‹'Scuse me,› says Em'line, ‹but I 'm afraid I heard the ca' in the kitchen, an' I 'll just go an' see. An' I want tc git a warmer wrap to put on, as it 's gittin' cool in here. You gentlemen just set still, an' I 'll be back by and by.› Then she kind o' smiles at both to oncet, an' goes out.

«Well, Jim an' Hi' they sits there an' glares at each other, an' glares an' glares an' glares like they thought they could kill each other by ugly looks. An' there they sot, an' after while they hears the kitchen door open into the yard, an' Em'line sayin', ‹Scat, there! Git out, you cat!› An' then they sot an' sot *an'* sot, but Em'line did n't seem to be very anxious to come back, an' in a while they goes to sleep again, an snores like a dry axle goin' uphill.

«Well, there they sets until old Tom comes down to feed the stock, an' finds 'em there sleepin' like infants. So he wakes up Jim, an' Hi' he wakes up too, an' both of 'em look round dazed like at the bright room an' the lamp burnin' yaller on the table, an' they don't hardly know where they are. Then old Tom ups an' says, ‹Where 's Em'line?› An' Jim looks kind of foolish, an' says, ‹I guess we hain't been very entertainin', an' she must have gone to bed,› an' with that he gits up and gits his hat. ‹Good mornin', Mr. Big'low,› he says; ‹give Miss Em'line my regards, an' tell her I 'll call again this evenin',› an' with that he goes.

«Then Hi' he gits up and says, ‹If you please, Mr. Big'low, give Miss Em'line my compliments, an' tell her I 'll call this evenin', too,› an' he takes his hat an' goes.

«Well, about that time I comes down, an' old Tom he sends me up to wake up Em'line, an' I go up to her room, when, law sakes! her bed hain't been touched! Course there was old Ned to pay then! An' what d' you think? While them two fellers was a-snorin' like a cow tryin' to swaller a corn-cob, that story-writer had come with a sleigh, an' Em'line had eloped with him! Yes, sir, right under them two fellers' noses!

«That was the great settin' out at Big'low's. Everybody in the county knows all about it, an' Jim an' Hi' had to go over into Illinoy to git away from the chaff of the other fellers. They 'd 'a' been joked to death if they had n't.

«Let me tell you one thing: when my old man was a-settin' out with me ag'in' Dick Haines, you 'd better believe he did n't do no snorin'; no, nor Dick either. If my old man had, he would n't 'a' been my old man now. Why, if he had, I actually believe I 'd have been willin' to have run away with a story-writer myself, though I must say they is mostly poor-doin' critters, an' do misrepresent us country people most awful in their fool stories.»

Ellis Parker Butler.

The Mistaken Vocation of Shakspere's Heroines.

«My subject,» said the lecturer, as she stepped gracefully upon the platform of the Twentieth-Century Woman's Club, «will commend itself to you, my sisters, as one which women alone can fully appreciate. I have chosen it because the world needs to hear a loud and convincing protest from the progressive Womanhood of this new era against Shakspere's attitude with respect to his heroines. Doubtless you have been taught in youth, as I was, to consider him as an unsurpassed delineator of female character; doubtless *Rosalind* and *Juliet*, *Portia* and *Cordelia*, *Ophelia* and *Imogen*, *Viola* and *Beatrice*, have been held up before you as the ideals of a perfect Womanhood. Doubtless, also, you have believed it all, and never stopped to think that Shakspere himself was but a man, and that his commentators have been men without being Shaksperes. The masculine conception of feminine character has thus been forced upon us. Shall we submit? [Cries of «No!» «No!»] Or shall we test the poet by the higher criticism of advanced Womanly thought? [Cries of «Yes!» «Yes!» and enthusiastic applause.]

«Let us, then, examine the pretensions of Shakspere. I do not deny that he shows in many cases a remarkable appreciation of the superlative qualities of woman. I will go further: I will admit that many of his heroines, in themselves, are ideally conceived. But—partly in deference to the opinions of his benighted age, now happily far behind us [cheers], and partly through his own ignorance and his own prejudices—I charge him, before the tribunal of cultivated modern Womanhood, with criminal injustice in placing his heroines in every play at a disadvantage. Hampered by a tyrannical plot, and bound to uncongenial or overbearing heroes, their energies are fettered and their true sphere closed against them. I am prepared to give convincing examples of what I assert [Cries of «Hear!» «Hear!»]—examples which will show you that the whole structure of Shakspere's dramas rests upon the disfranchisement of those heroines whom he is falsely supposed to idealize. [Great excitement.]

«I will begin with the four great tragedies, so called, ‹Hamlet,› ‹Macbeth,› ‹Othello,› and ‹Lear.› The tragedy is not, as some have falsely asserted, in the nature of the heroes of these plays, but in the misplacement of the heroines. Take, for instance, the gentle, obedient *Ophelia*. What cruelty to place her in such an unsuitable position as she is unjustly forced to occupy! The woman for *Hamlet*, ladies, was *Lady Macbeth!* [Wild applause.] His weak irresolution would have vanished with that intrepid counselor by his side. ‹Hie thee hither,› she would have said,

> ‹That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
> And chastise with the valour of my tongue
> All that impedes thee!›

Could he have hesitated before his just revenge with her reproachful words in his ears?

> ‹Was the hope drunk
> Wherein you dressed yourself? hath it slept since,
> And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
> At what it did so freely? . . . Art thou afeard
> To be the same in thine own act and valour
> As thou art in desire? . . . Nor time nor place
> Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
> They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
> Does unmake you!›

It is sixteen to one, my sisters, that *Hamlet* would have killed the king half an hour after *Lady Macbeth* came

to court. [Cheers.] Yet the only use that Shakspere makes of this heroic woman is to urge forward a hesitating criminal to his doom. [Groans and hisses.] *Macbeth* was not a bad man—only a weak one. He needed a woman like *Portia* to manage him. If those celebrated remarks,

> 'The quality of mercy is not strained,
> It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed,' etc.,

had been made to him by the lady of Belmont, he would have let *Duncan* go unharmed, and probably been an ornament to the highest circles of Scottish society until the end of his days. And *Portia* certainly would have been much more in her element ruling the Highland clans, and laying down the law as the thane's lady, than as the wife of an ordinary Venetian citizen, who had to borrow money from his friend to get married on! [A voice, «Down with *Bassanio!*»] Or, going further, if we study *Othello's* character, we find that either *Beatrice* or *Juliet* would have had no trouble whatever with him. *Juliet* would have convinced him beyond the possibility of a doubt as to her single-hearted and boundless affection for him alone:

> 'My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
> My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
> The more I have, for both are infinite';

while *Beatrice*, by her quick wit, would have dispersed his jealousies like a summer cloud, laughed away his suspicions, and teased him out of his authority. 'Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl?' she would have protested saucily; and she would have exposed *Iago* mercilessly with the help of her keen eye and clever tongue. [Great applause.] As for *Lear*, *Rosalind* in *Cordelia's* place would have had far more tact than needlessly to offend her choleric old father.

> 'If with myself I hold intelligence,
> Or have acquaintance with my own desires;
> . . . . . .
> Never so much as in a thought unborn
> Did I offend your highness,'

she would have protested tenderly; and I venture to say that she would have been more than a match afterward, single-handed, for *Regan* and *Goneril* combined. In a word, ladies, with these heroines in their appropriate places, there would have been no tragedies at all among Shakspere's works! [Prolonged applause.]

«And what holds good with the great dramas, my hearers, I repeat with regard to the lesser ones. If *Miranda* or *Ophelia* had been in *Juliet's* place, they would never have disobeyed their fathers for a moment, or dreamed of falling in love against orders. *Paris* would have been accepted without a murmur, and, on the whole, would probably have made a much better husband for either of them than *Romeo*, who was notoriously fickle. *Julius Cæsar*, if he had had *Brutus's Portia*, or even *Isabella*, to wife, instead of that submissive *Calpurnia*, would in all likelihood have obeyed her warning and stayed at home that day, and there would have been no fatality to mark the ides of March; while a wife like *Imogen* or *Cordelia*, frank, yet tenderly loyal, would have cured *Timon of Athens* of his foolish misanthropy, and made a good citizen out of him in no time. [«Hear!» «Hear!»]

«In view of these plain facts, my sisters, can we longer accept William Shakspere as an authority? [Cries of «No!» «No!»] Shall we keep him upon our bookshelves, and read him to our girls? [A voice, «Never!»] Shall we not regard him, rather, as well-meaning, but inadequate—blind to the true powers of Woman and the illimitable wideness of her sphere?» Here the lecture concluded amid continued feminine applause, and cries of «Down with Shakspere!»

Priscilla Leonard.

Parted.

De breeze is blowin' 'cross de bay,
My lady, my lady;
De ship hit teks me far away,
My lady, my lady.
Ole Mas' done sol' me down de stream;
Dey tell me 't ain't so bad 's hit seem,
My lady, my lady.

O' co'se I knows dat you 'll be true,
My lady, my lady;
But den I do' know whut to do,
My lady, my lady.
I knowed some day we 'd have to pa't,
But den hit put' nigh breaks my hea't,
My lady, my lady.

De day is long, de night is black,
My lady, my lady;
I know you 'll wait twell I come back,
My lady, my lady.
I 'll stan' de ship, I 'll stan' de chain,
But I 'll come back, my darlin' Jane,
My lady, my lady.

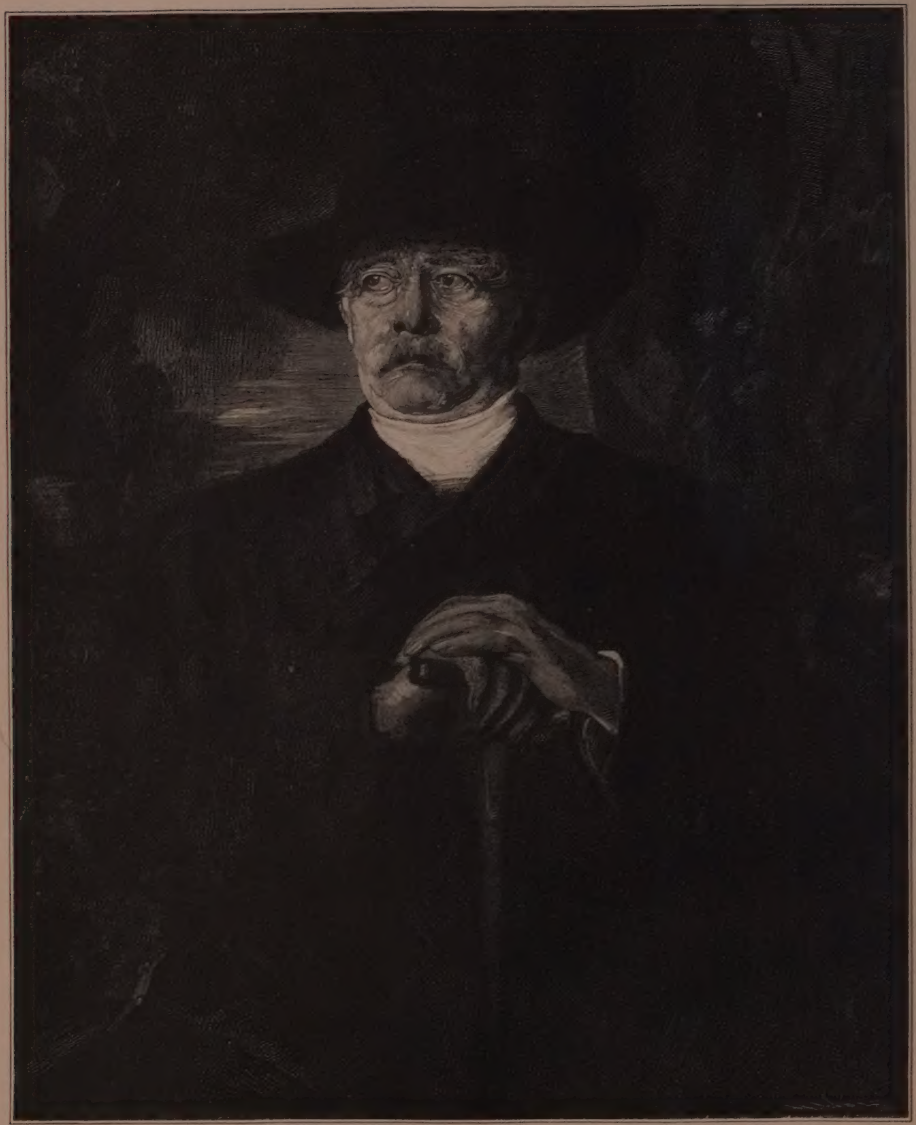
Jes wait, jes b'lieve in whut I say,
My lady, my lady;
D' ain't nothin' dat kin keep me 'way,
My lady, my lady.
A man 's a man, an' love is love;
God knows ouah hea'ts, my little dove;
He 'll he'p us f'om his th'one above,
My lady, my lady.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

A THANKSGIVING ORDER, AFTER THE GAME.

CHARLEY LEFTGUARD: «Let your kick-off be cream soup; a touch-down of roast beef next; with a ten-yard gain of duck to follow; wind up with coffee for goal.»



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